Our Gang

JANUARY-FEBRUARY

COMICS

10¢

No. 9

Dear Kids,

This issue of Our Gang shows how we start on a new adventure! It's pretty exciting and even a little scarey at times! Even we are not sure how it'll work out, so come along and have fun playing pirates. We'll feel a lot safer if you're with us!

So long,
The Gang.

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OUR GANG

SO DO I, FROGGIE! THEY SOUND MAD!

PSSSST! I HEAR VOICES!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUCKWHEAT! SOME DAY THERE'LL BE A MURDER ON THIS BOAT!

I RECKON IT'S THAT ORNERY OLE FIRST MATE CUSS IN'OUT A POOR HELPLESS SAILOR!

PRESENTED BY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

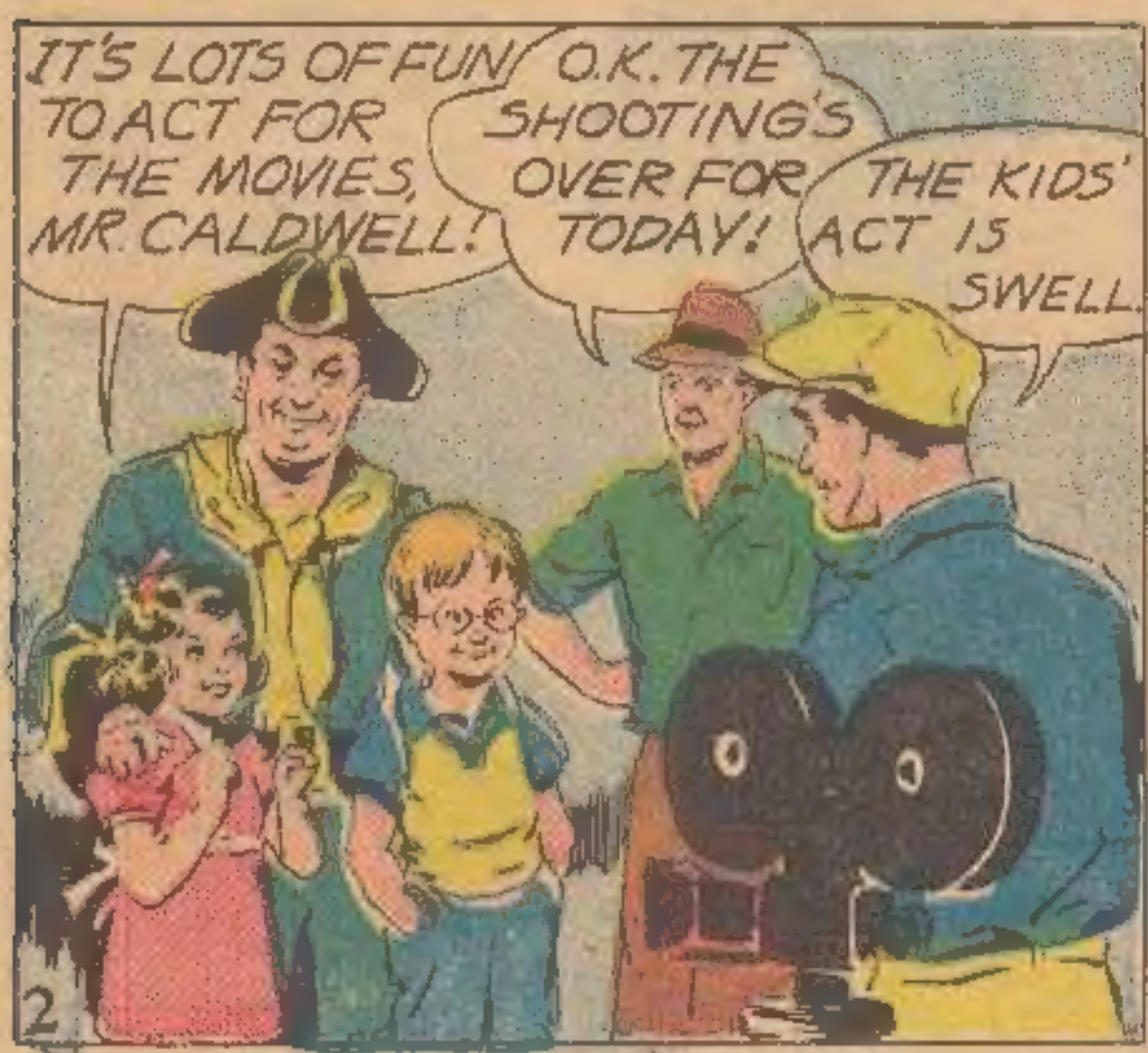
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

YEH-YOU'LL PAY FOR 'EM MY WAY!

HUH? WHO D'YOU THINK YOU ARE?
PICK SOME-ONE YOUR OWN SIZE!
YA BIG STIFF! DON'T YOU DARE HIT THAT LITTLE GUY AGAIN!

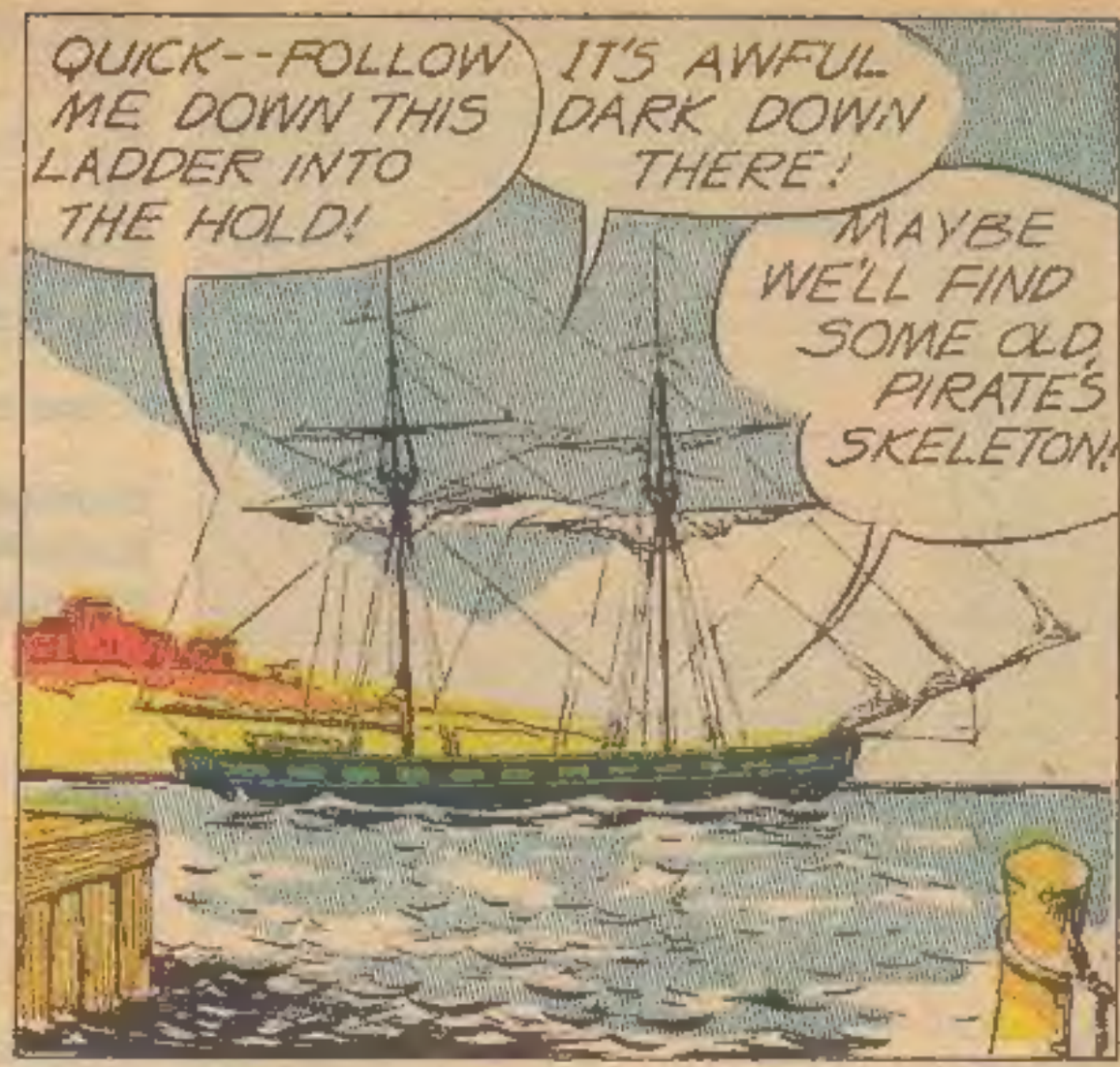
WHY YE PESKY LITTLE SHRIMP! I'LL THROW YE TO THE SHARKS!
YEAH? YOU AND WHO ELSE!

NO-PLEASE, MR. MATE-PLEASE DON'T!
HA! YOU SURE ARE A LIVELY BIT OF SHARK BAIT--HERE GOES
IF YOU DROP ME,-I'LL CLIMB BACK UP AND PULVERIZE YOU

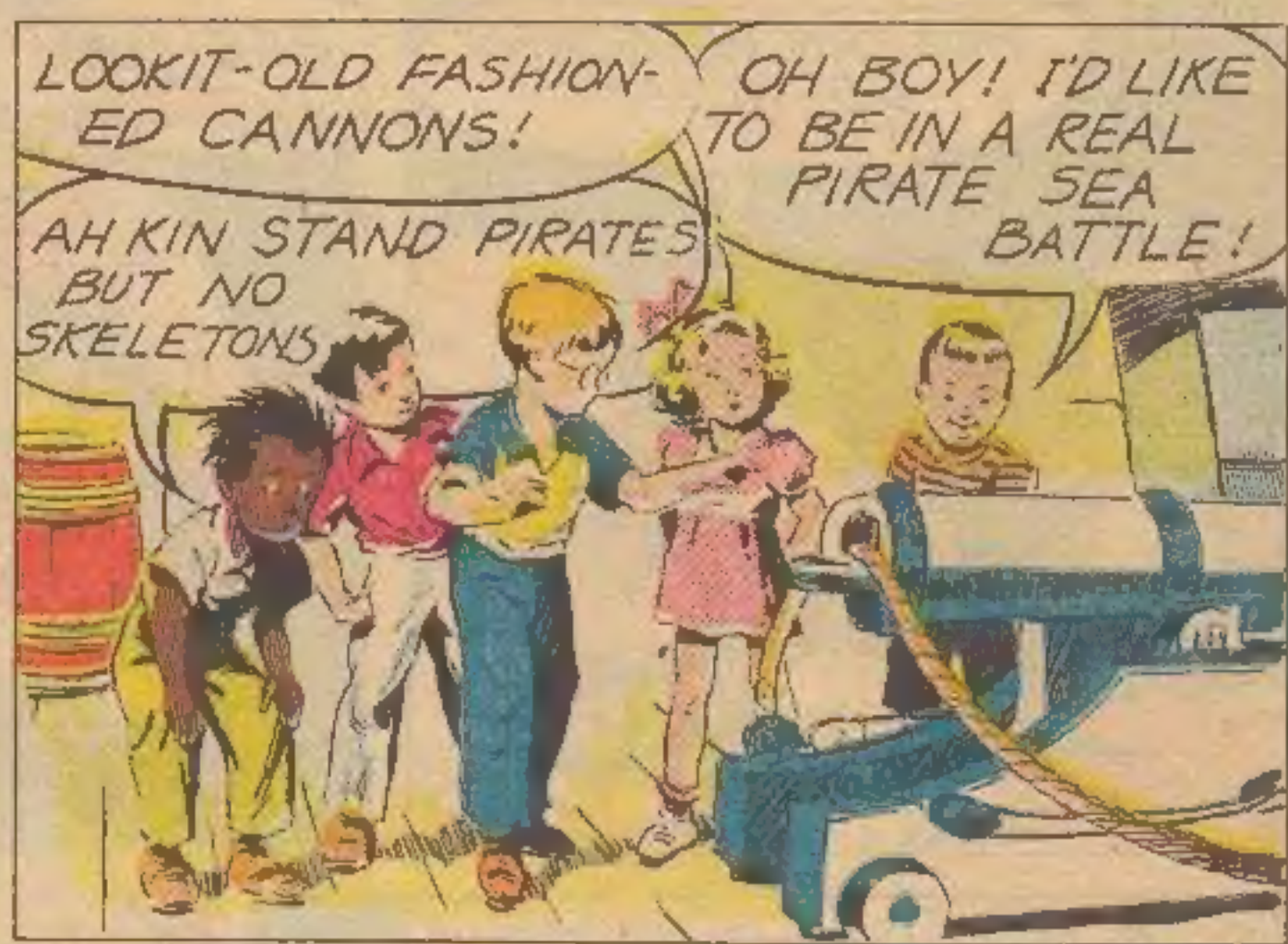

IT'S LOTS OF FUN TO ACT FOR THE MOVIES, MR. CALDWELL!
O.K. THE SHOOTING'S OVER FOR TODAY!
THE KIDS' ACT IS SWELL.

HUSTLE ASHORE, KIDS!-
YEA BO-NOW WE IS FREE FOR SOME PRIVATE!
C'MON GANG, I GOT A NIFTY IDEA!!

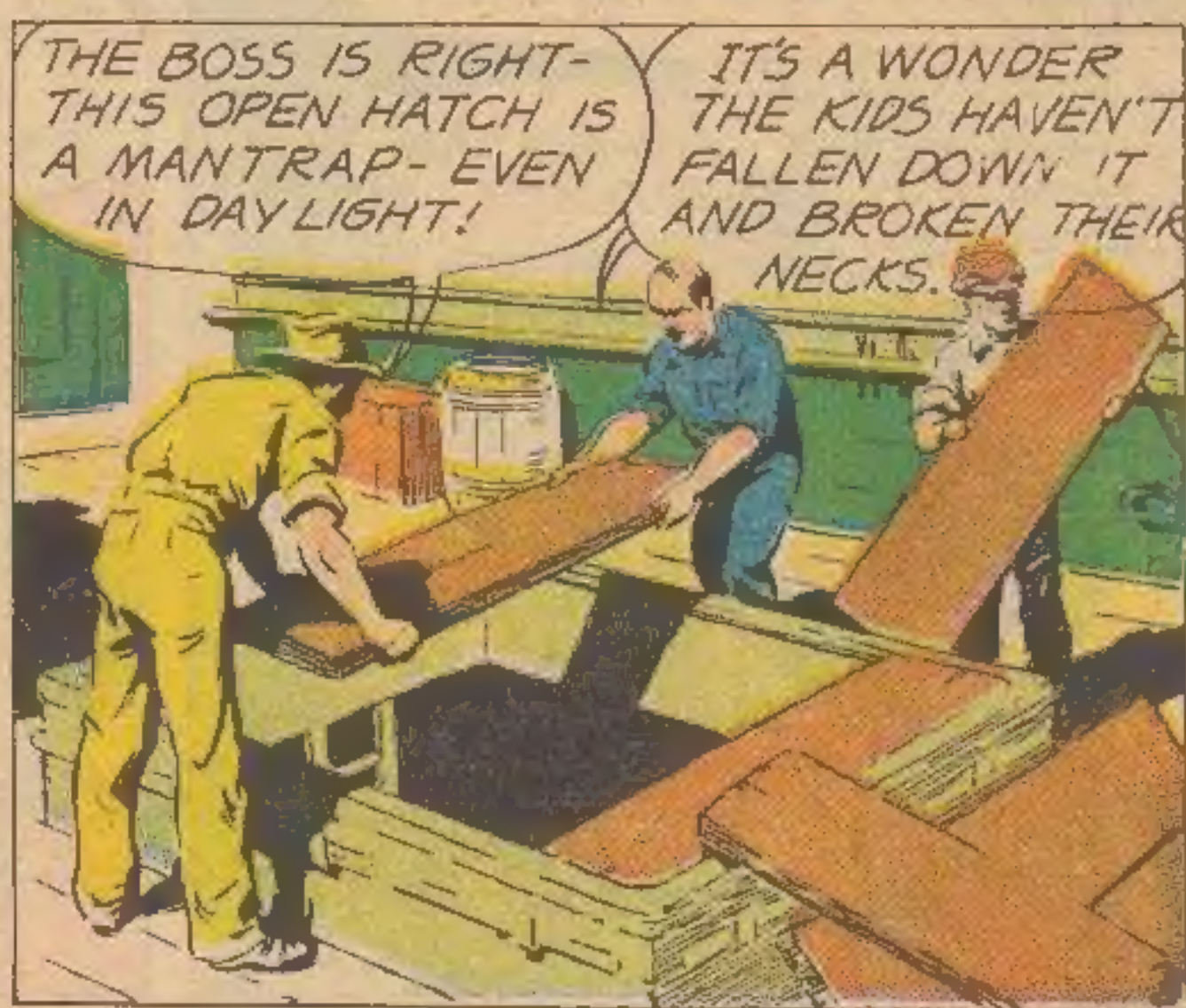
LISTEN--INSTEAD OF GOING ASHORE- LET'S EXPLORE THE SHIP-
SWELL! I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT'S BELOW!
WE CAN'T LET MR. ROSS OR MR CALDWELL SEE US!


QUICK--FOLLOW ME DOWN THIS LADDER INTO THE HOLD!
IT'S AWFUL DARK DOWN THERE!
MAYBE WE'LL FIND SOME OLD PIRATE'S SKELETON!

S S S-SKELETONS AN' ME AIN'T FRIENDS--IF DEY IS DERE AH AIN'T WAIT'IN 'ROUND TO MEET 'EM!


LOOKIT-OLD FASHIONED CANNONS!
OH BOY! I'D LIKE TO BE IN A REAL PIRATE SEA BATTLE!
AH KIN STAND PIRATES BUT NO SKELETONS

ONE LAST THING BEFORE YOU PROPERTY MEN GO ASHORE- PUT THE COVER ON THAT OPEN HATCH!
YES, SIR!


THE BOSS IS RIGHT- THIS OPEN HATCH IS A MANTRAP- EVEN IN DAYLIGHT!
IT'S A WONDER THE KIDS HAVEN'T FALLEN DOWN IT AND BROKEN THEIR NECKS.

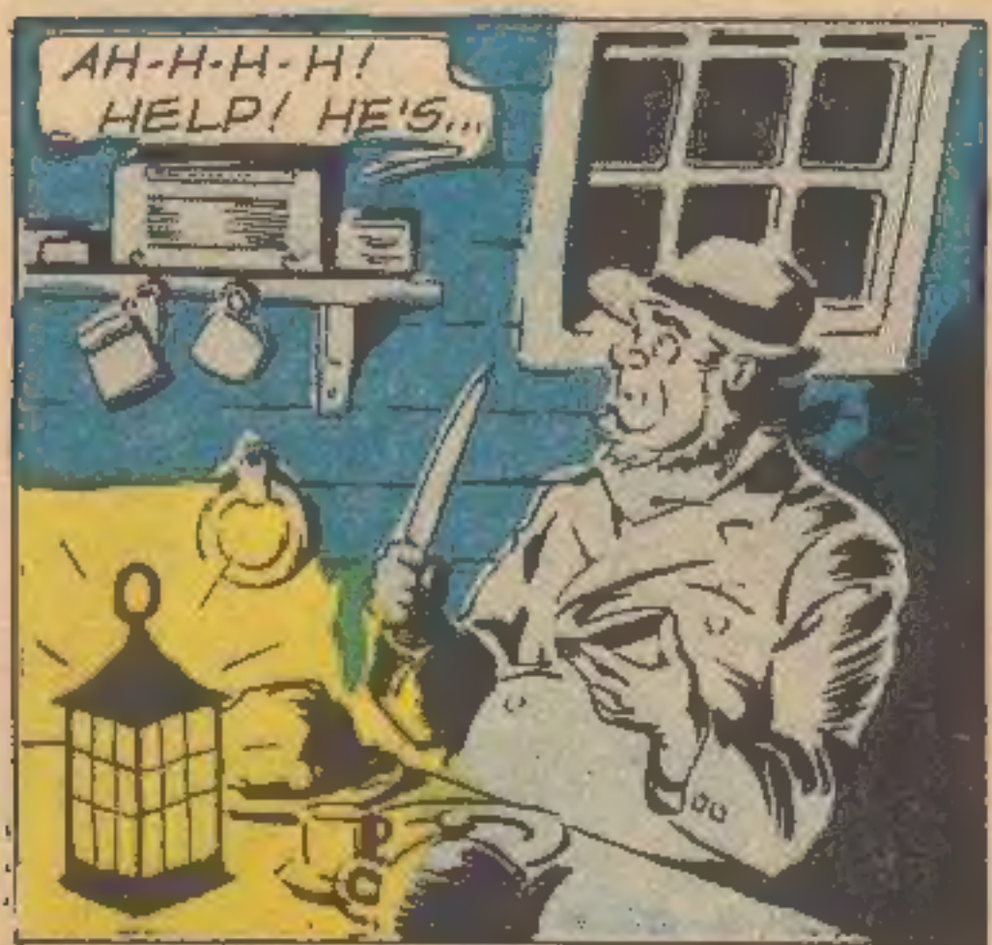
OW! SOMEBODY DONE SHUT OUT DE LIGHT!
WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO NOW?

WE'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT! FOLLOW ME!
I WISH THERE WEREN'T SO MANY SHADOWS! I KEEP SEEING THINGS MOVE!

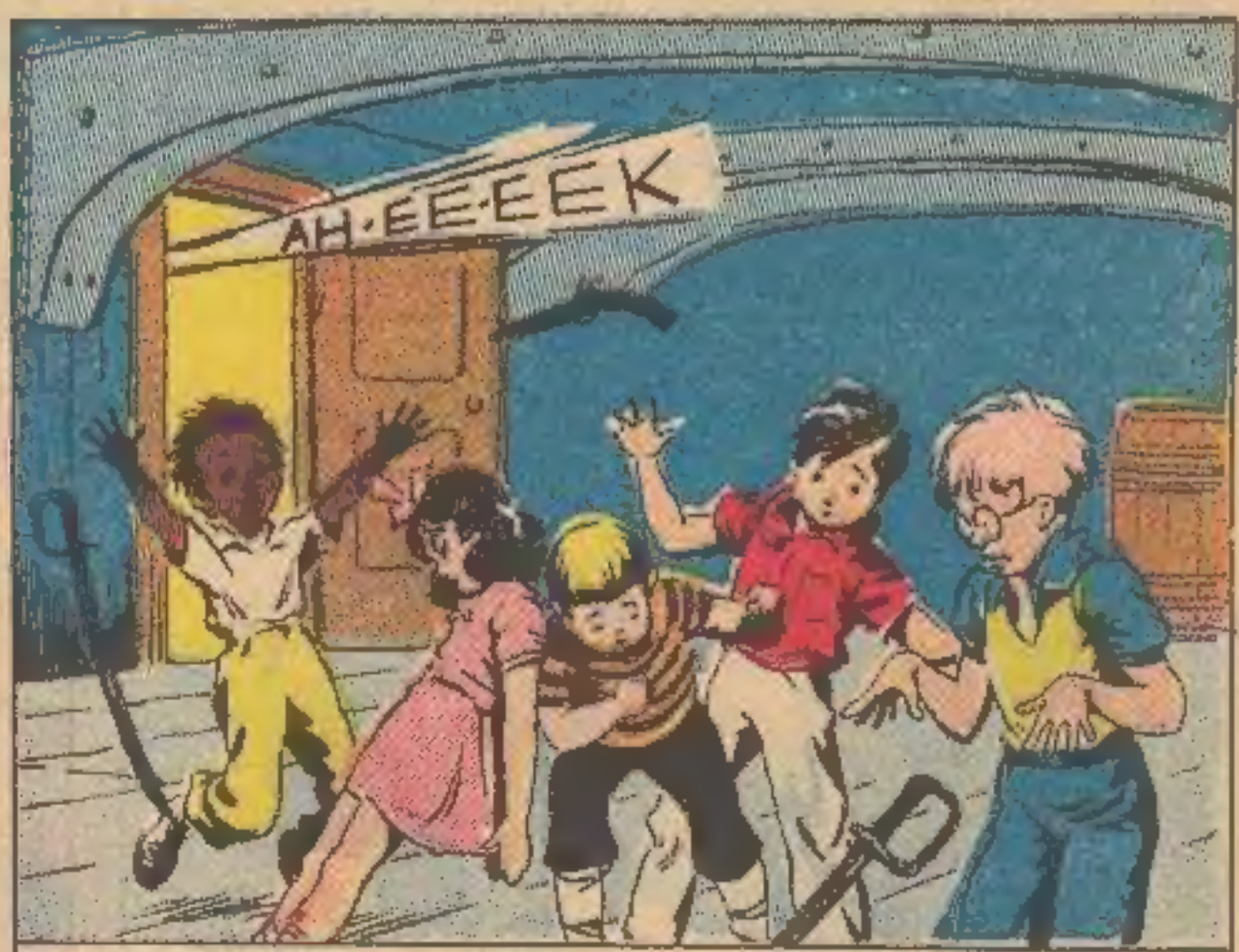
EEE-OW!
EEEEEK!

WHAT-W-W-WAS-IT-MICKEY?
A RAT, I GUESS-- I NEVER SAW SUCH A WHOPPER!
WHEW!-ME EITHER!

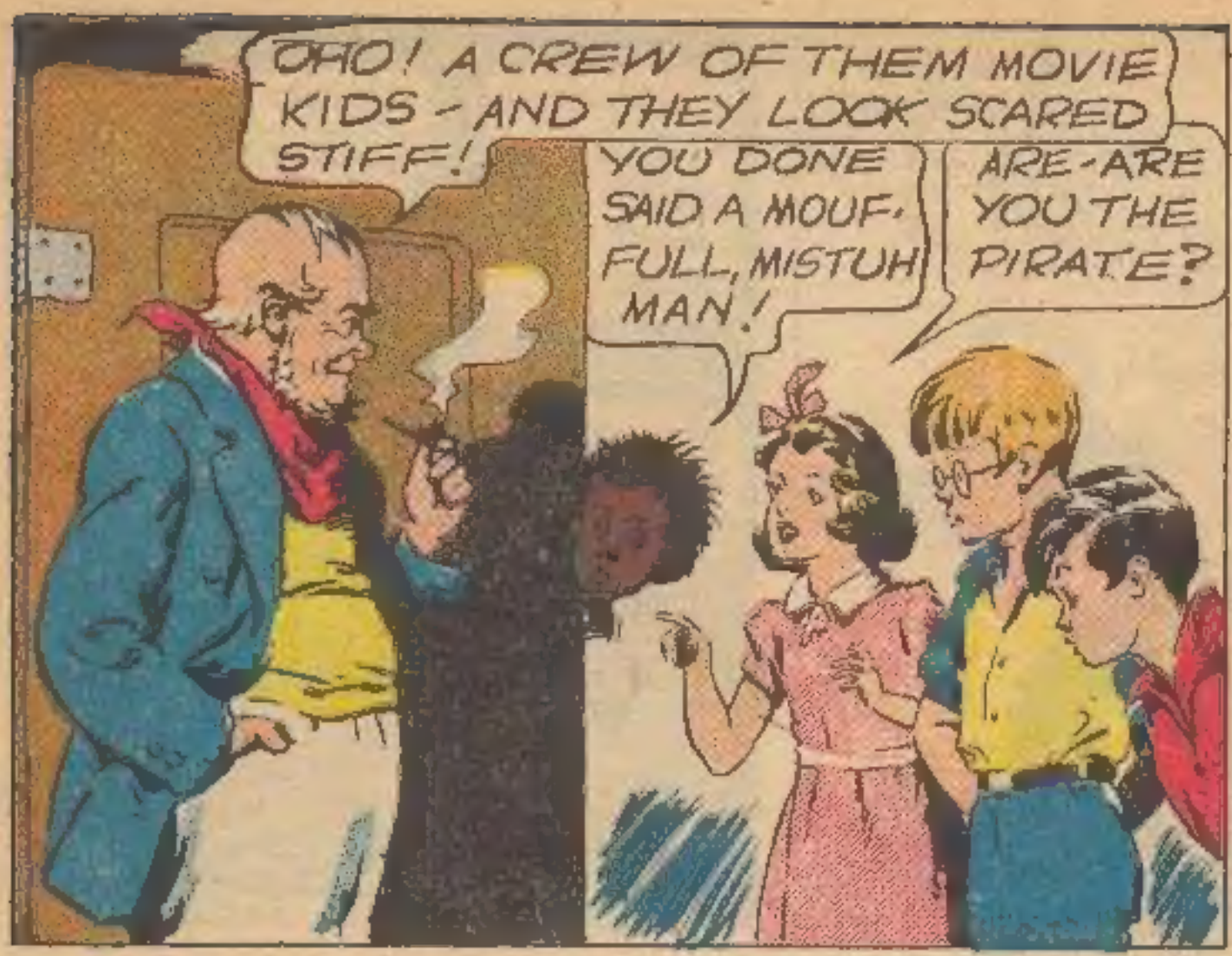
I NEVER HEARD OF PIRATES HAVING ANY TROUBLE WITH RATS--- THEY ALWAYS CARRIED CUTLASSES OR PISTOLS.



INSIDE THE ROOM THE SHIP'S OLD CARETAKER LISTENS TO A RADIO PLAY.

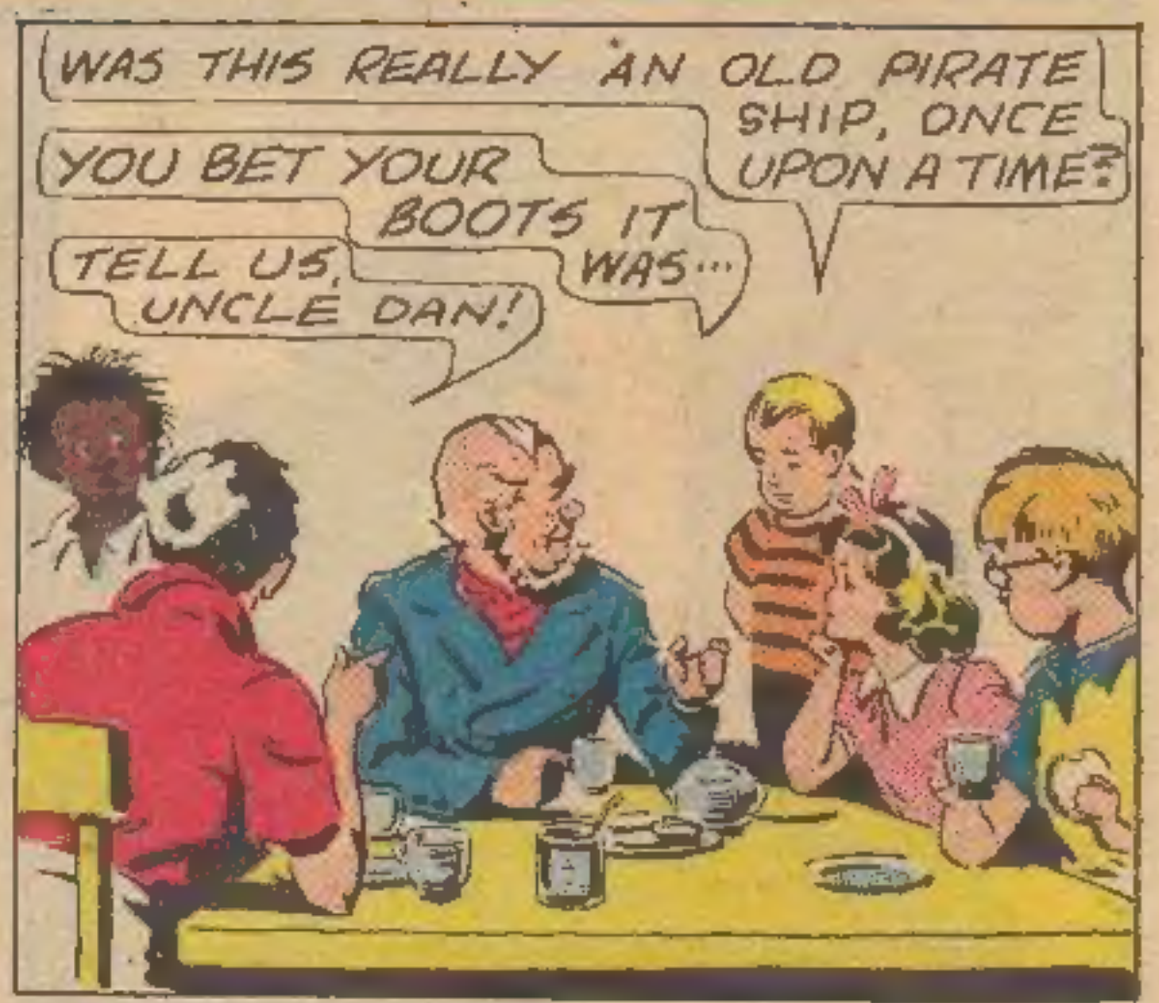


SCARED SENSELESS, THE KIDS DROP EVERYTHING.


OHO! A CREW OF THEM MOVIE KIDS - AND THEY LOOK SCARED STIFF!
YOU DONE SAID A MOUF-FULL, MISTUH MAN!
ARE-ARE YOU THE PIRATE?

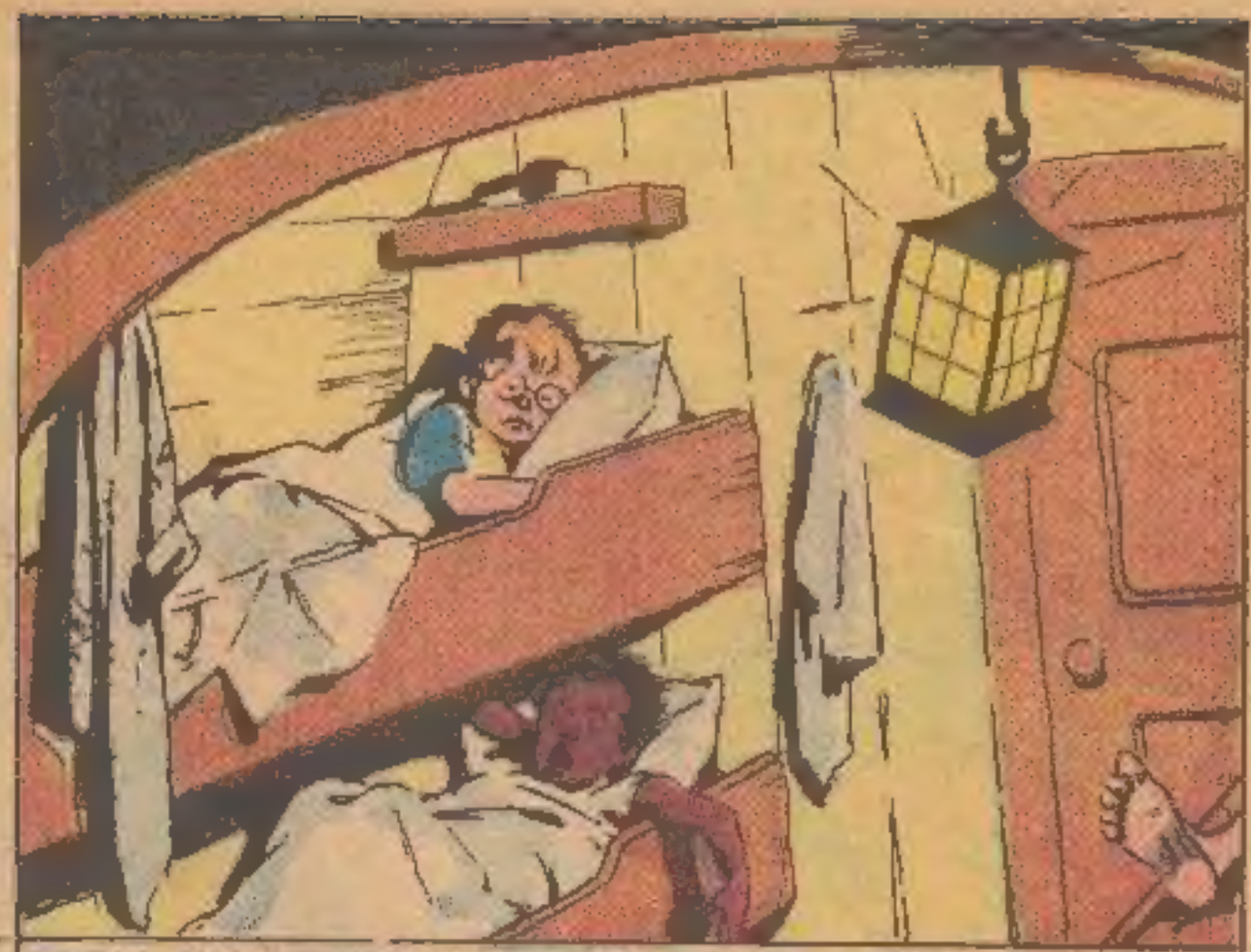
HO, HO, HO! AM I A PIRATE? BLESS YOUR HEARTS, NO - I'M JUST OLD DEADLIGHT DAN, THE CARETAKER.

COME IN AND HAVE SUPPER WITH ME, SHIP-MATES!
THANK YOU, MR. DEAD-LIGHT...


WAS THIS REALLY AN OLD PIRATE SHIP, ONCE UPON A TIME?
YOU BET YOUR BOOTS IT WAS...
TELL US, UNCLE DAN!

SO, AFTER SENDIN' FIFTY SHIPS TO THE BOTTOM, THIS OLD PIRATE CRAFT WAS SUNK HERSELF... AND RAISED ONLY LAST YEAR BY THE MOVIE COMPANY.. OH-OH! YE'RE FALLIN' ASLEEP IN YER CHAIRS!

SEEIN' AS HOW IT'S SO LATE, YOU YOUNG 'UNS CAN BUNK HERE IN THE OLD FO'C'SLE...
MR. ROSS HAD IT READY TO SHOOT THE NEXT SCENE IN HERE. HE TOLD ME.



TEN MINUTES LATER THE KIDS ARE DREAMING OF HIGH ADVENTURE ON THE SEVEN SEAS.

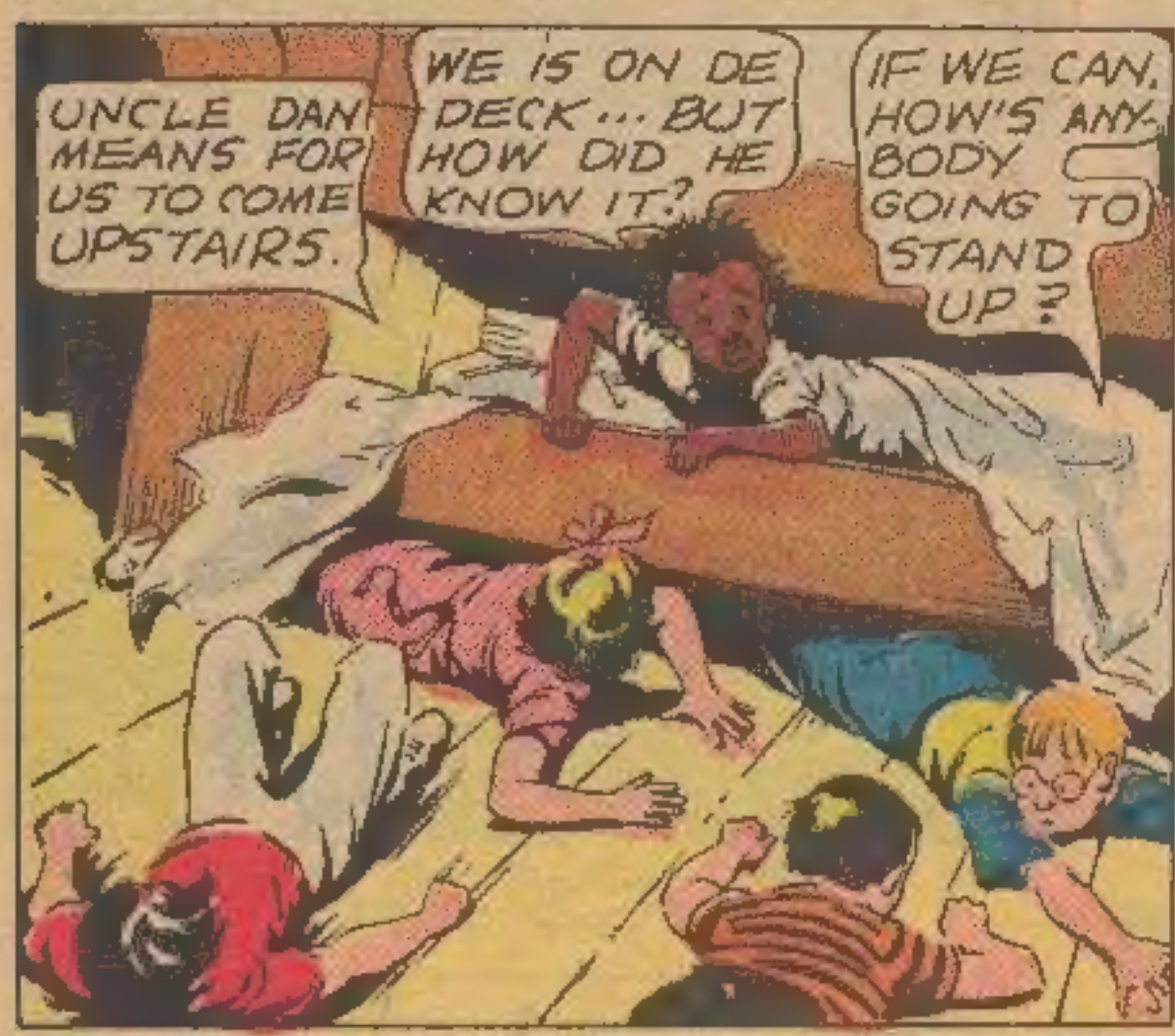
ABOUT MIDNIGHT A SUDDEN HURRICANE HITS THE HARBOR ...

THE SHIP'S MOORING LINES SNAP UNDER THE STRAIN.

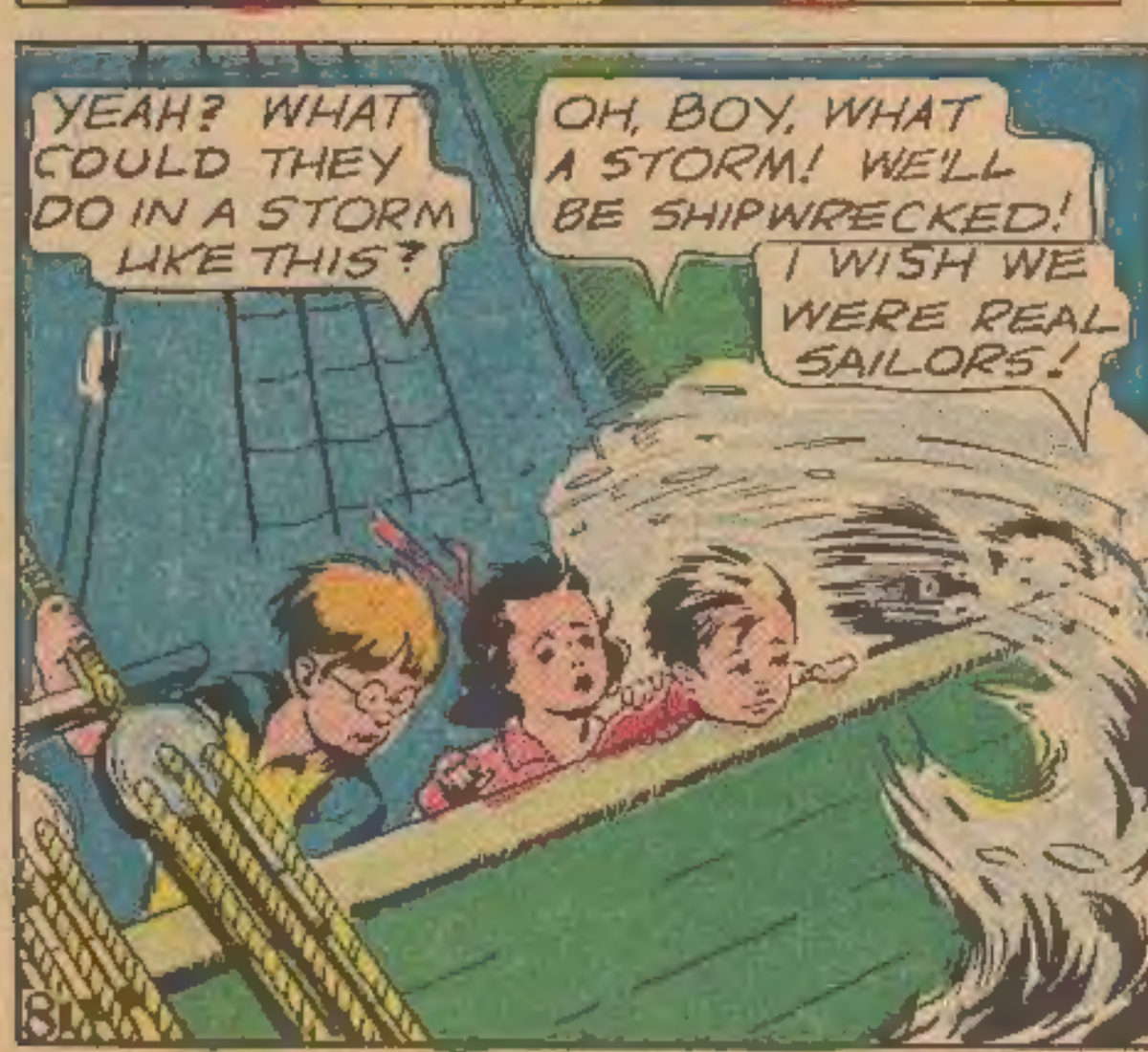
AT THE MERCY OF WIND AND WAVES THE OLD FRIGATE TOSSES IN THE HARBOR.

OW! MY ELBOW!
HEY, WHO'S DOING THAT?
NOBODY IS.. THE WHOLE SHIP'S ROLLING!

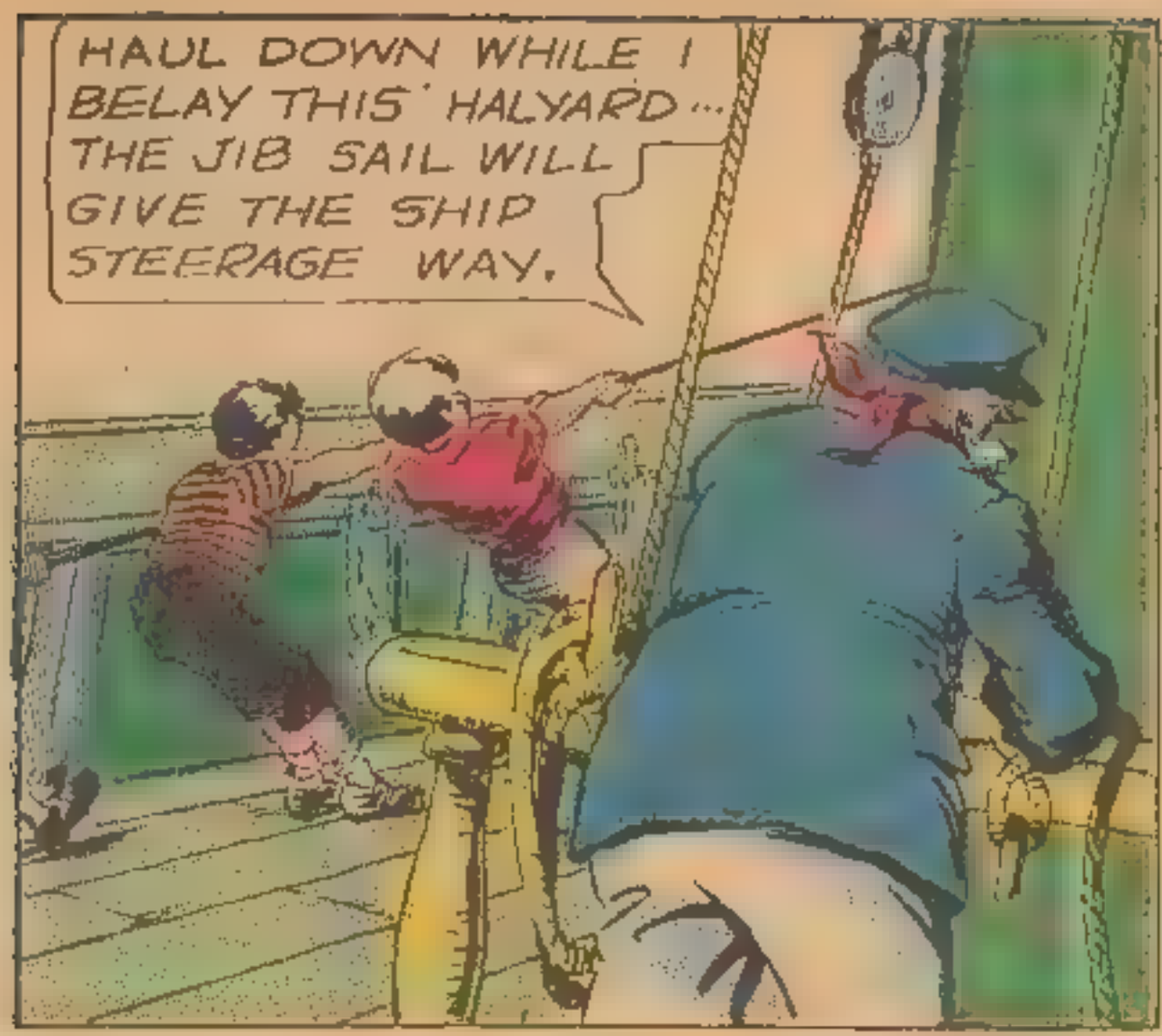
ALL HANDS ON DECK.. AND SET SOME SAIL! HURRY!


UNCLE DAN MEANS FOR US TO COME UPSTAIRS.
WE IS ON DE DECK... BUT HOW DID HE KNOW IT?
IF WE CAN. HOW'S ANYBODY GOING TO STAND UP?

SHUCKS, THIS IS WHAT SAILORS DO EVERY DAY.
HANG ONTO THE ROPE AND CLIMB... THAT'S THE ANSWER.
I FEEL LIKE A CIRCUS PERFORMER

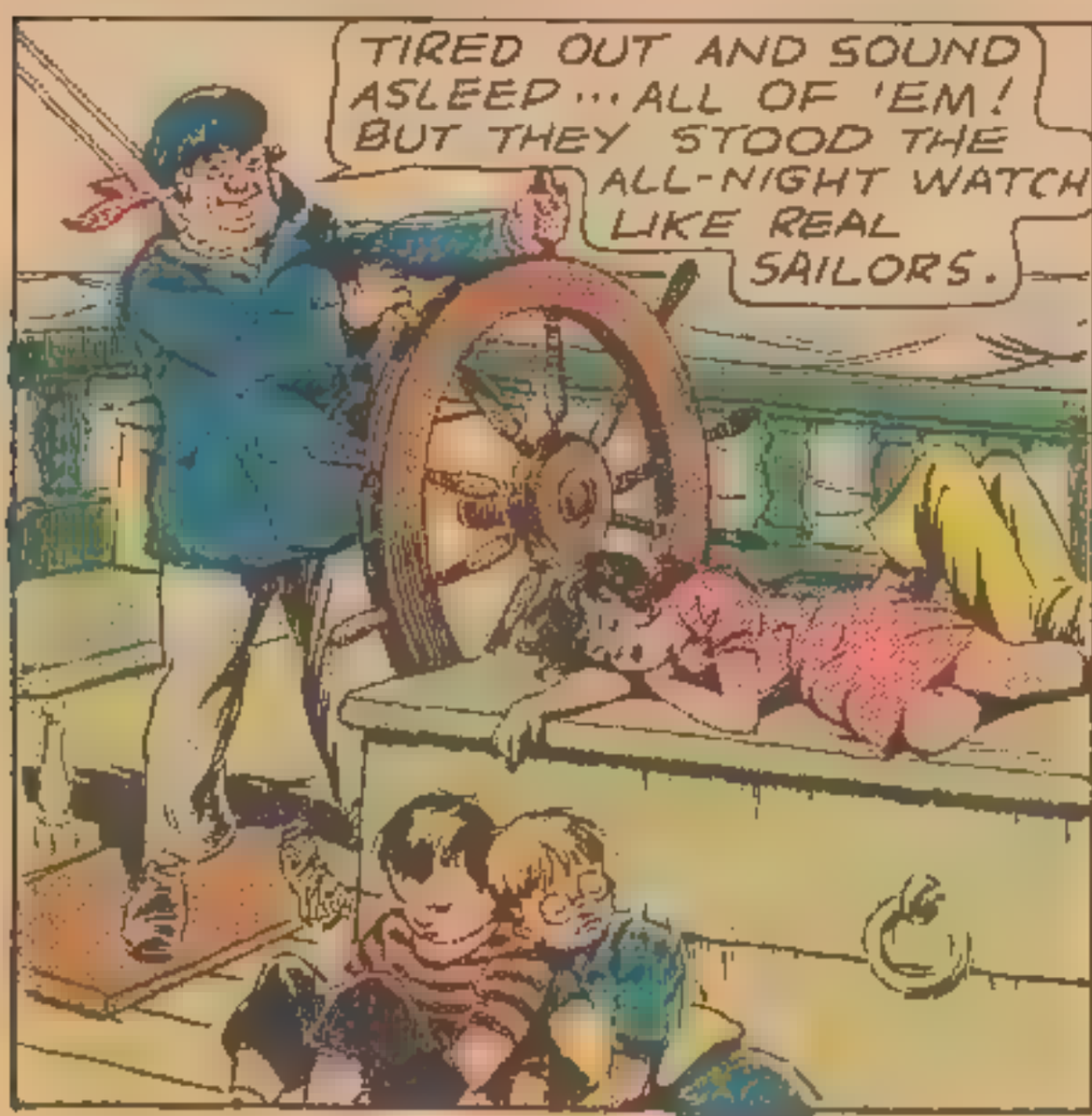

YEAH? WHAT COULD THEY DO IN A STORM LIKE THIS?
OH, BOY, WHAT A STORM! WE'LL BE SHIPWRECKED!
I WISH WE WERE REAL SAILORS!

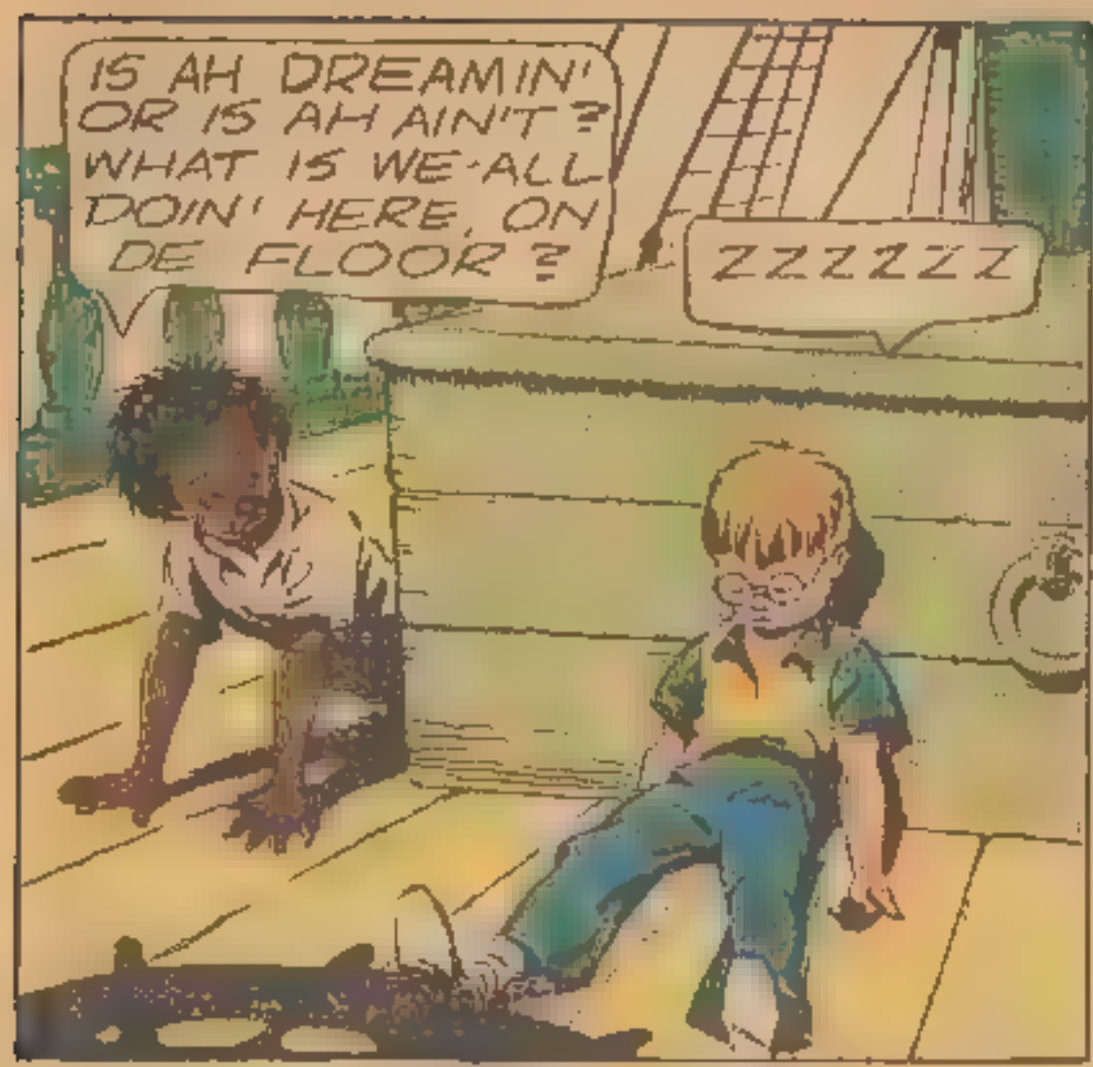
COME ON, I'LL SHOW YE WHAT REAL SAILORS WOULD DO...

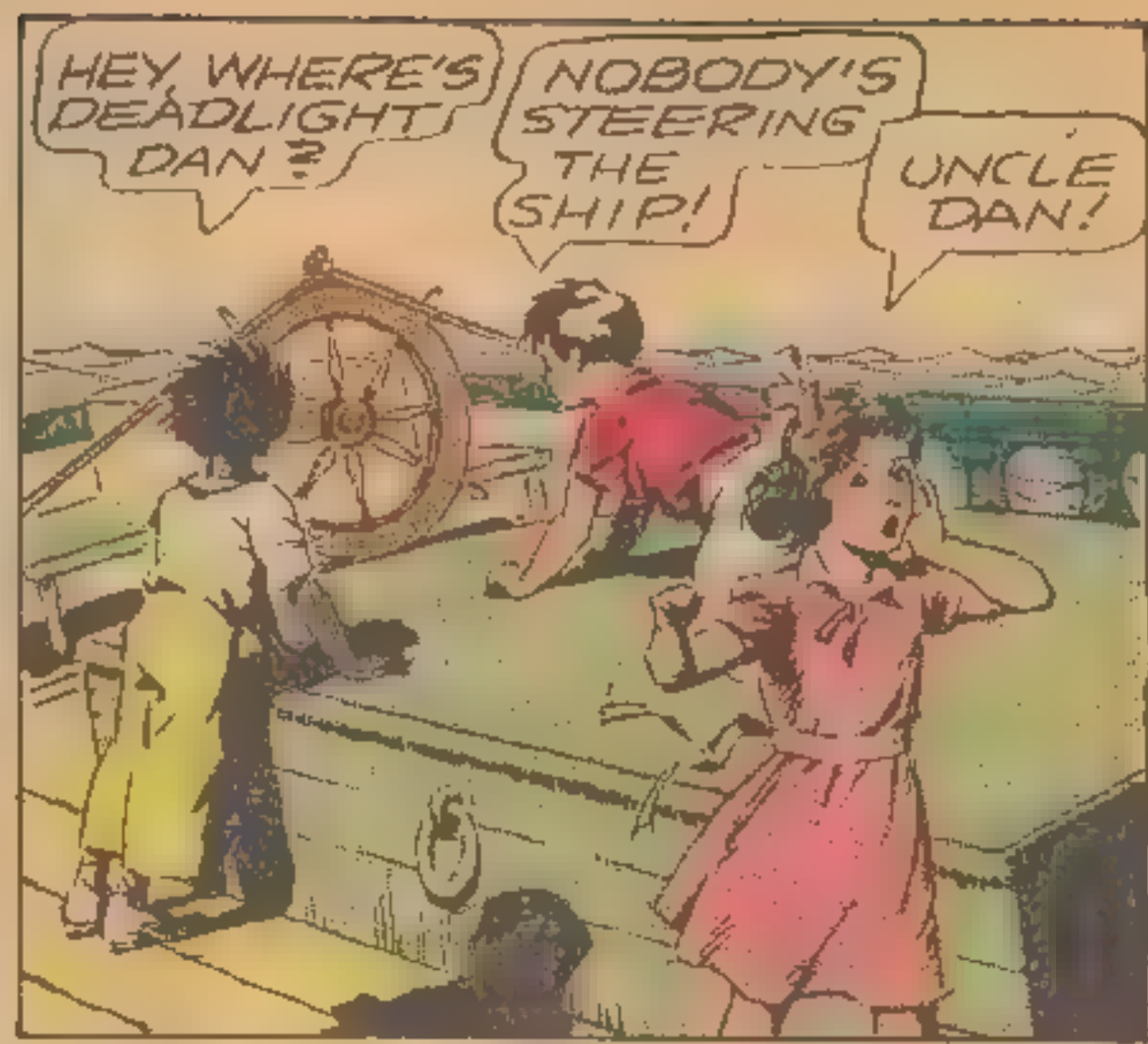


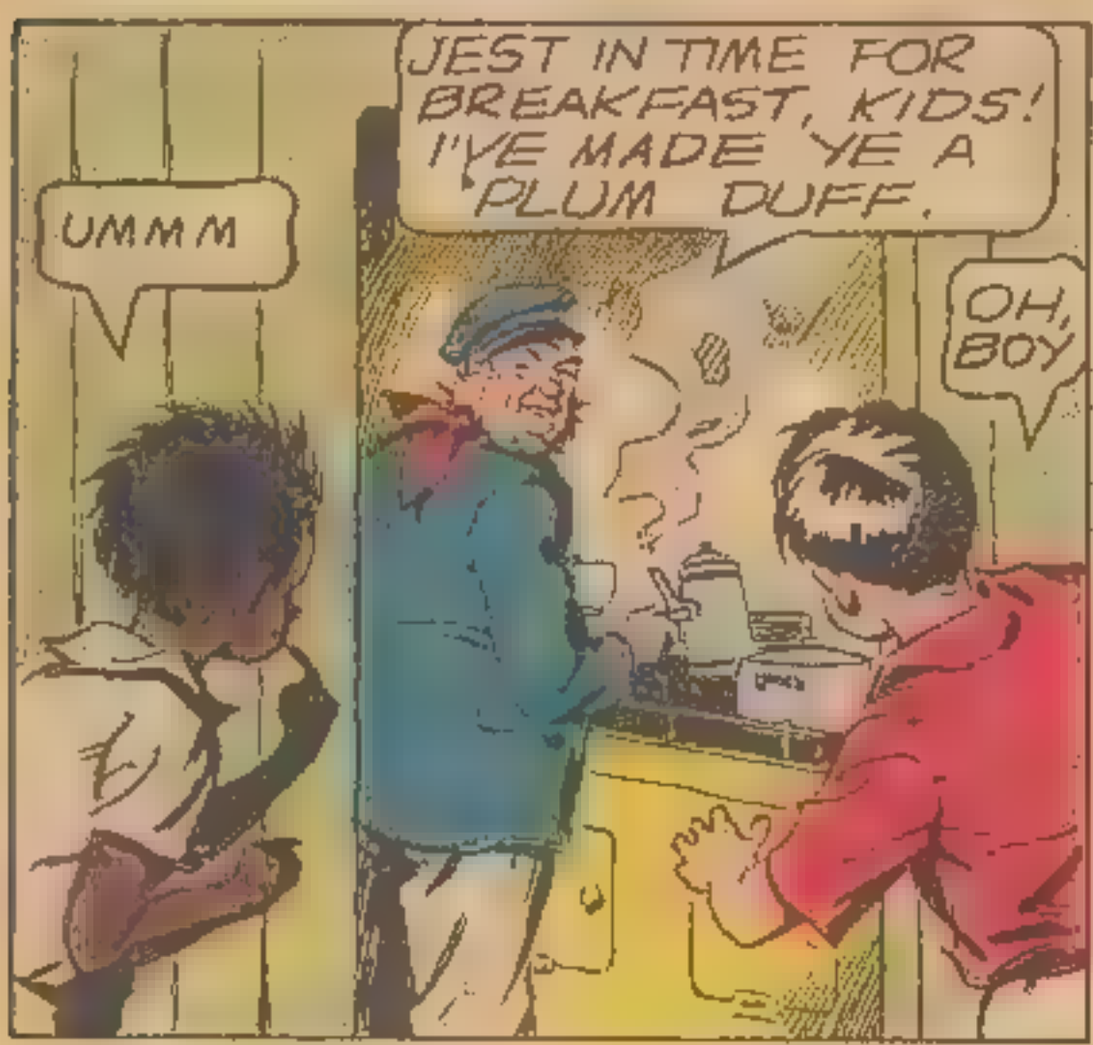
LIKE A RUNAWAY HORSE THE OLD SHIP PLUNGES OUT OF THE HARBOR, AND HEADS FOR THE OPEN SEA...

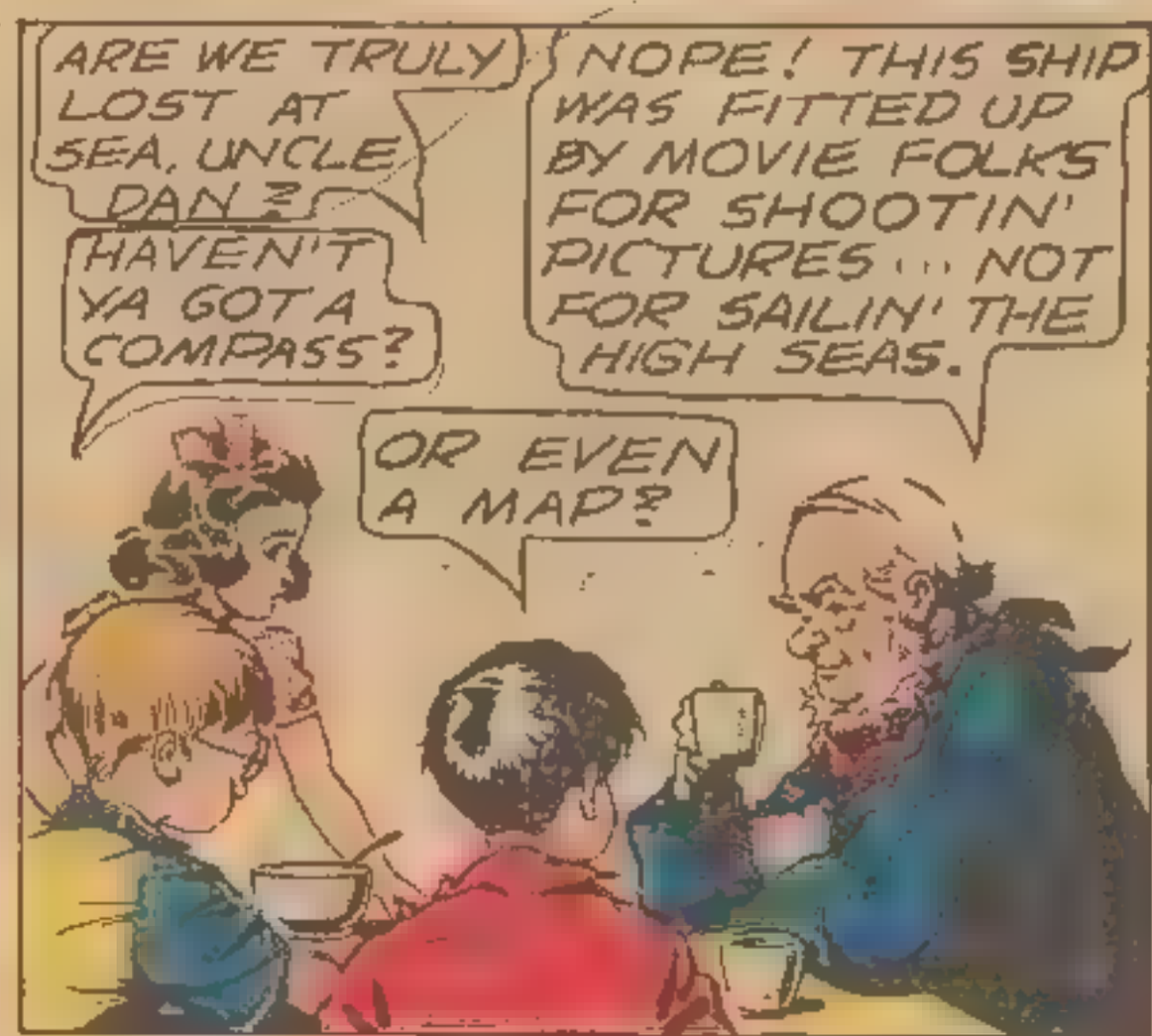
SUNRISE FINDS THE FRIGATE FAR OUT OF SIGHT OF LAND WITH THE HURRICANE DRIVING...

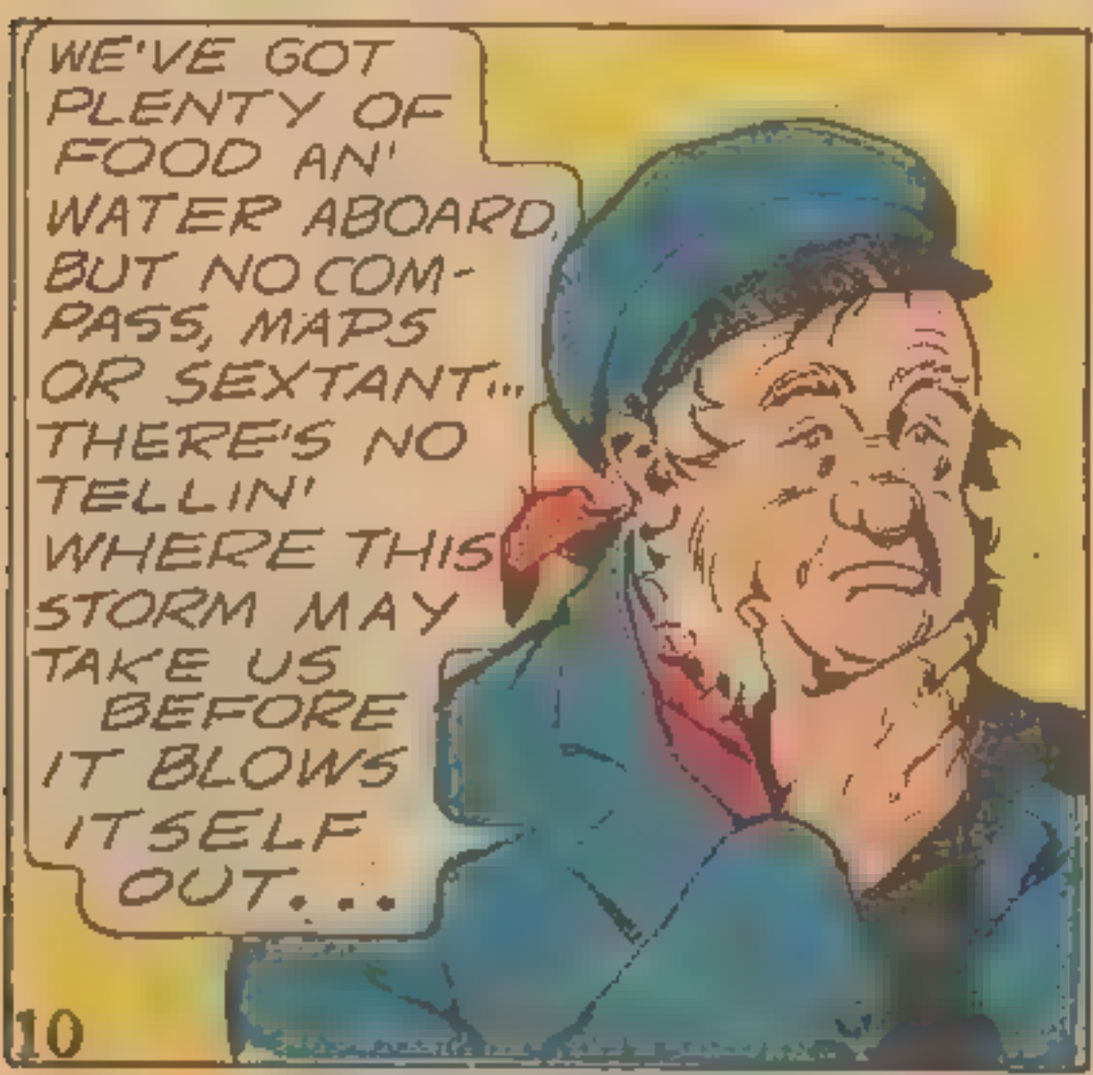


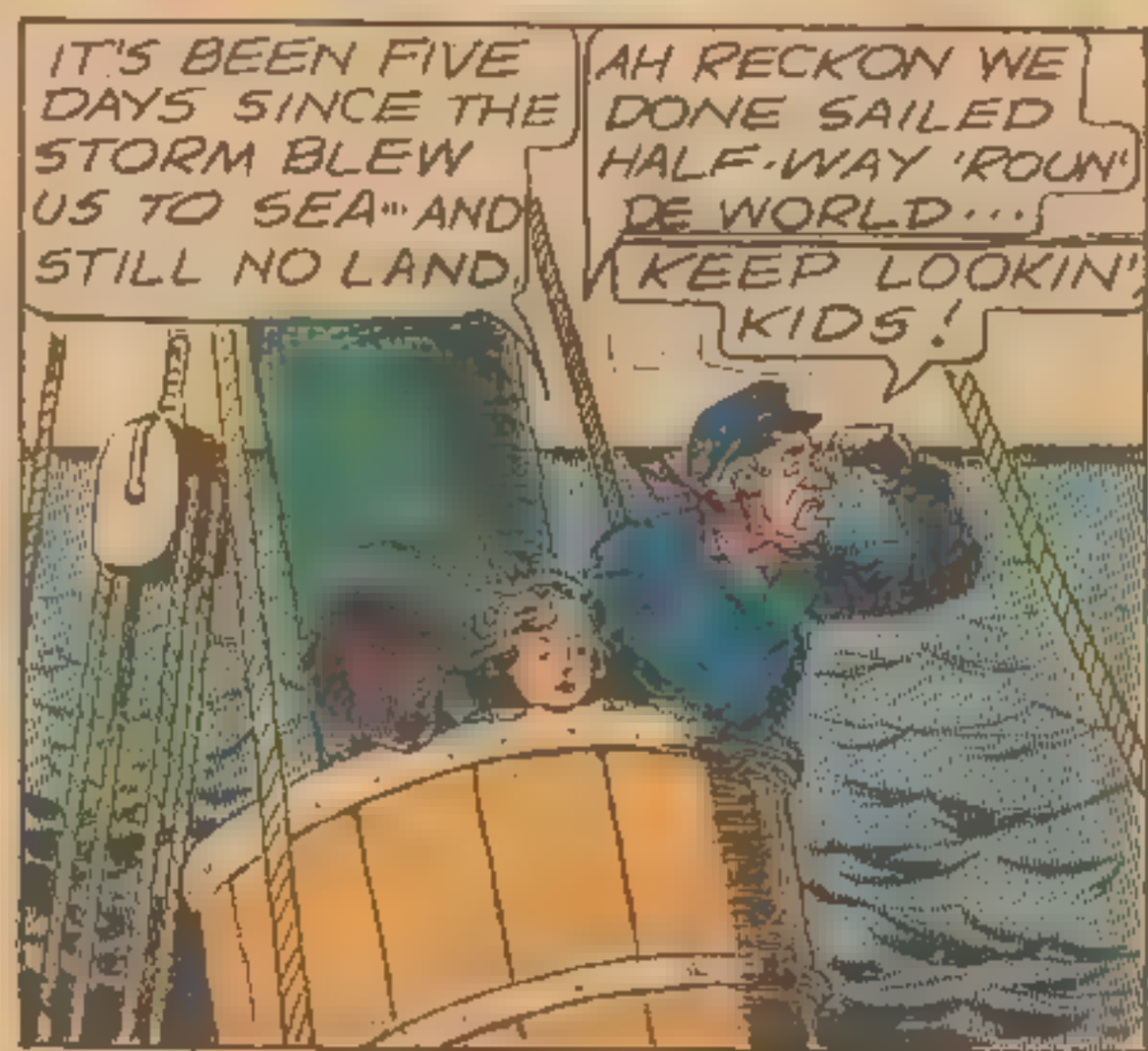

IS AH DREAMIN' OR IS AH AIN'T? WHAT IS WE-ALL DOIN' HERE, ON DE FLOOR?
ZZZZZZ

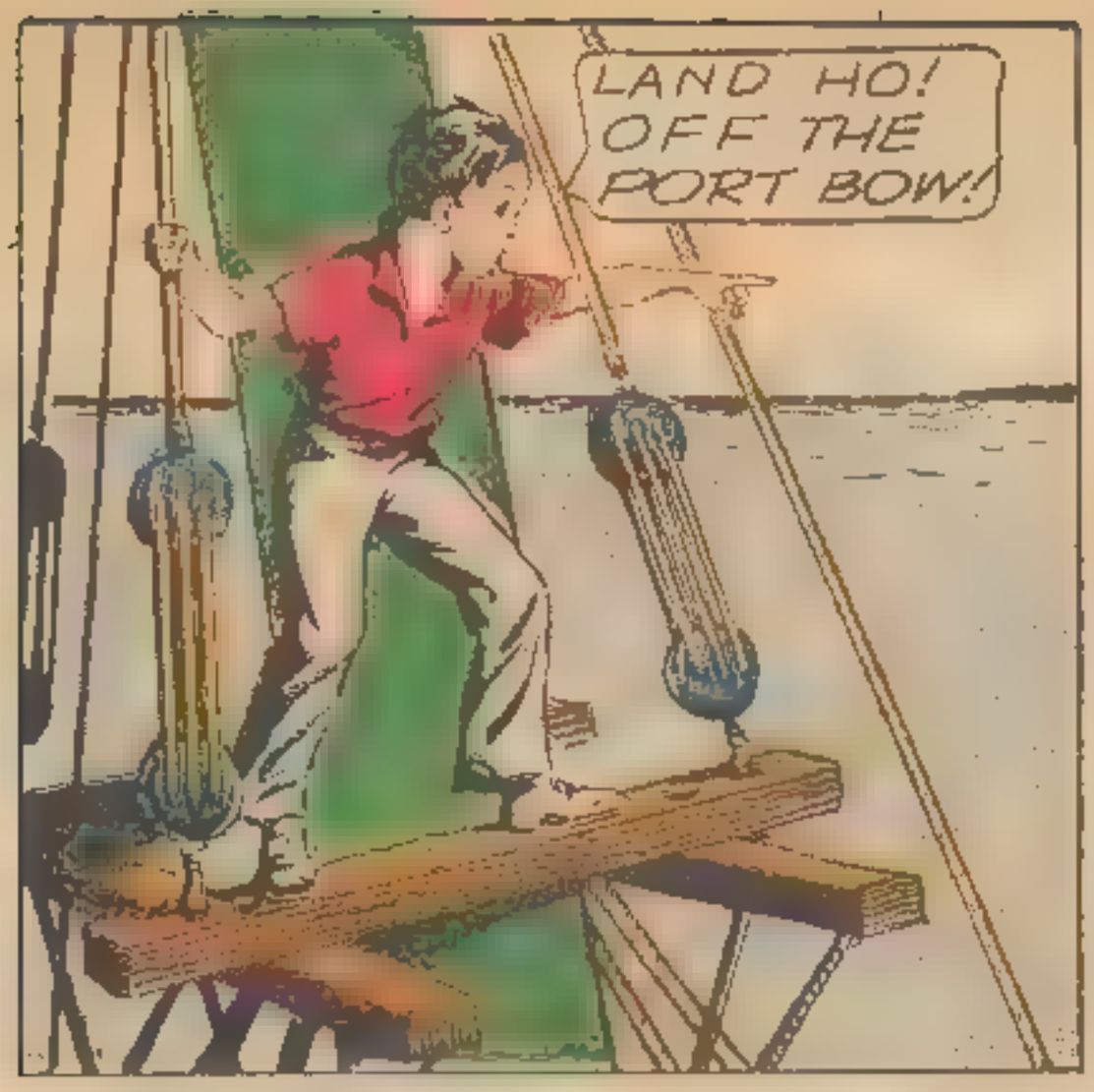

HEY, WHERE'S DEADLIGHT DAN?
NOBODY'S STEERING THE SHIP!
UNCLE DAN!

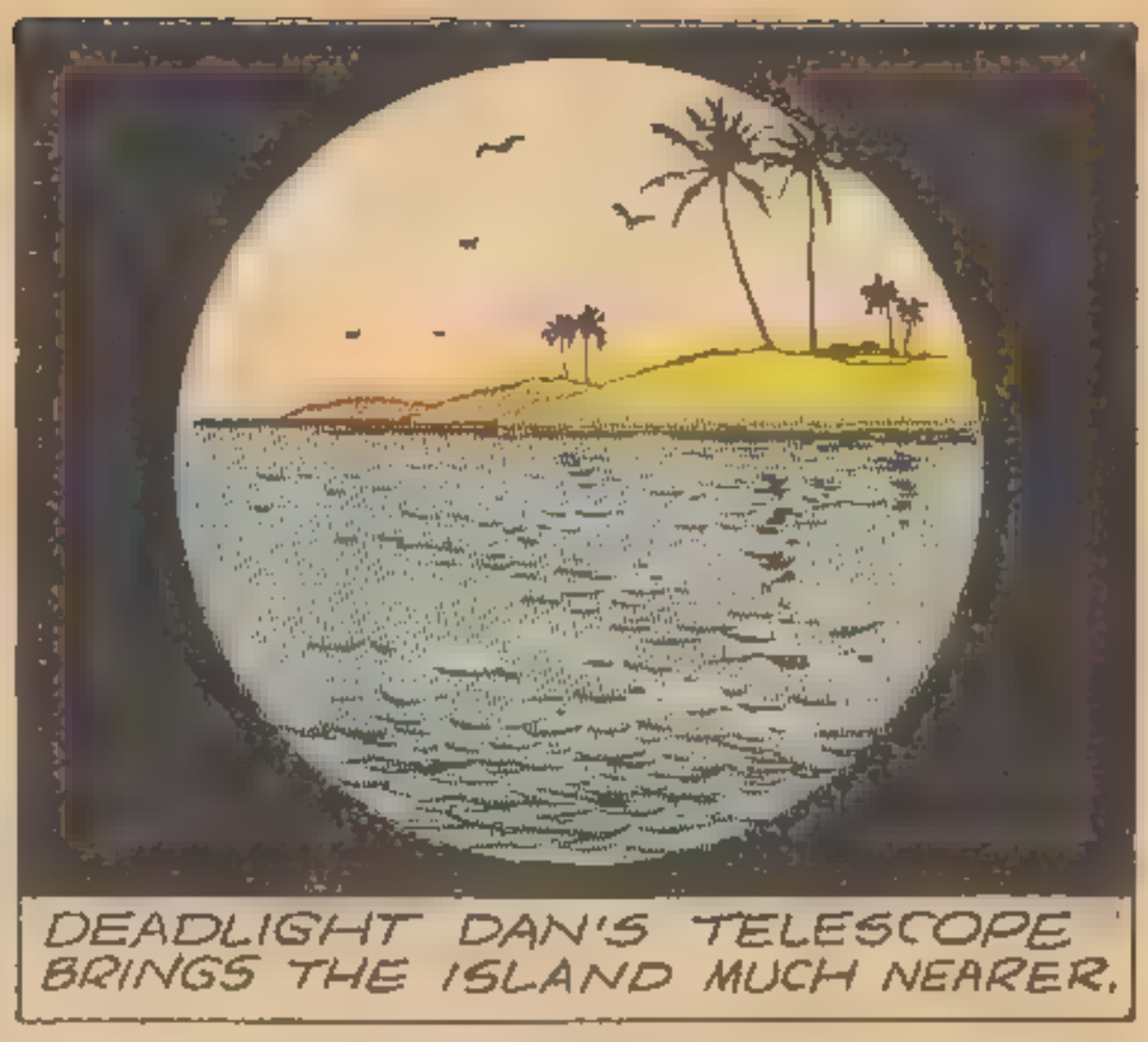

UMMM
JEST IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST, KIDS! I'VE MADE YE A PLUM DUFF.
OH, BOY

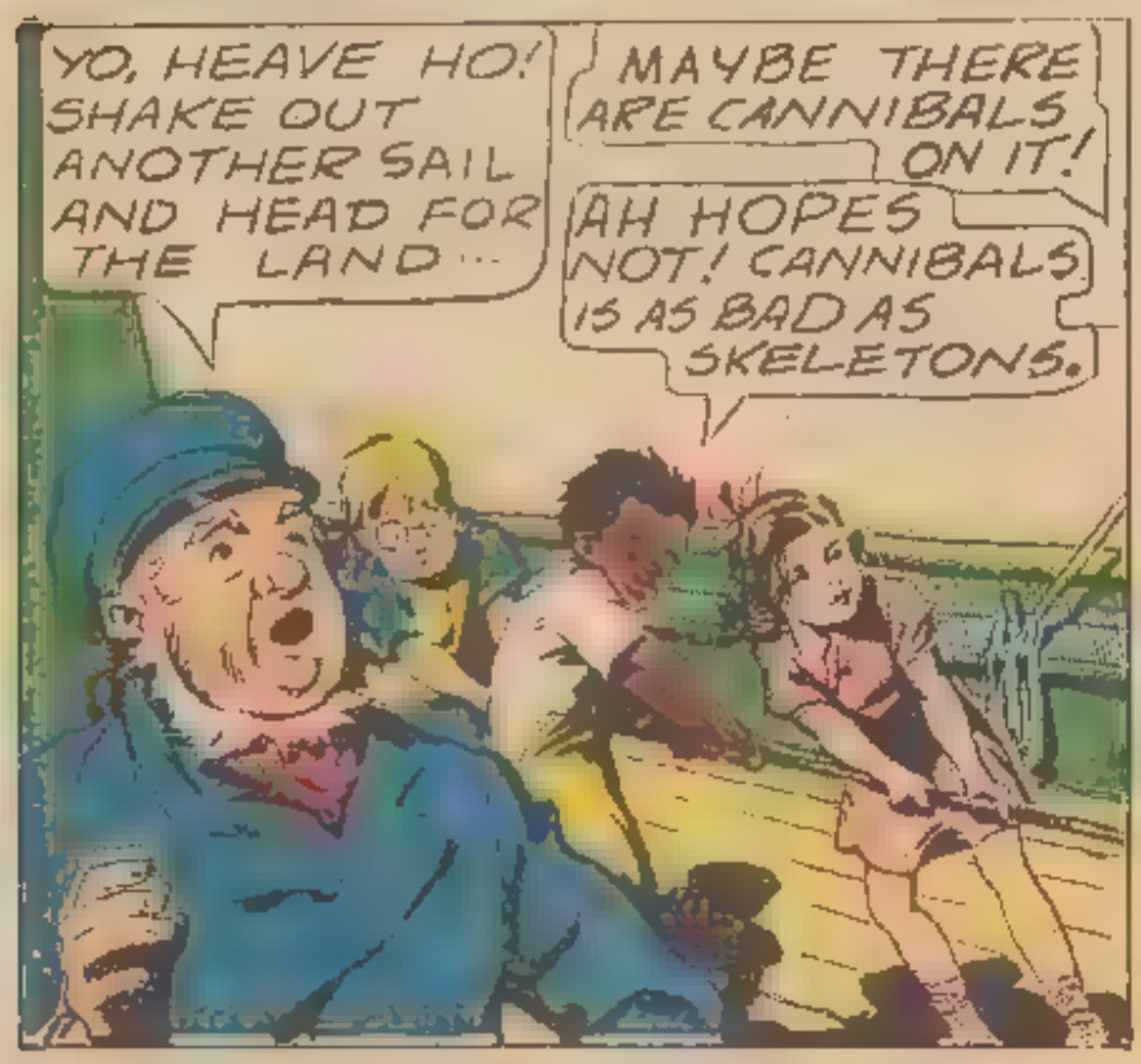

ARE WE TRULY LOST AT SEA, UNCLE DAN?
HAVEN'T YA GOT A COMPASS?
NOPE! THIS SHIP WAS FITTED UP BY MOVIE FOLKS FOR SHOOTIN' PICTURES ... NOT FOR SAILIN' THE HIGH SEAS.
OR EVEN A MAP?


WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF FOOD AN' WATER ABOARD, BUT NO COMPASS, MAPS OR SEXTANT... THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHERE THIS STORM MAY TAKE US BEFORE IT BLOWS ITSELF OUT...

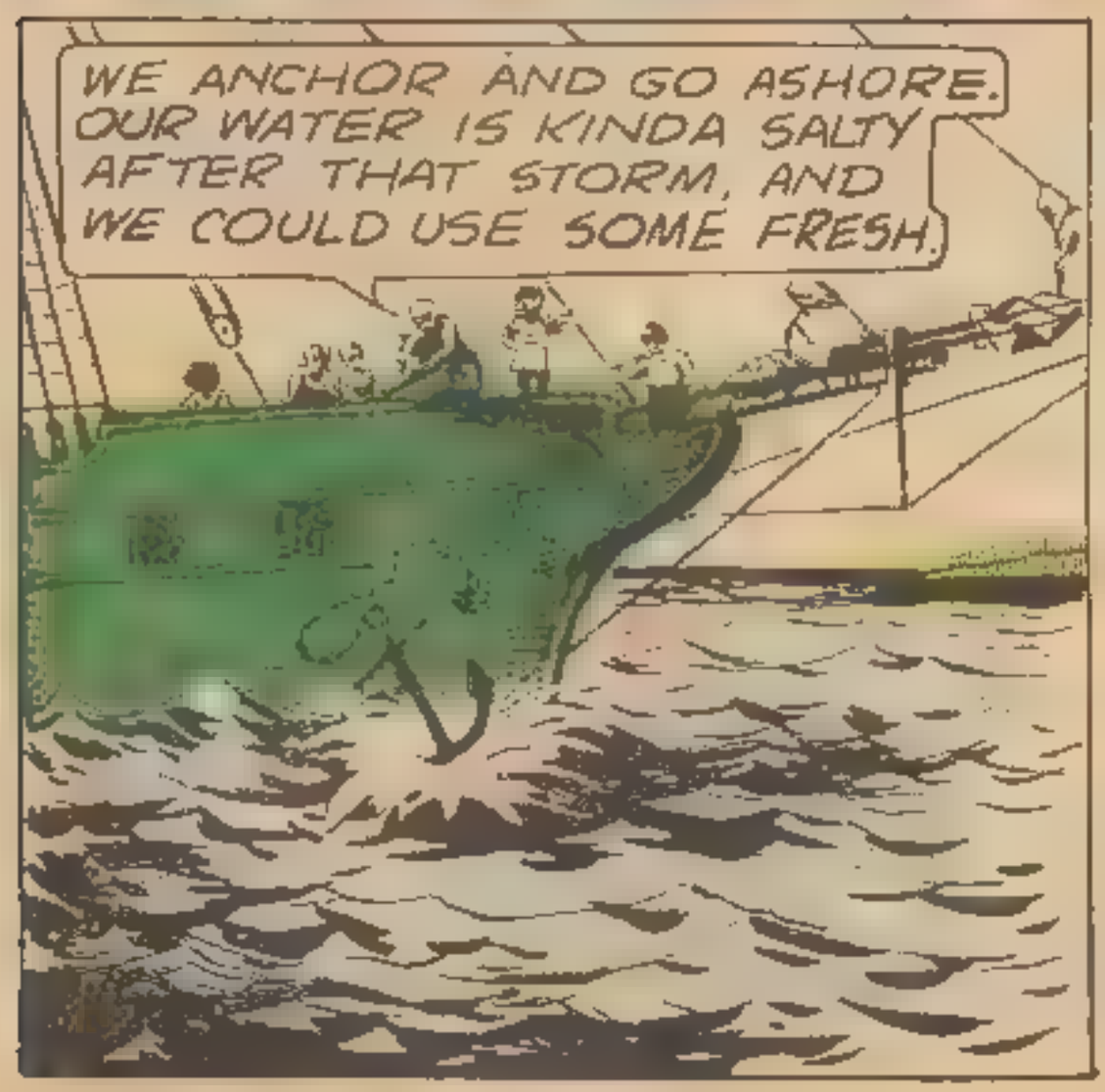

IT'S BEEN FIVE DAYS SINCE THE STORM BLEW US TO SEA... AND STILL NO LAND.
AH RECKON WE DONE SAILED HALF-WAY 'ROUN' DE WORLD...
KEEP LOOKIN', KIDS!

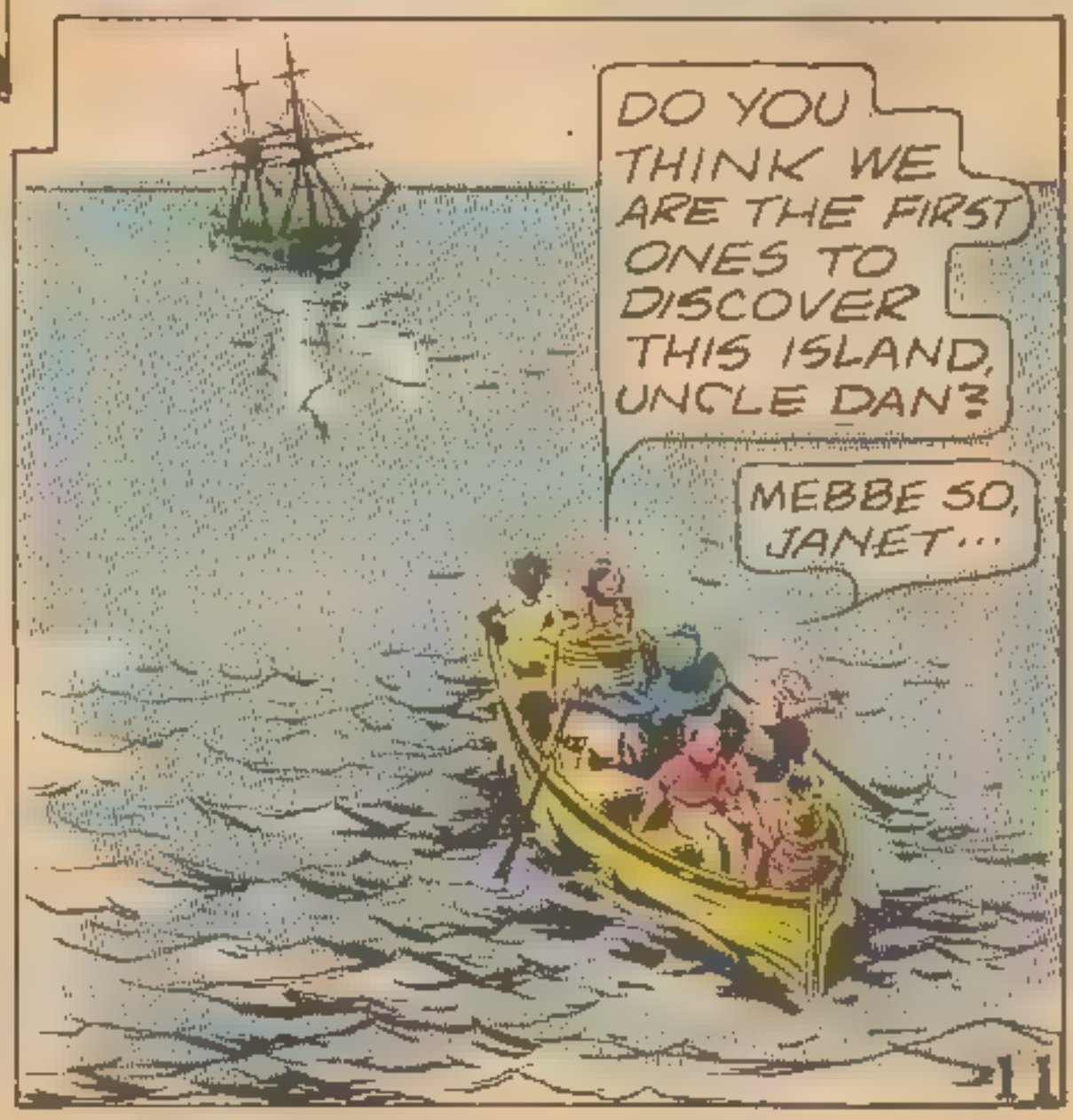

LAND HO! OFF THE PORT BOW!

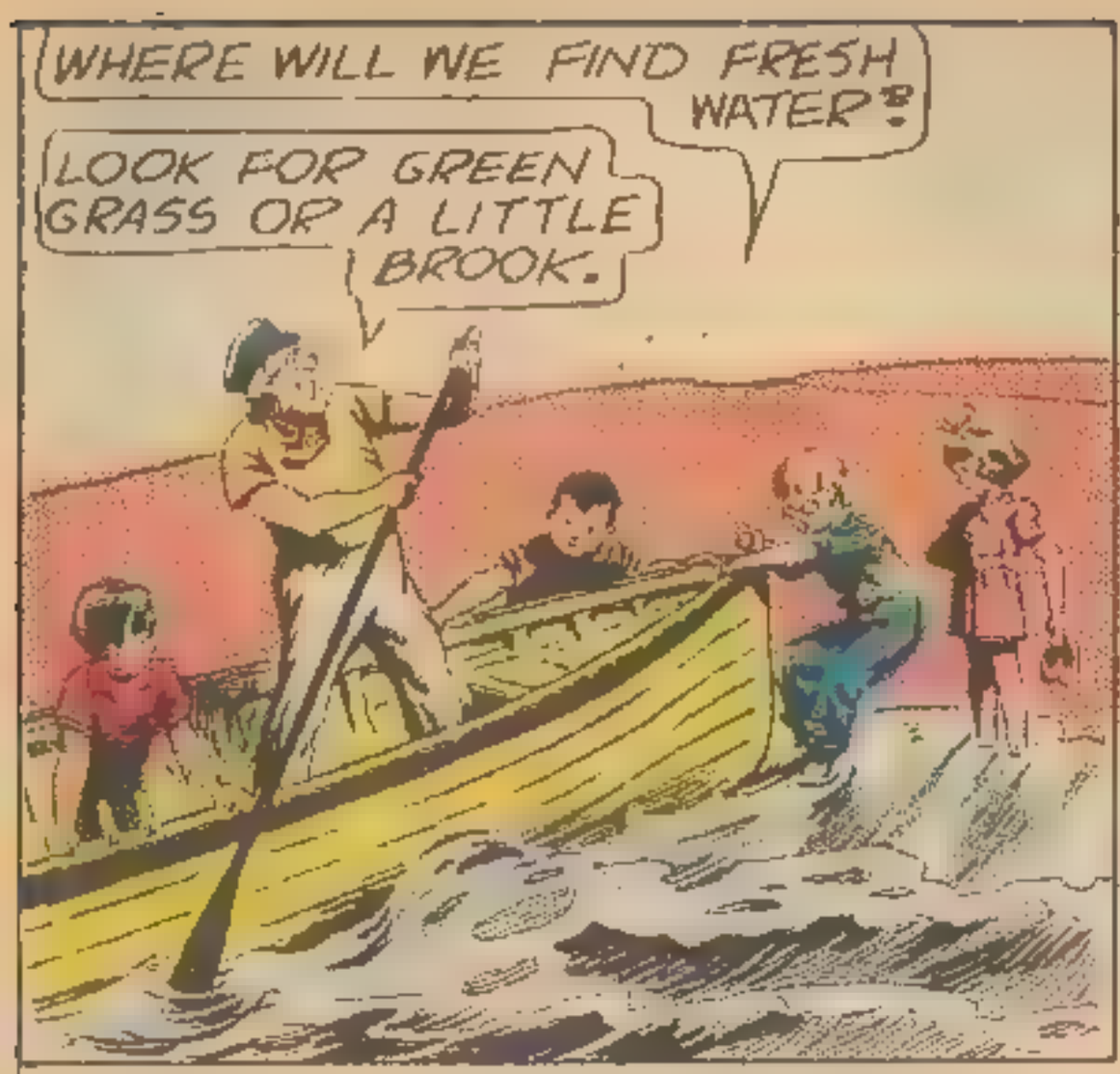

DEADLIGHT DAN'S TELESCOPE BRINGS THE ISLAND MUCH NEARER.

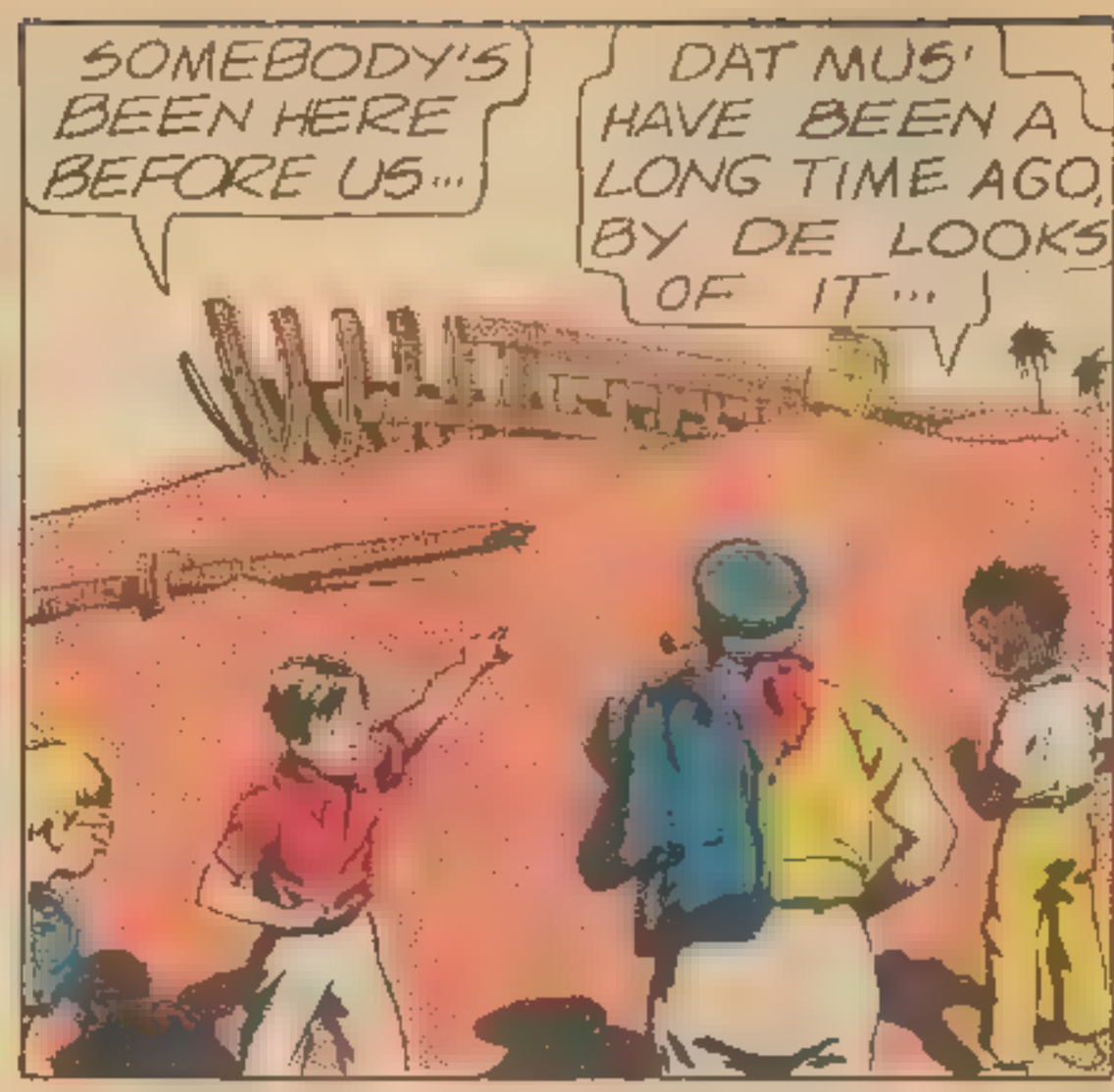

YO, HEAVE HO! SHAKE OUT ANOTHER SAIL AND HEAD FOR THE LAND...
MAYBE THERE ARE CANNIBALS ON IT!
AH HOPES NOT! CANNIBALS IS AS BAD AS SKELETONS.

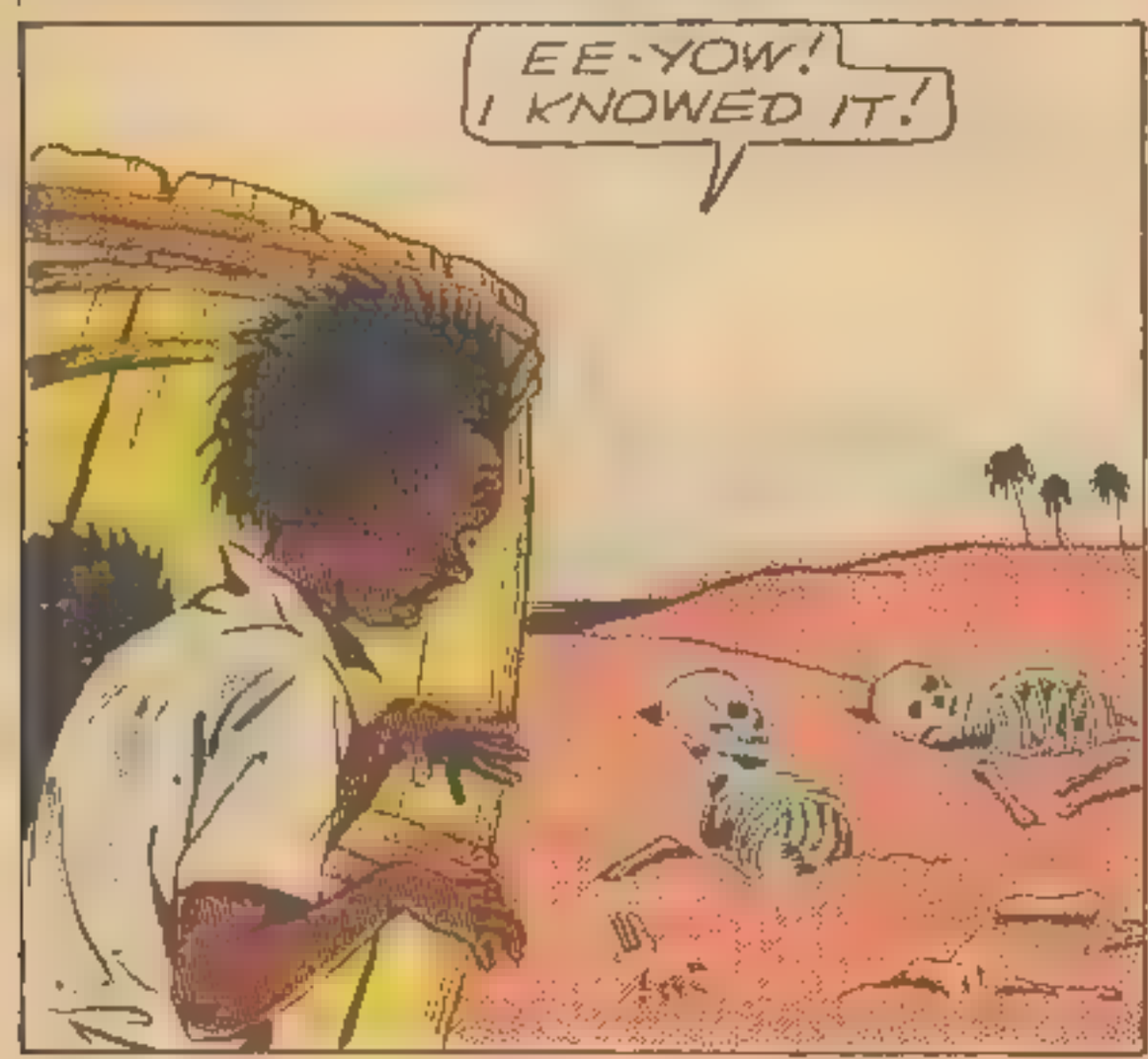
IT ISN'T MUCH OF A PLACE... BUT MAYBE THERE'S A SPRING ON IT...

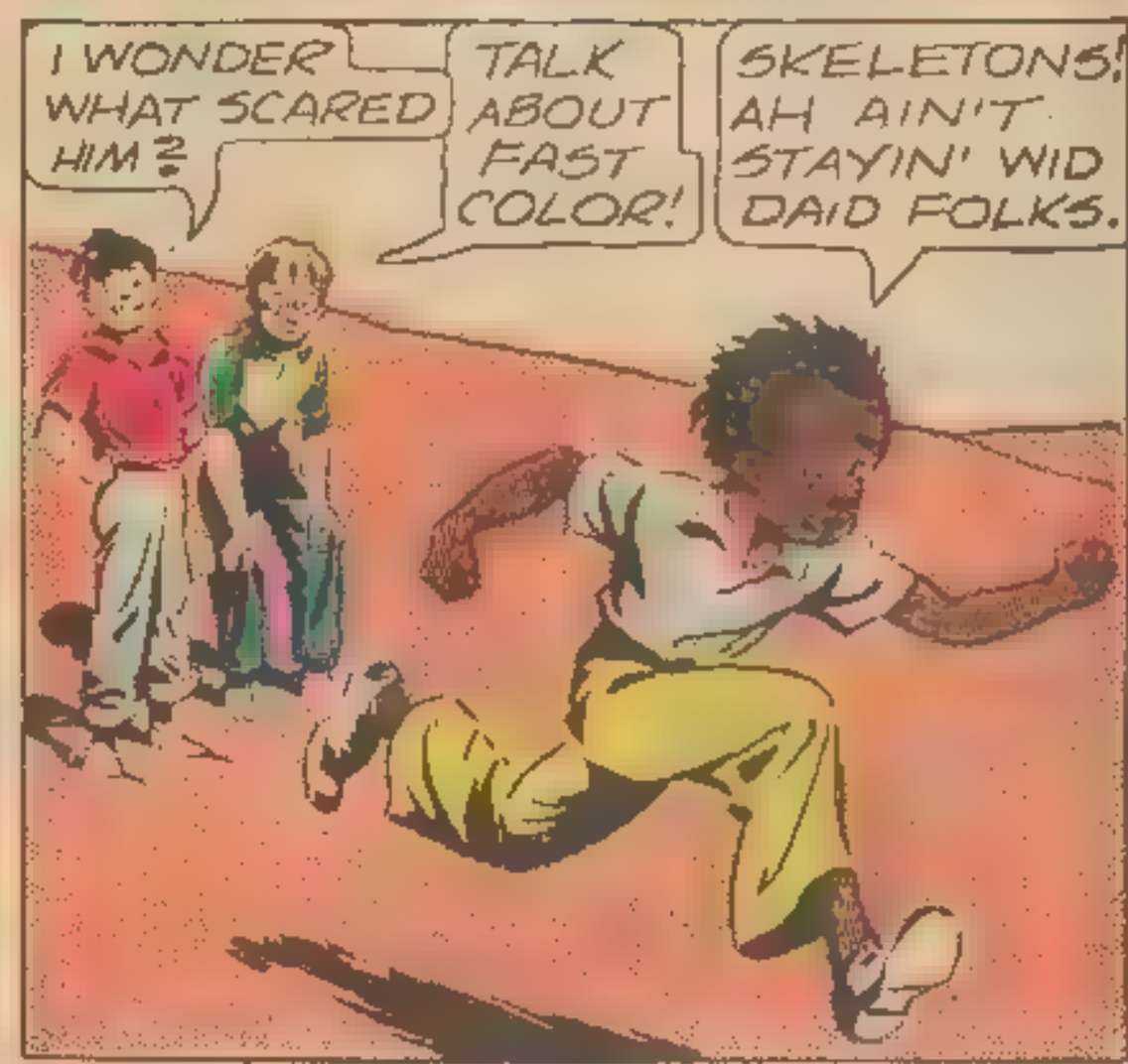

WE ANCHOR AND GO ASHORE. OUR WATER IS KINDA SALTY AFTER THAT STORM, AND WE COULD USE SOME FRESH.

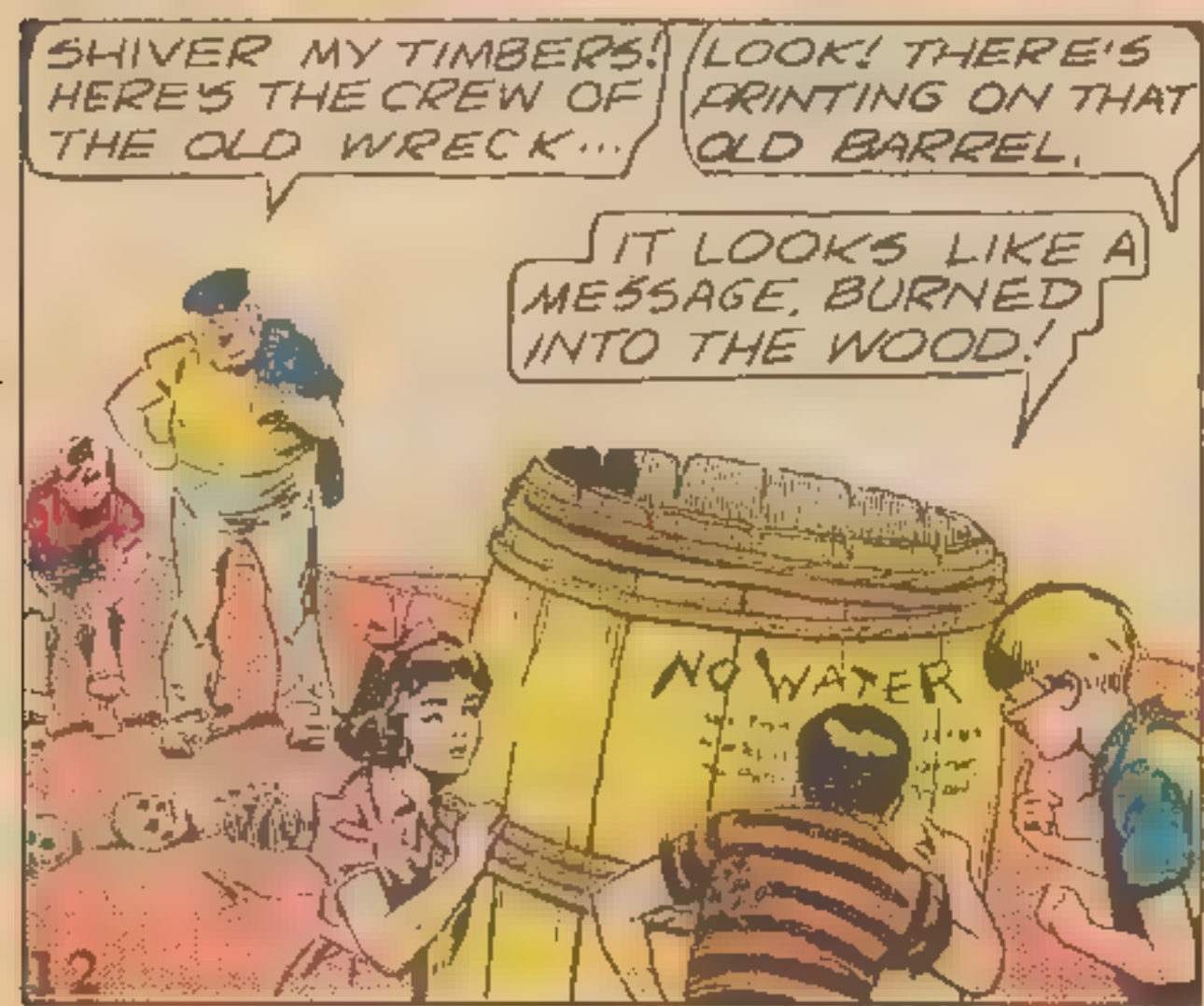

DO YOU THINK WE ARE THE FIRST ONES TO DISCOVER THIS ISLAND, UNCLE DAN?
MEBBE SO, JANET...

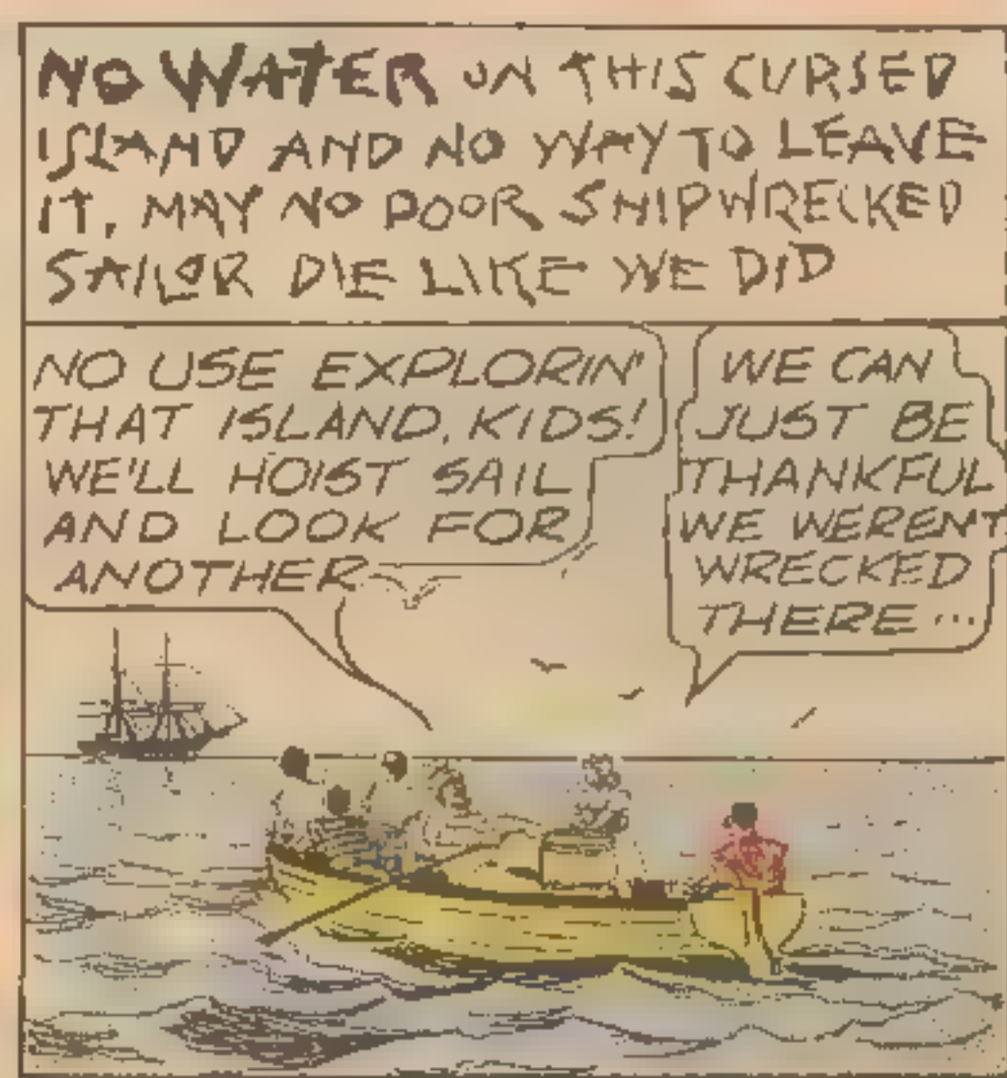

WHERE WILL WE FIND FRESH WATER?
LOOK FOR GREEN GRASS OR A LITTLE BROOK.

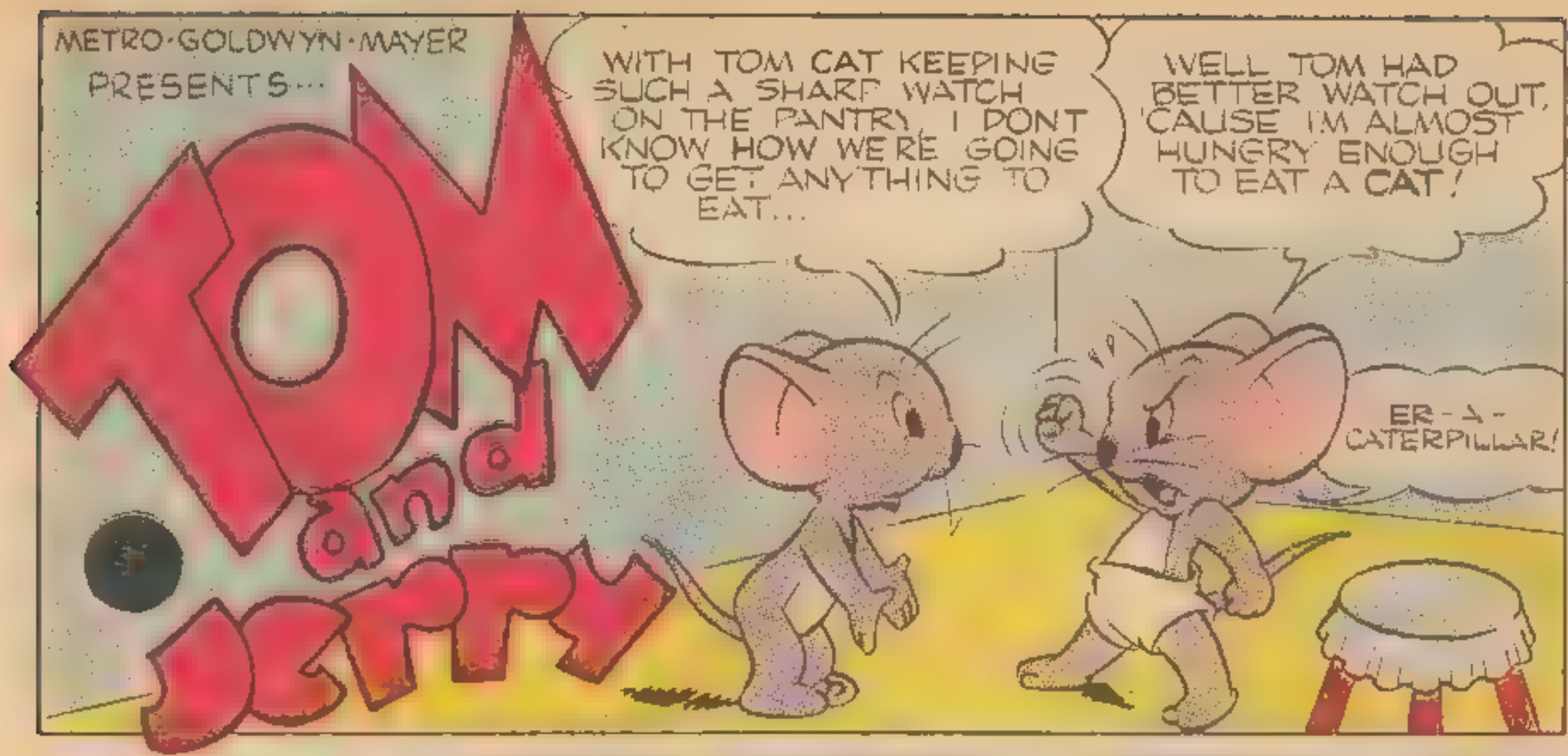

SOMEBODY'S BEEN HERE BEFORE US...
DAT MUS' HAVE BEEN A LONG TIME AGO, BY DE LOOKS OF IT...

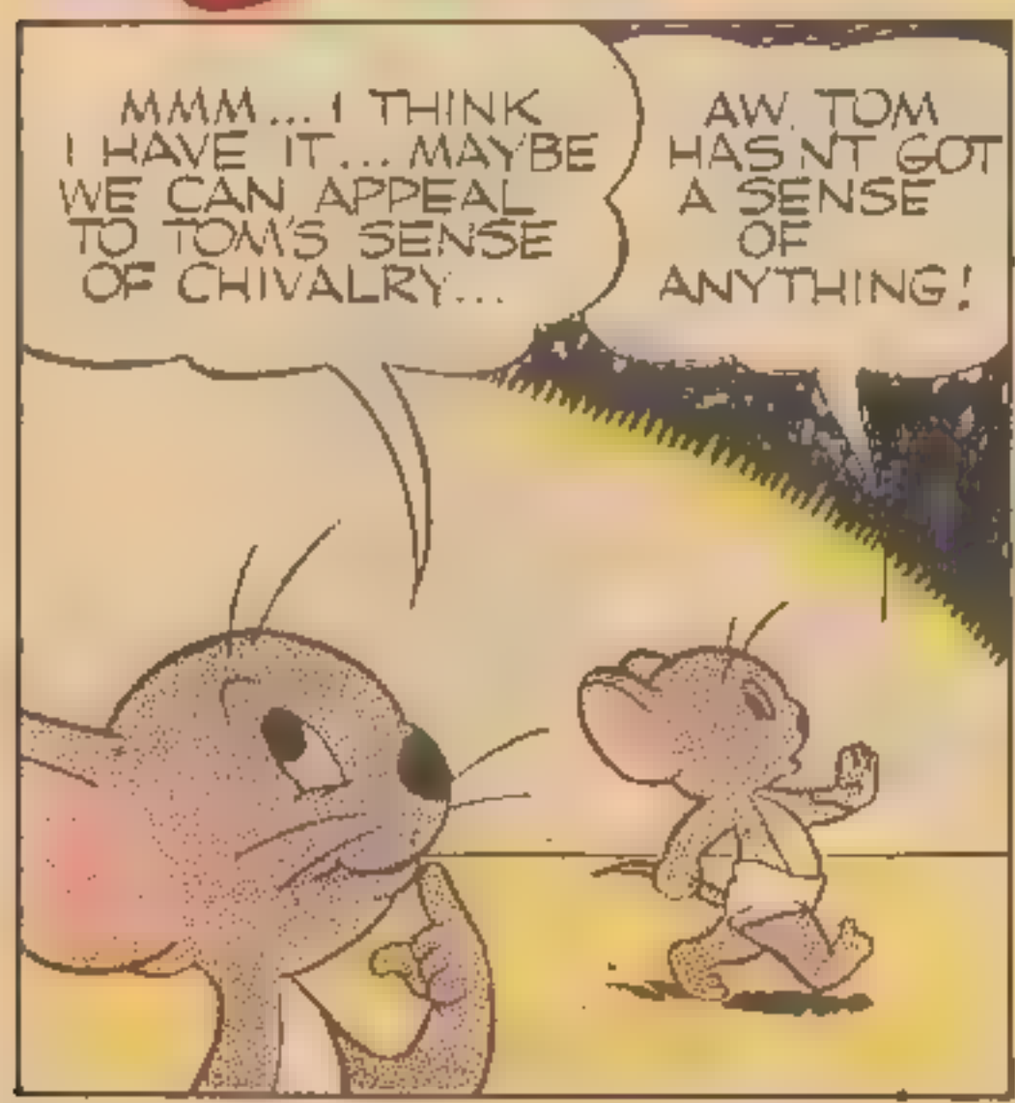

EE-YOW! I KNOWED IT!

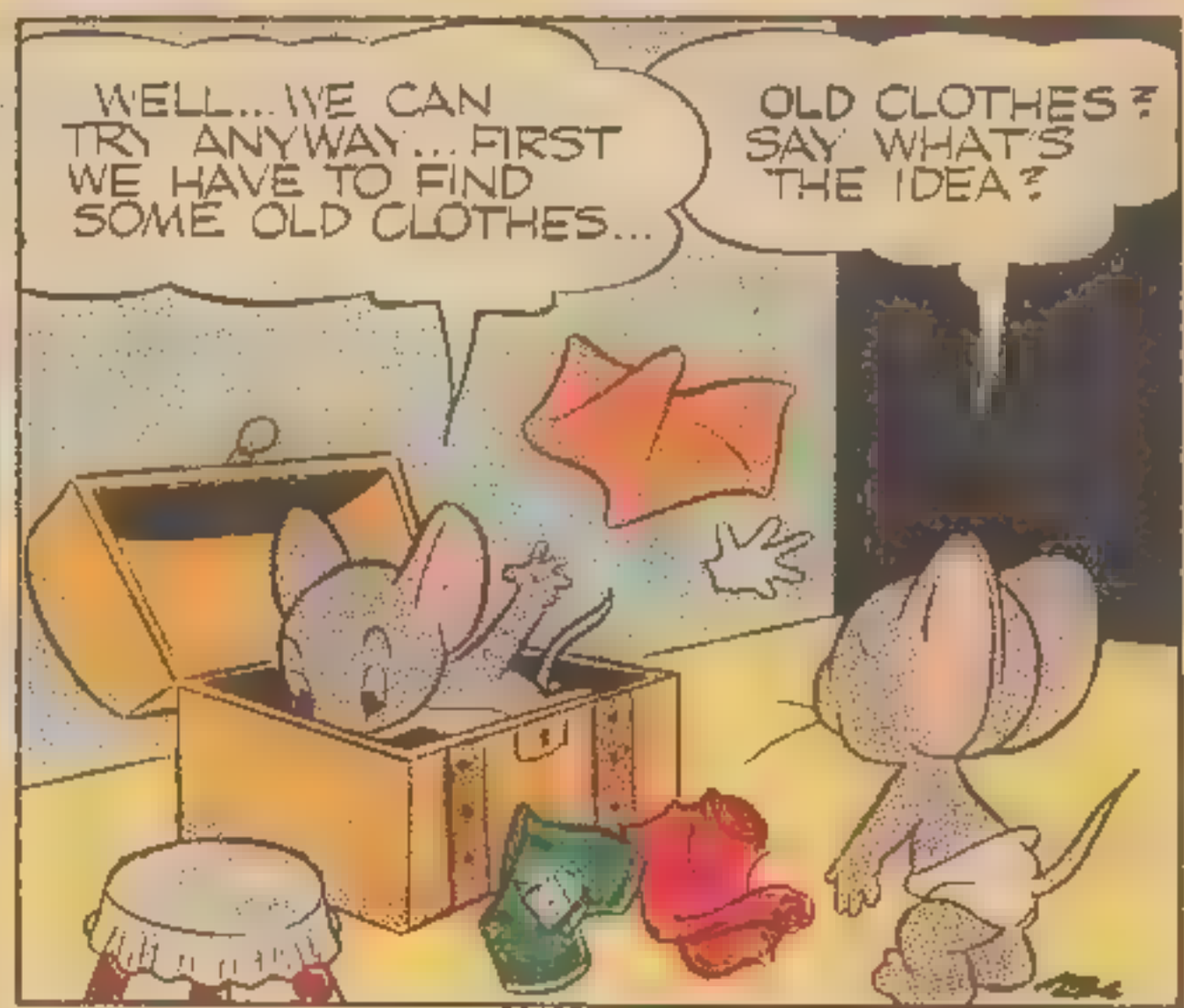

I WONDER WHAT SCARED HIM?
TALK ABOUT FAST COLOR!
SKELETONS! AH AIN'T STAYIN' WID DAID FOLKS.

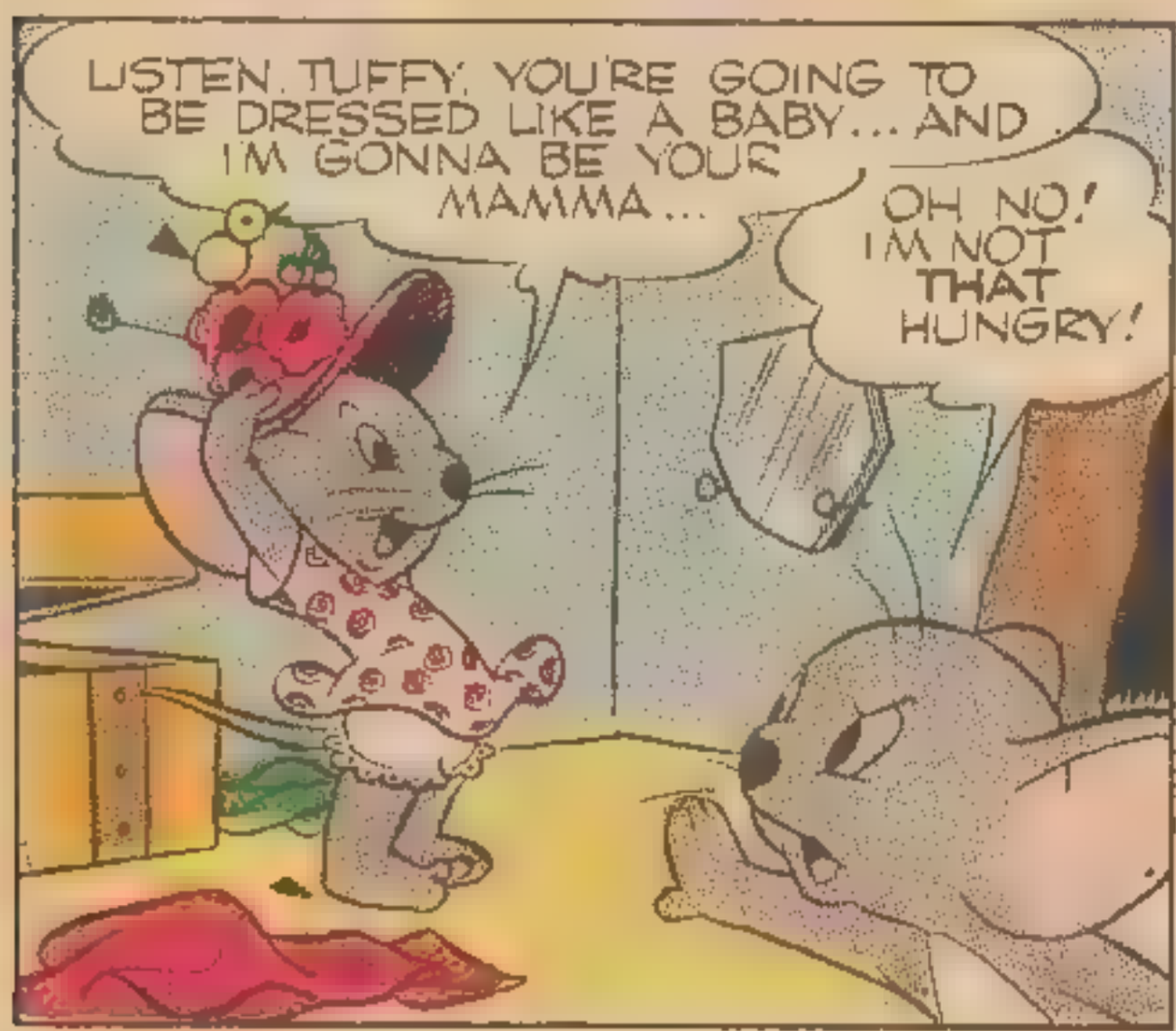

SHIVER MY TIMBERS! HERE'S THE CREW OF THE OLD WRECK...
LOOK! THERE'S PRINTING ON THAT OLD BARREL.
IT LOOKS LIKE A MESSAGE, BURNED INTO THE WOOD!
NO WATER

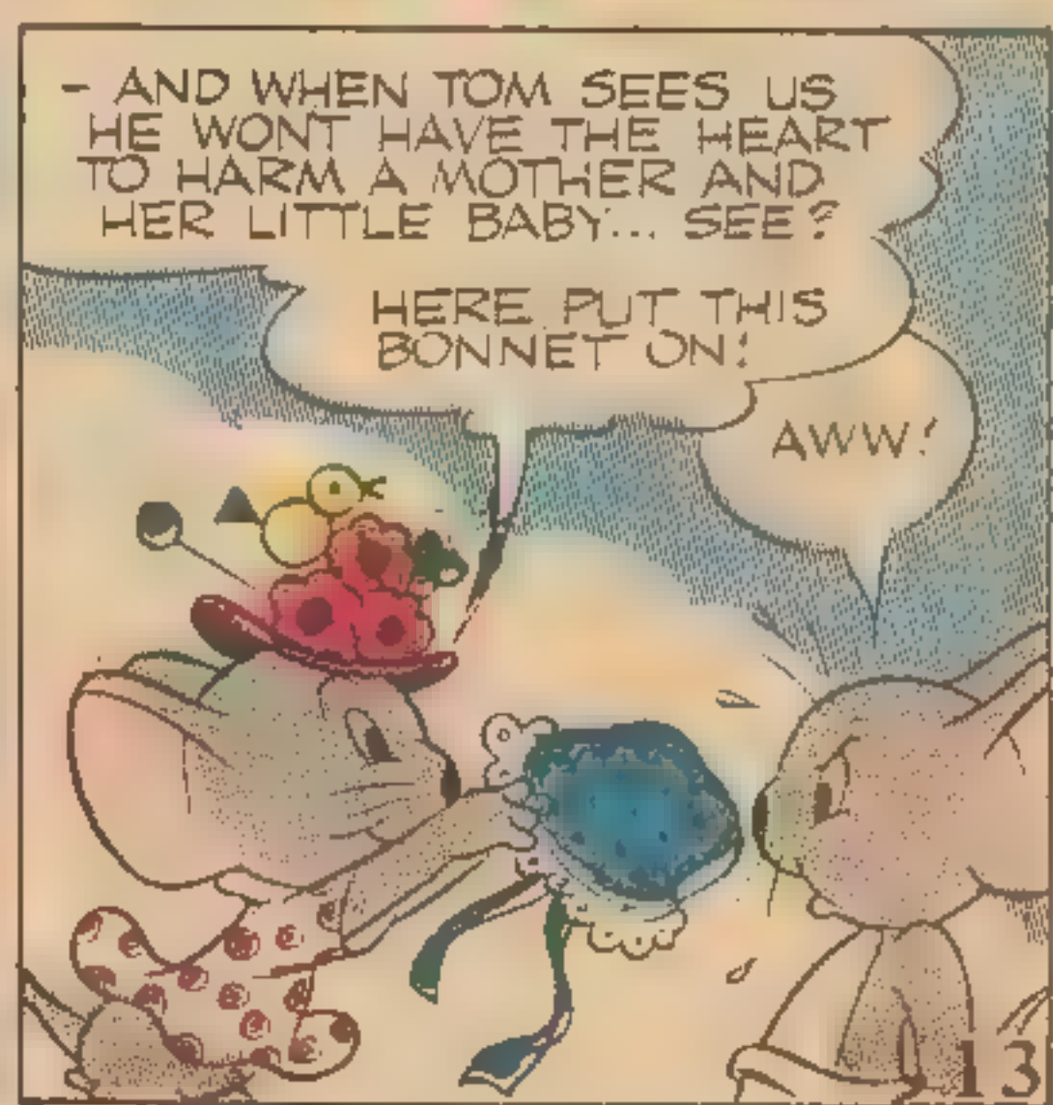

NO WATER ON THIS CURSED ISLAND AND NO WAY TO LEAVE IT, MAY NO POOR SHIPWRECKED SAILOR DIE LIKE WE DID
NO USE EXPLORIN' THAT ISLAND, KIDS! WE'LL HOIST SAIL AND LOOK FOR ANOTHER
WE CAN JUST BE THANKFUL WE WERENT WRECKED THERE...











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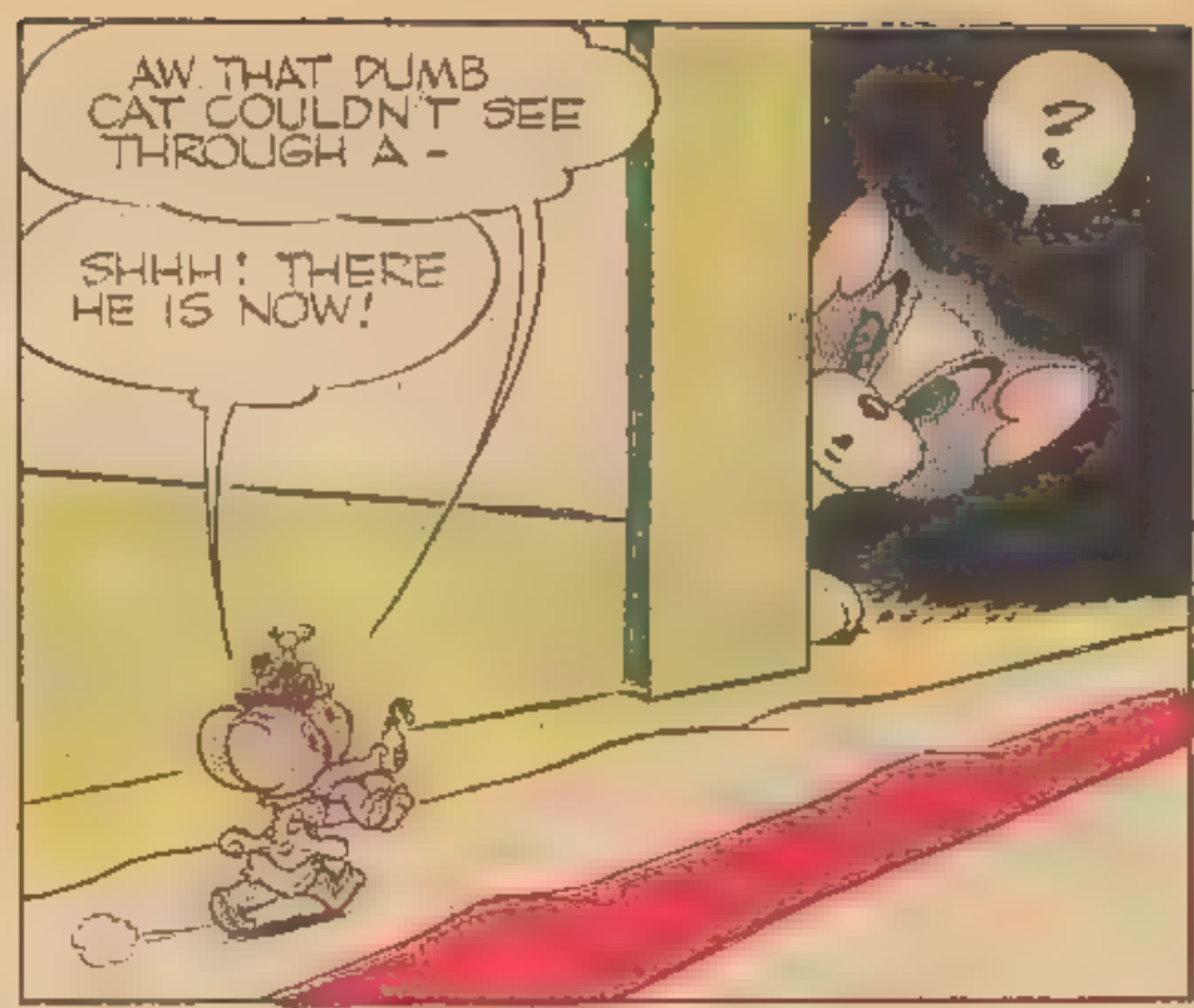
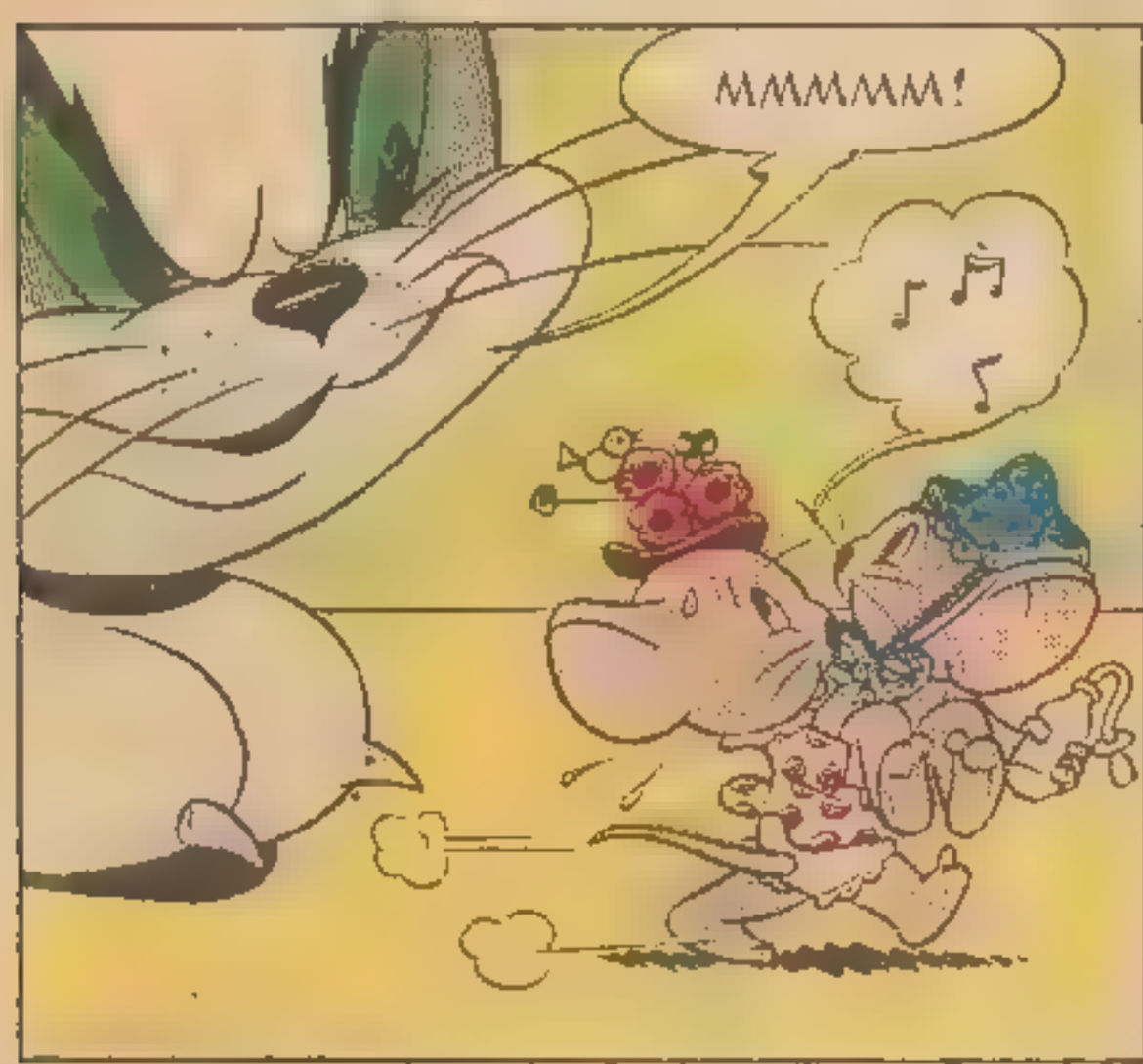
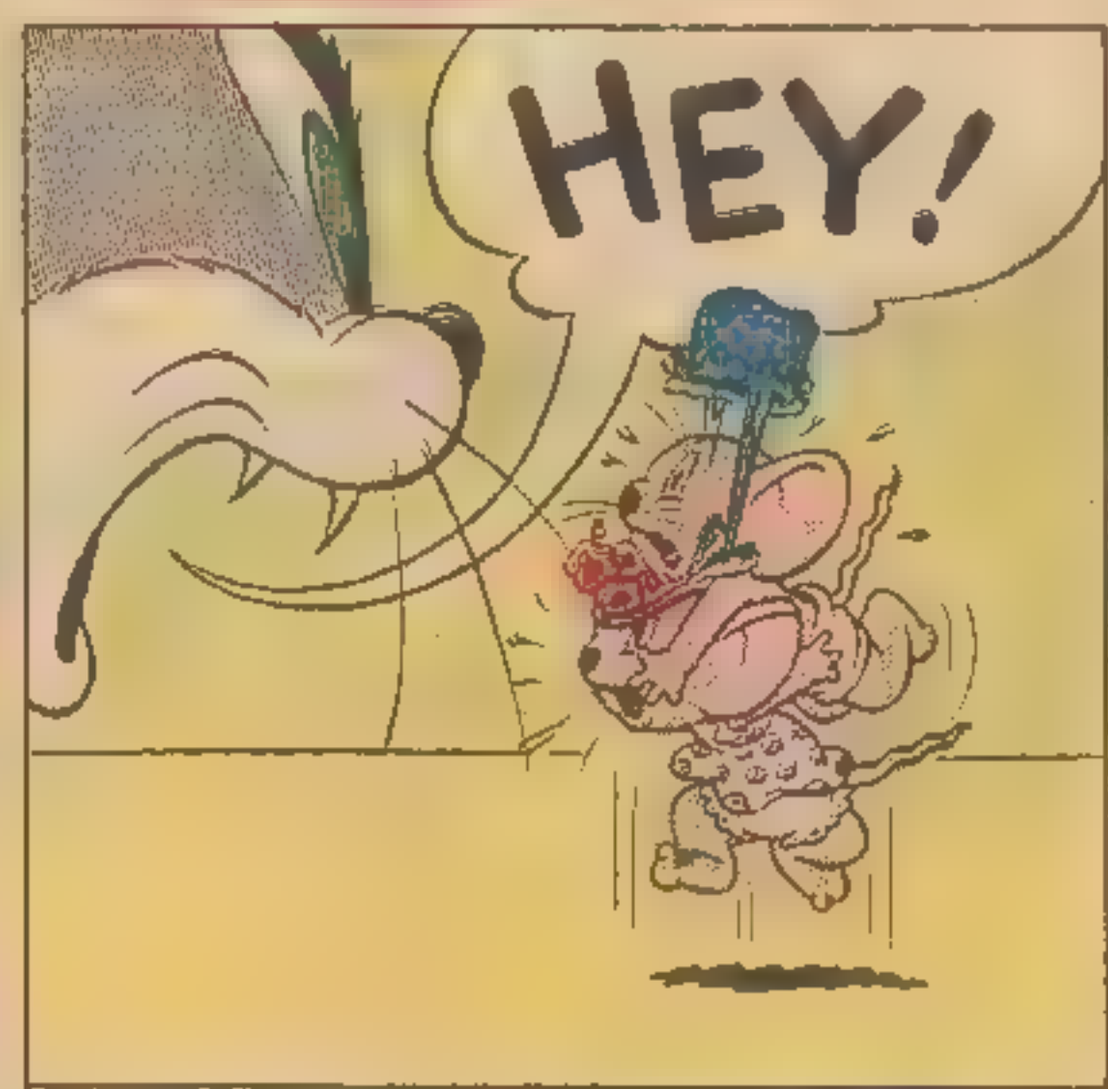
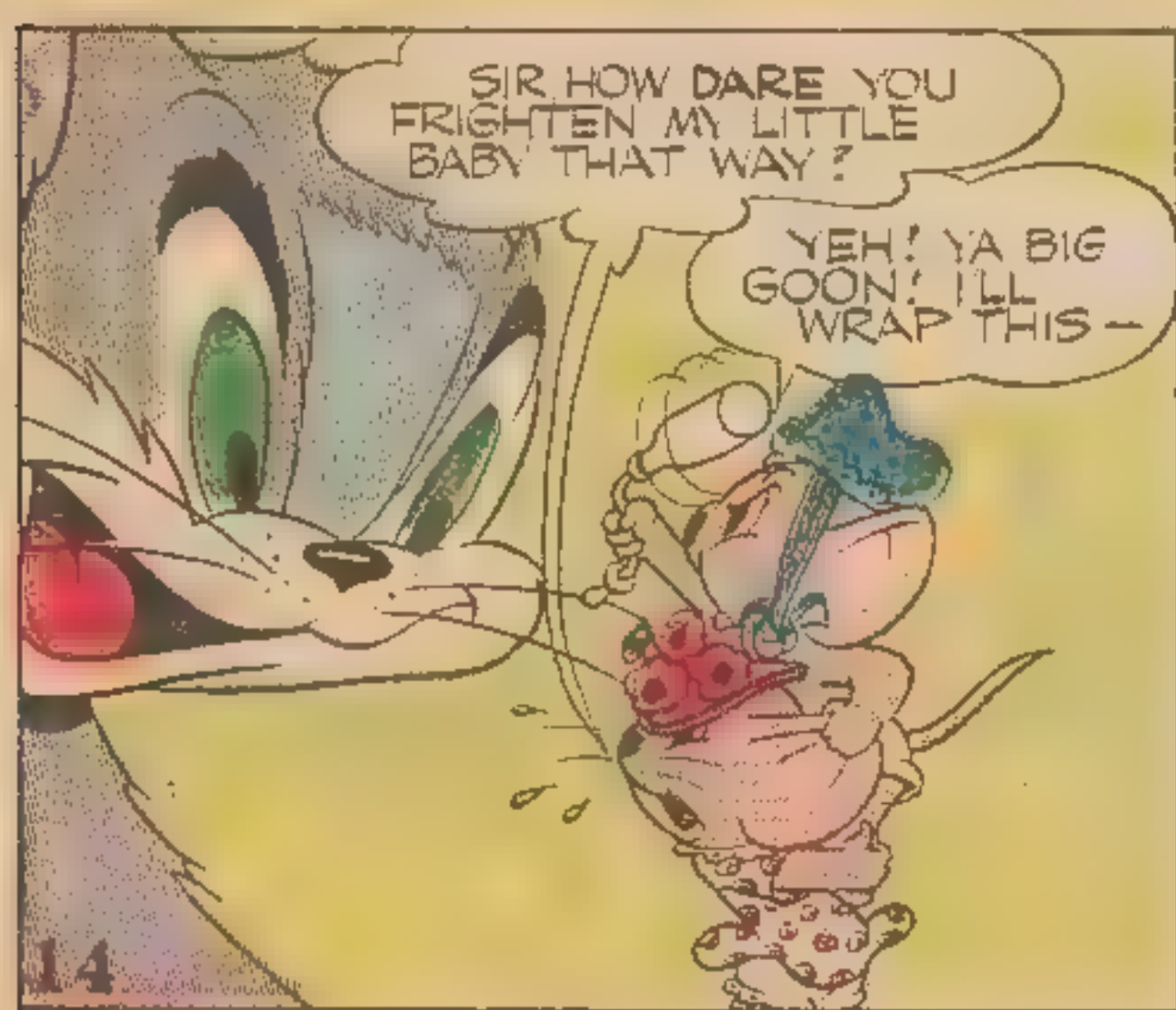
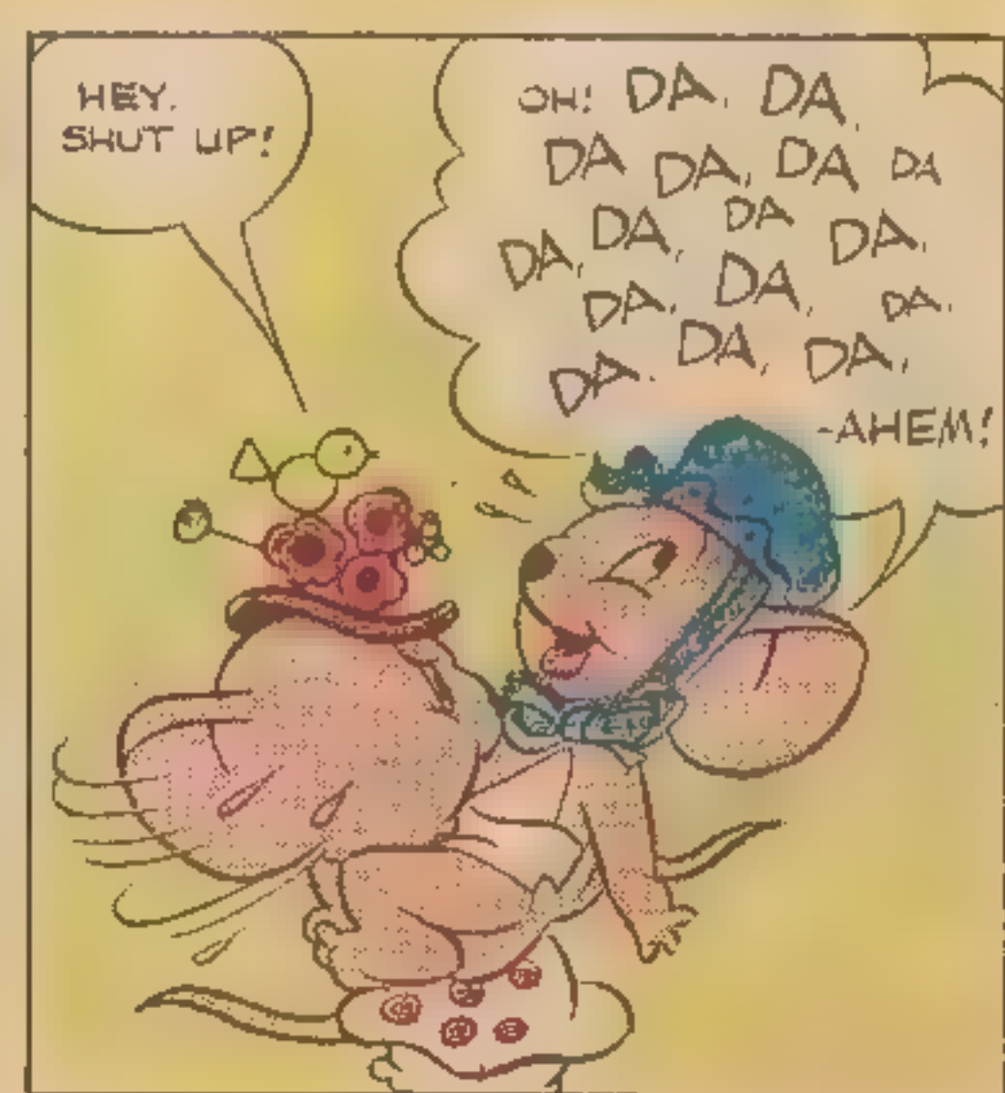
GEE, IT'S FUN BEING CARRIED LIKE THIS...
BUT IF TOM SEES THROUGH OUR DISGUISE YOU'RE GOING TO CARRY YOURSELF ON YOUR OWN FEET

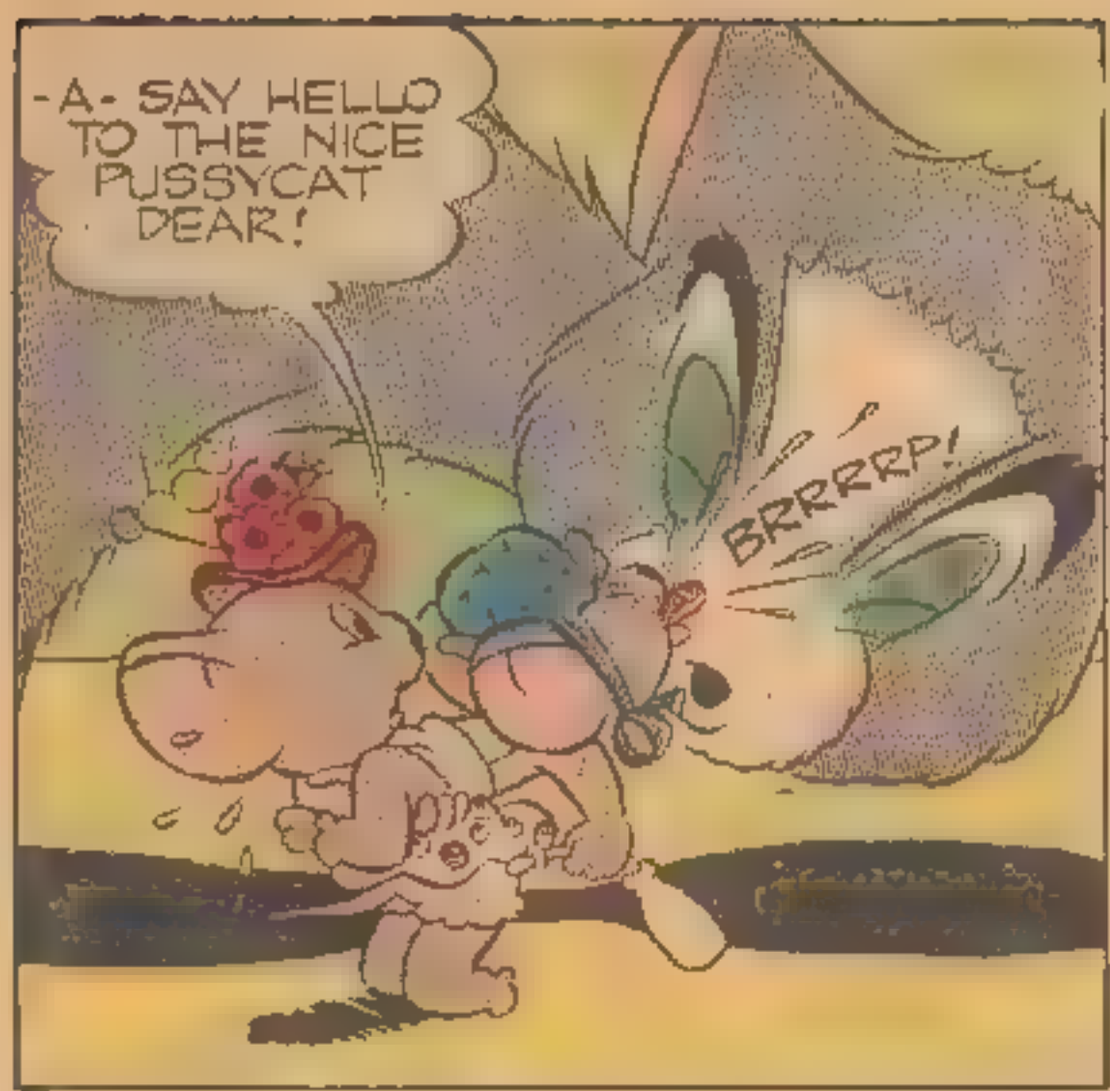

AW THAT DUMB CAT COULDN'T SEE THROUGH A -
SHHH! THERE HE IS NOW!
?

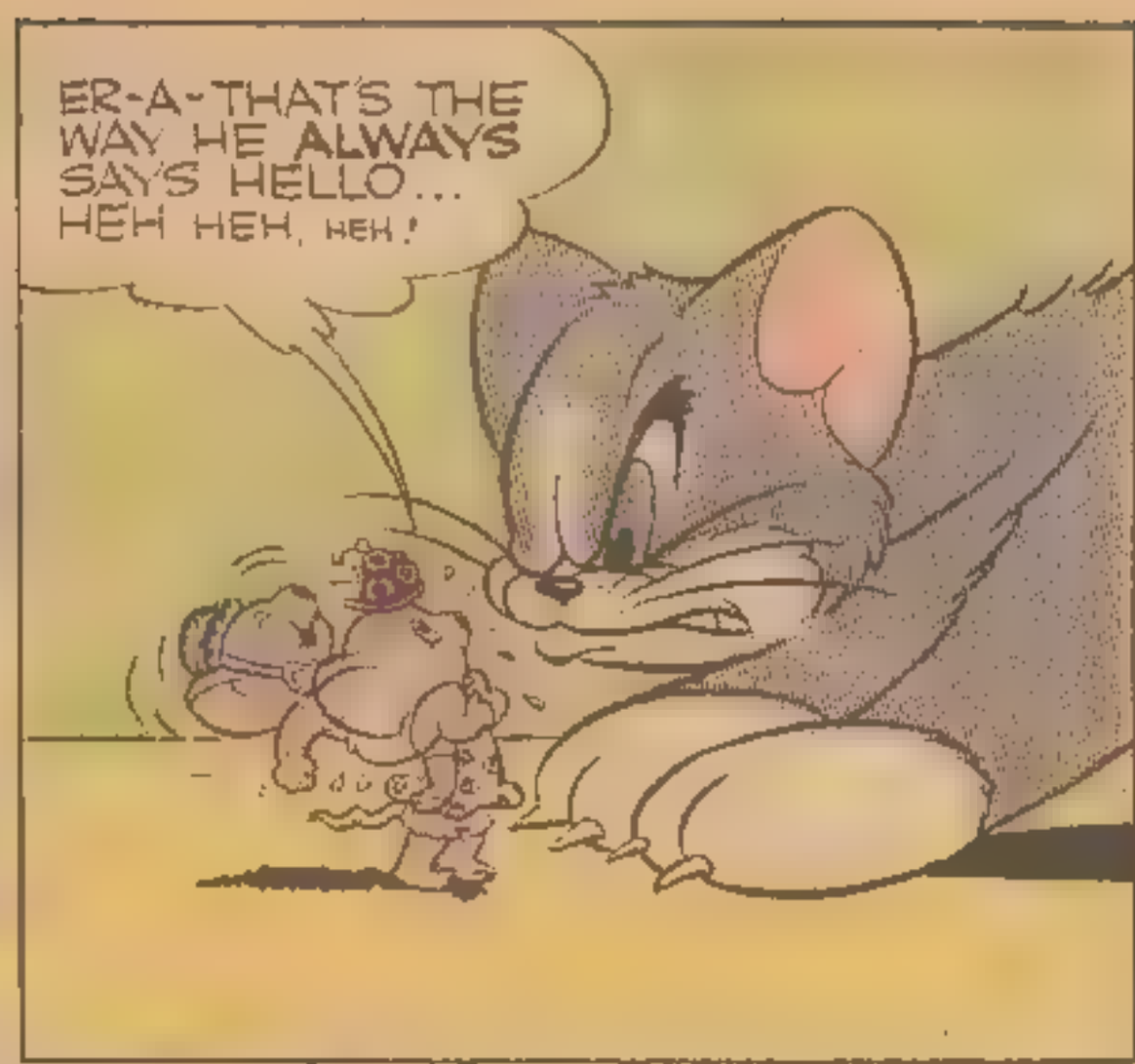

MMMMMM!

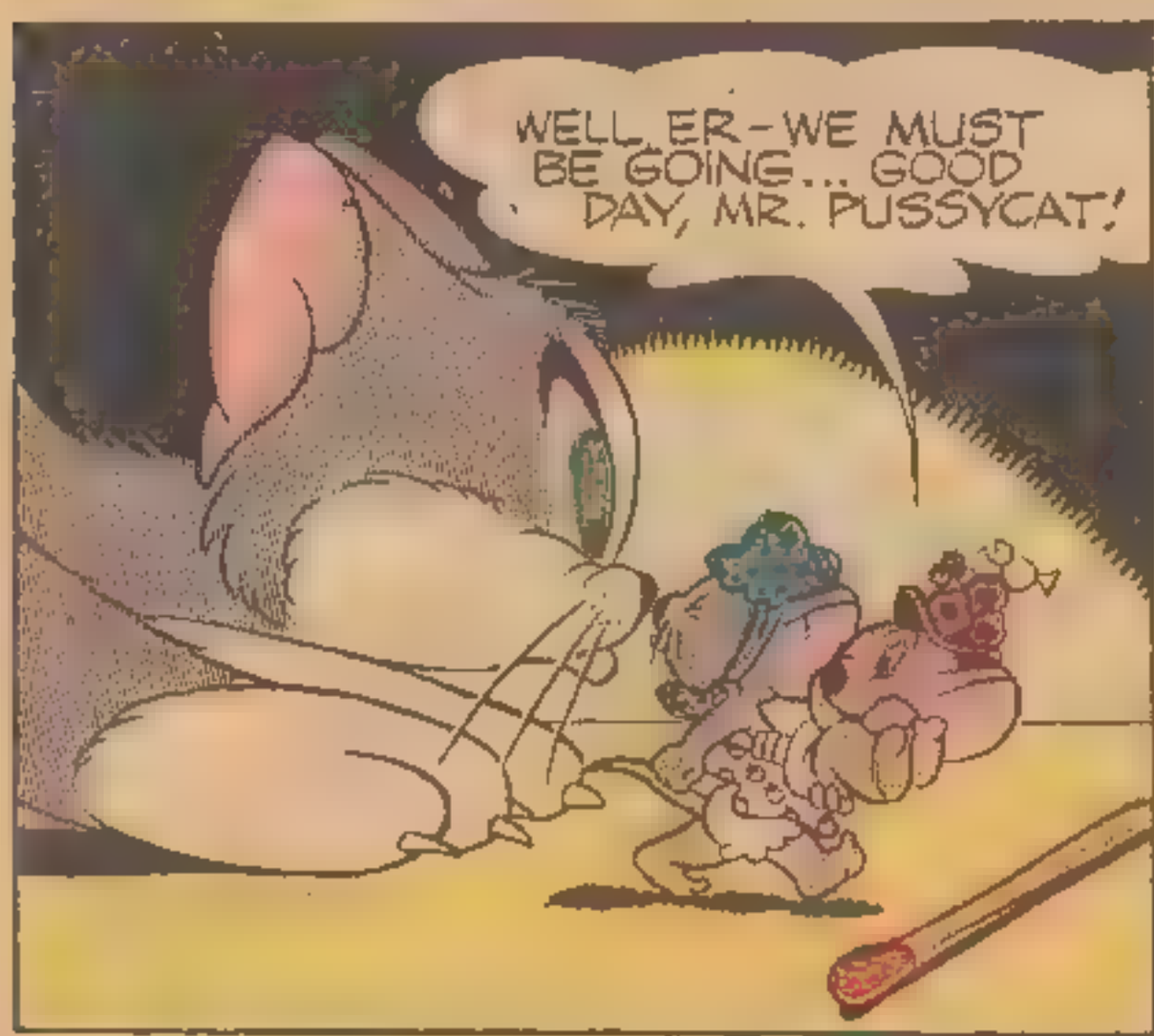

HEY!

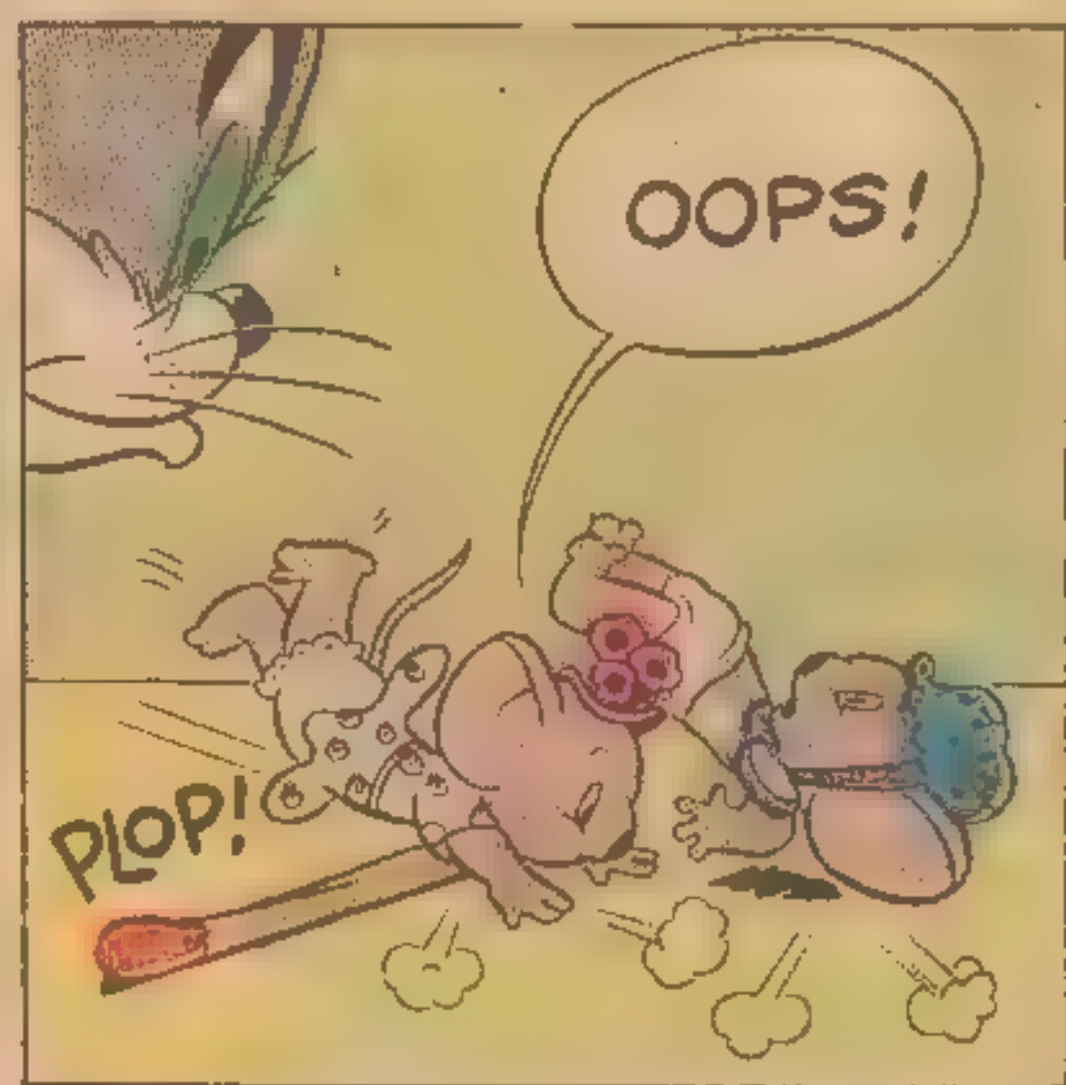

SIR HOW DARE YOU FRIGHTEN MY LITTLE BABY THAT WAY?
YEH! YA BIG GOON! I'LL WRAP THIS -

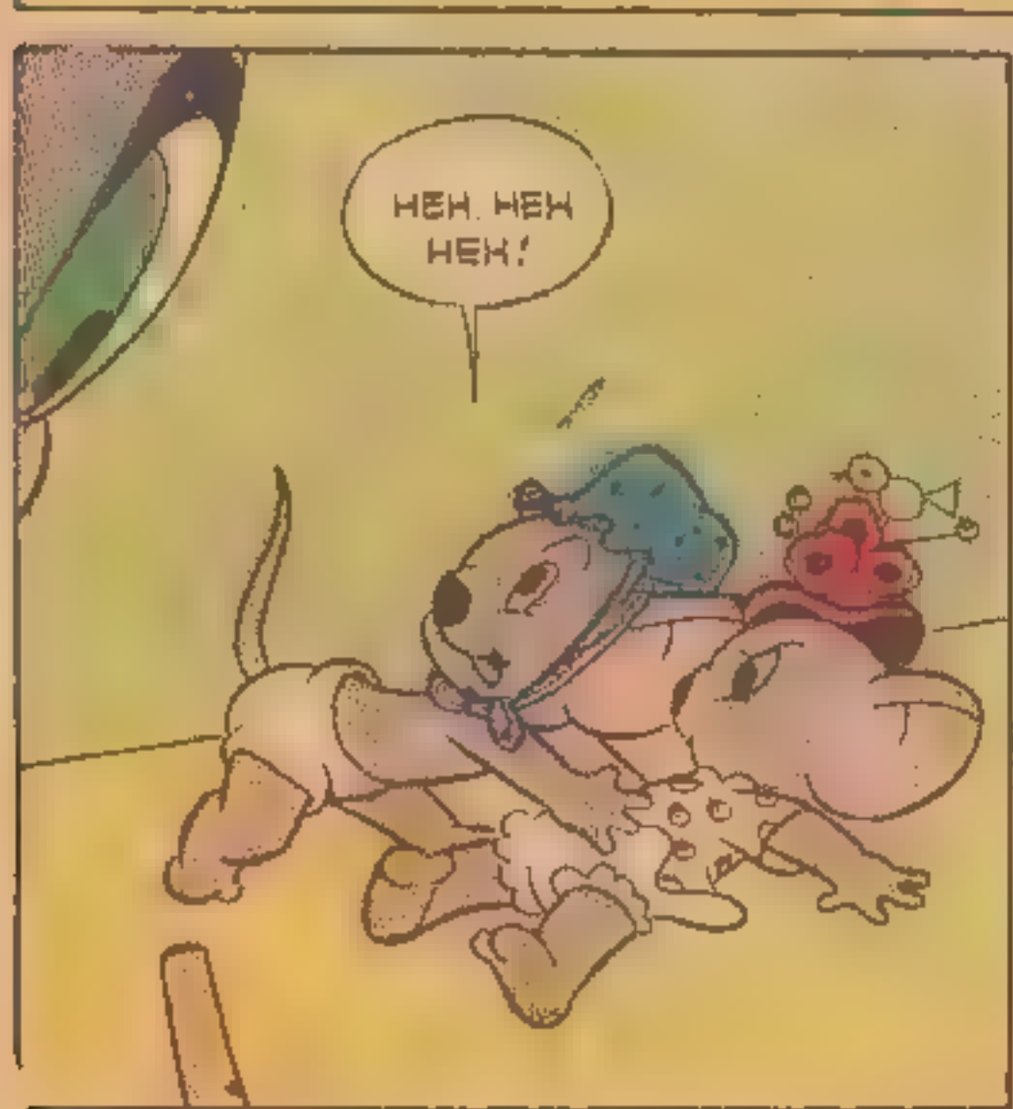

HEY. SHUT UP!
OH! DA, DA, DA DA DA, DA DA DA, DA, DA DA, DA, DA, DA, DA, DA, DA, -AHEM!

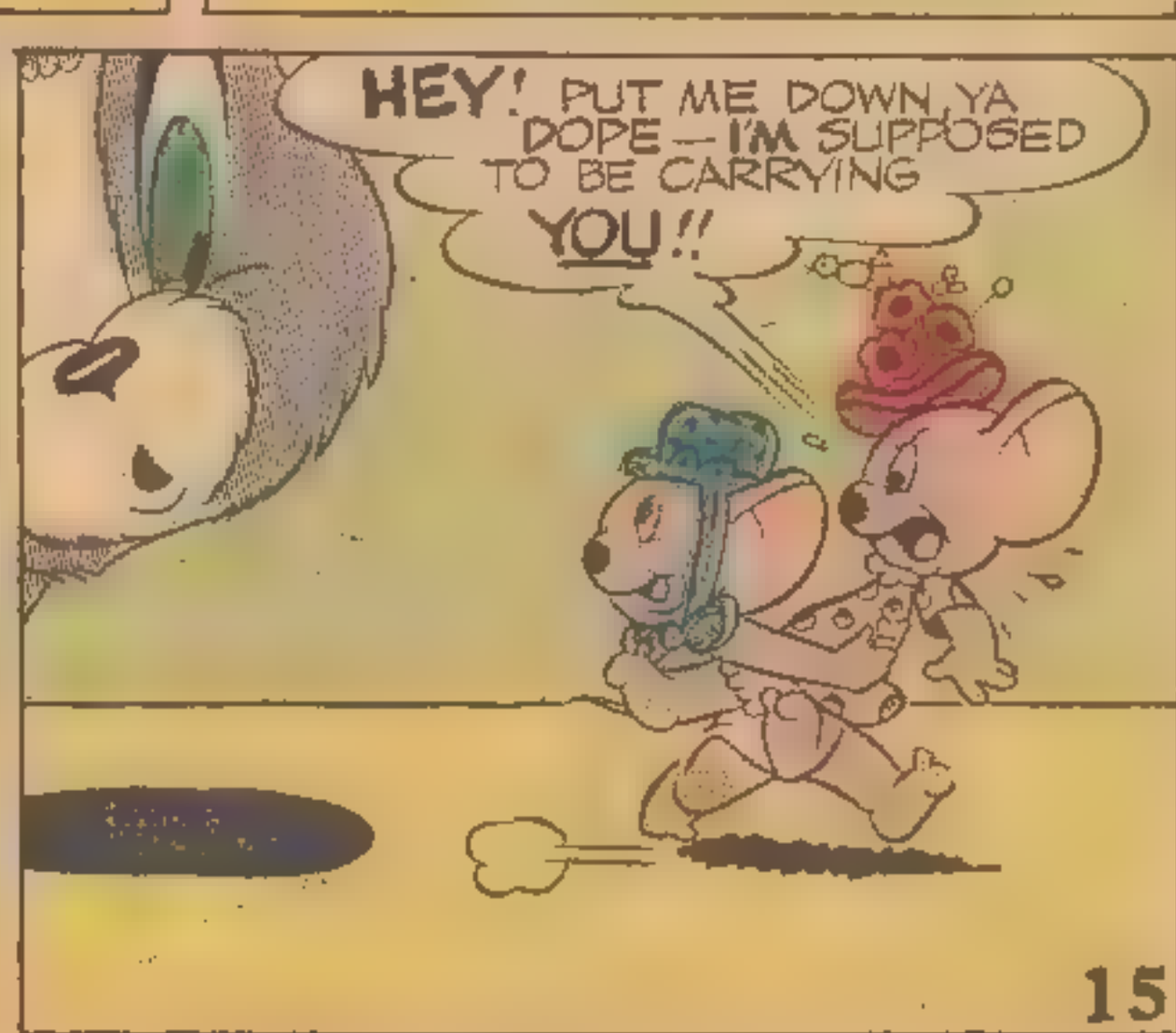

-A- SAY HELLO TO THE NICE PUSSYCAT DEAR!
BRRRRP!

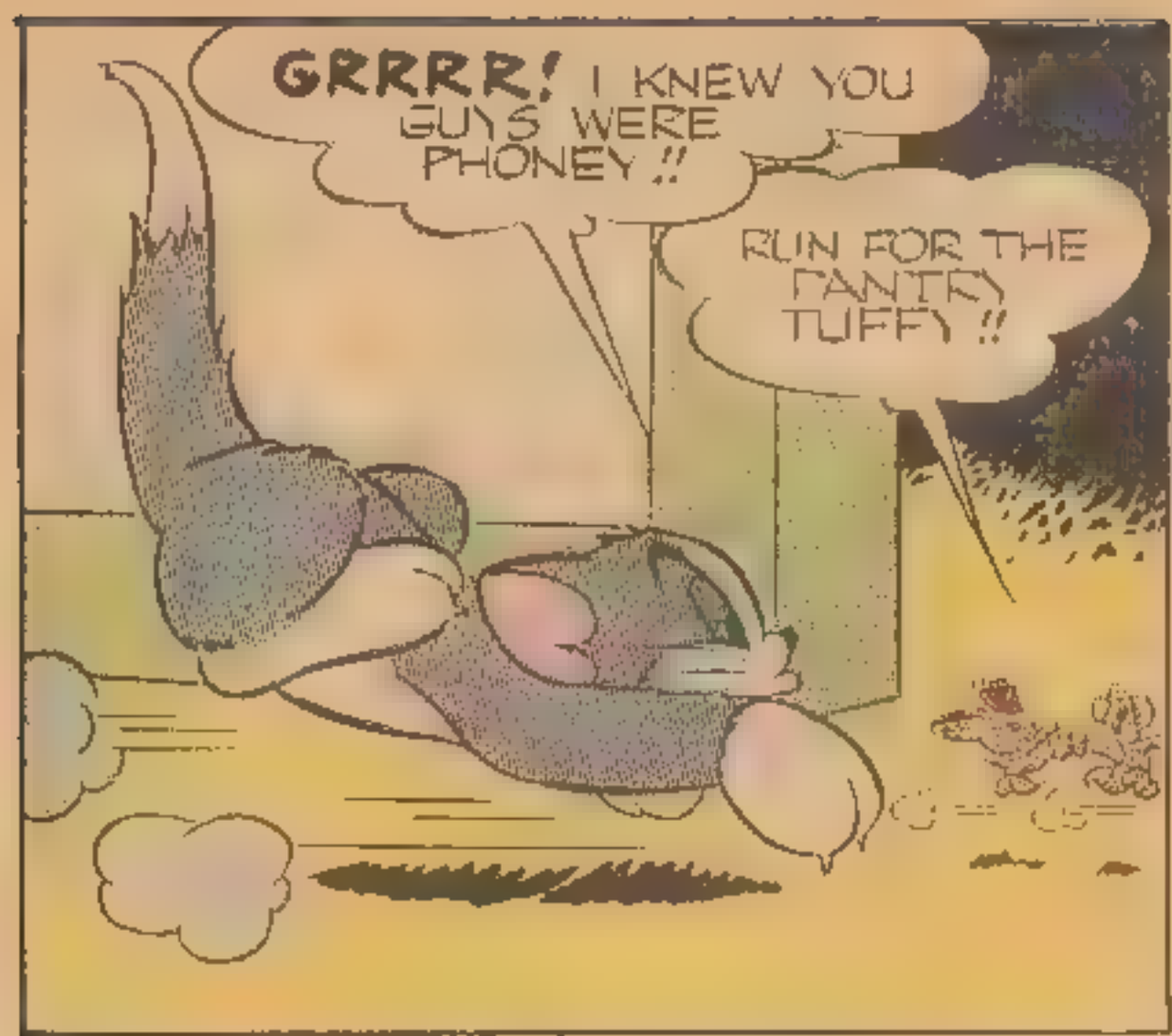

ER-A-THAT'S THE WAY HE ALWAYS SAYS HELLO... HEH HEH, HEH!

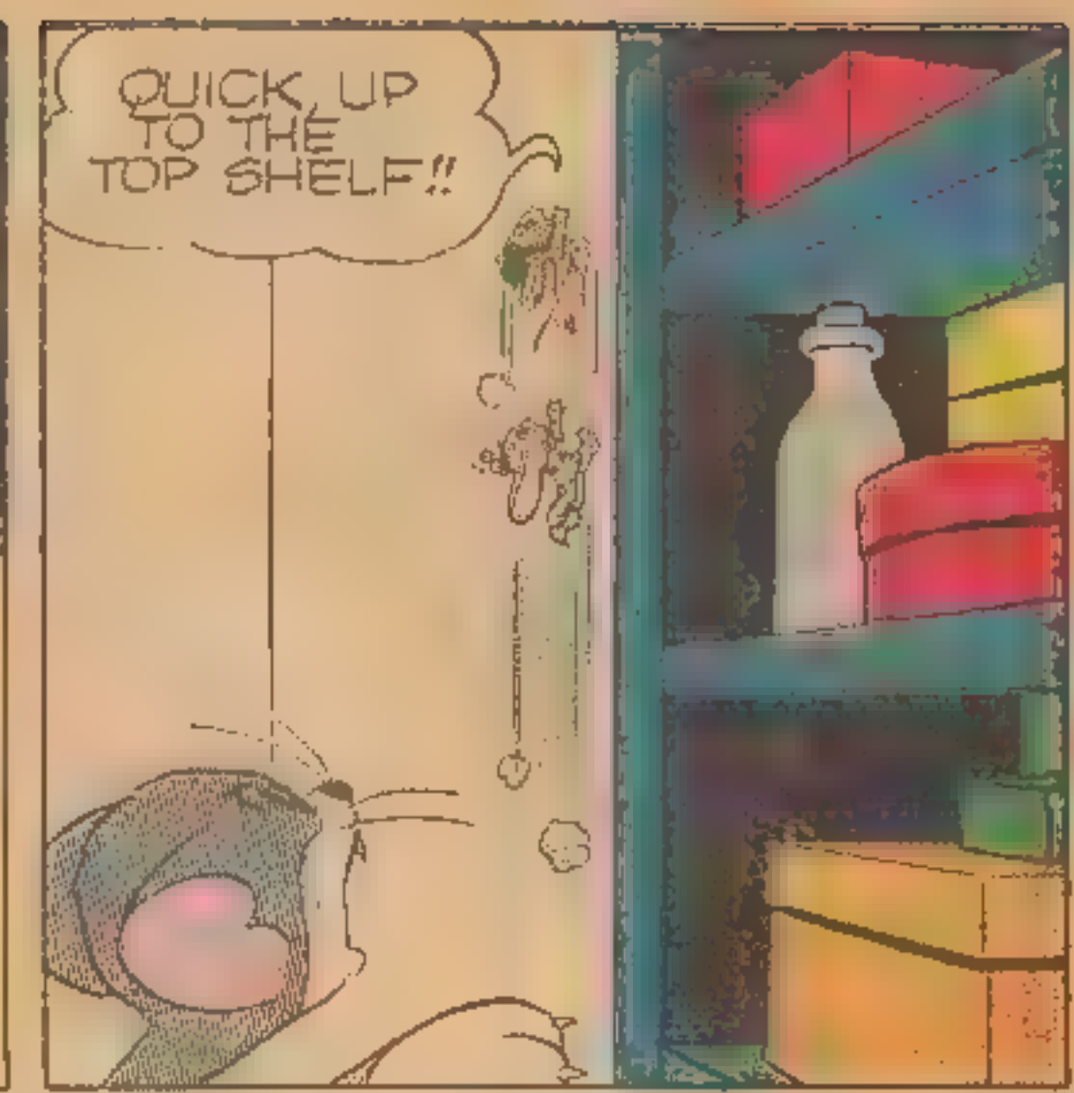

WELL ER-WE MUST BE GOING... GOOD DAY, MR. PUSSYCAT!

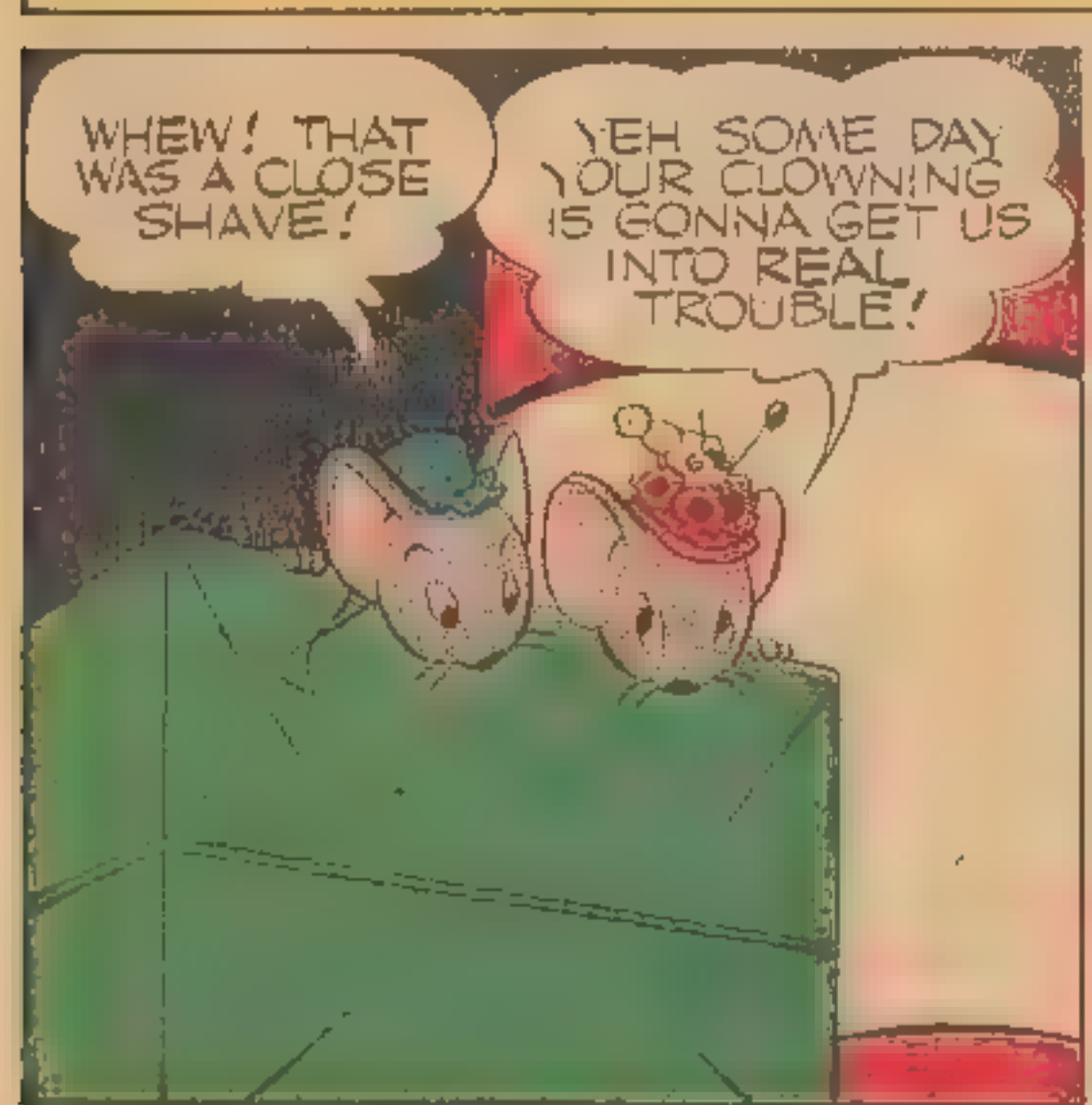

OOPS!
PLOP!

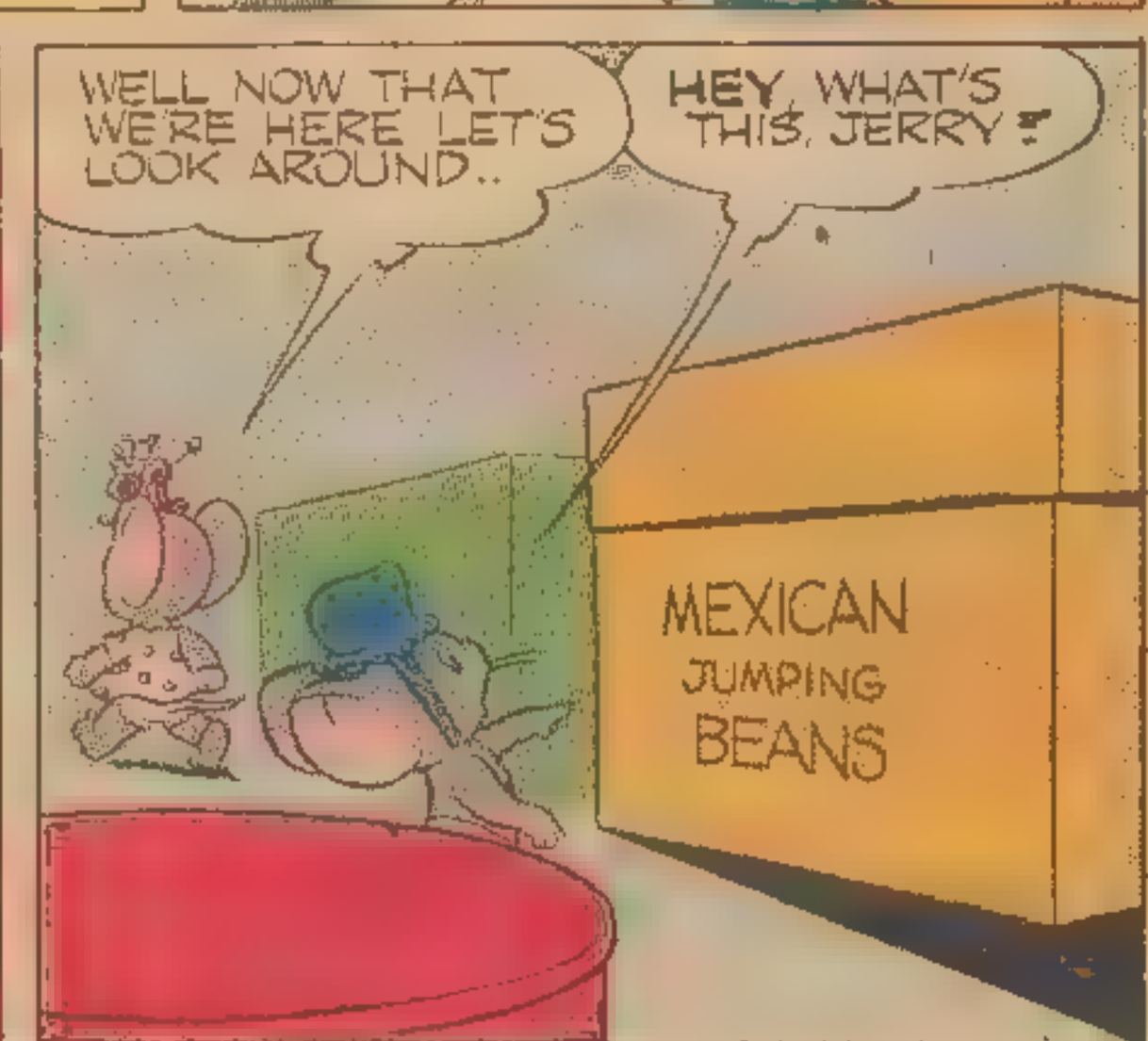

HEH. HEH HEH!


HEY! PUT ME DOWN YA DOPE — I'M SUPPOSED TO BE CARRYING YOU!!

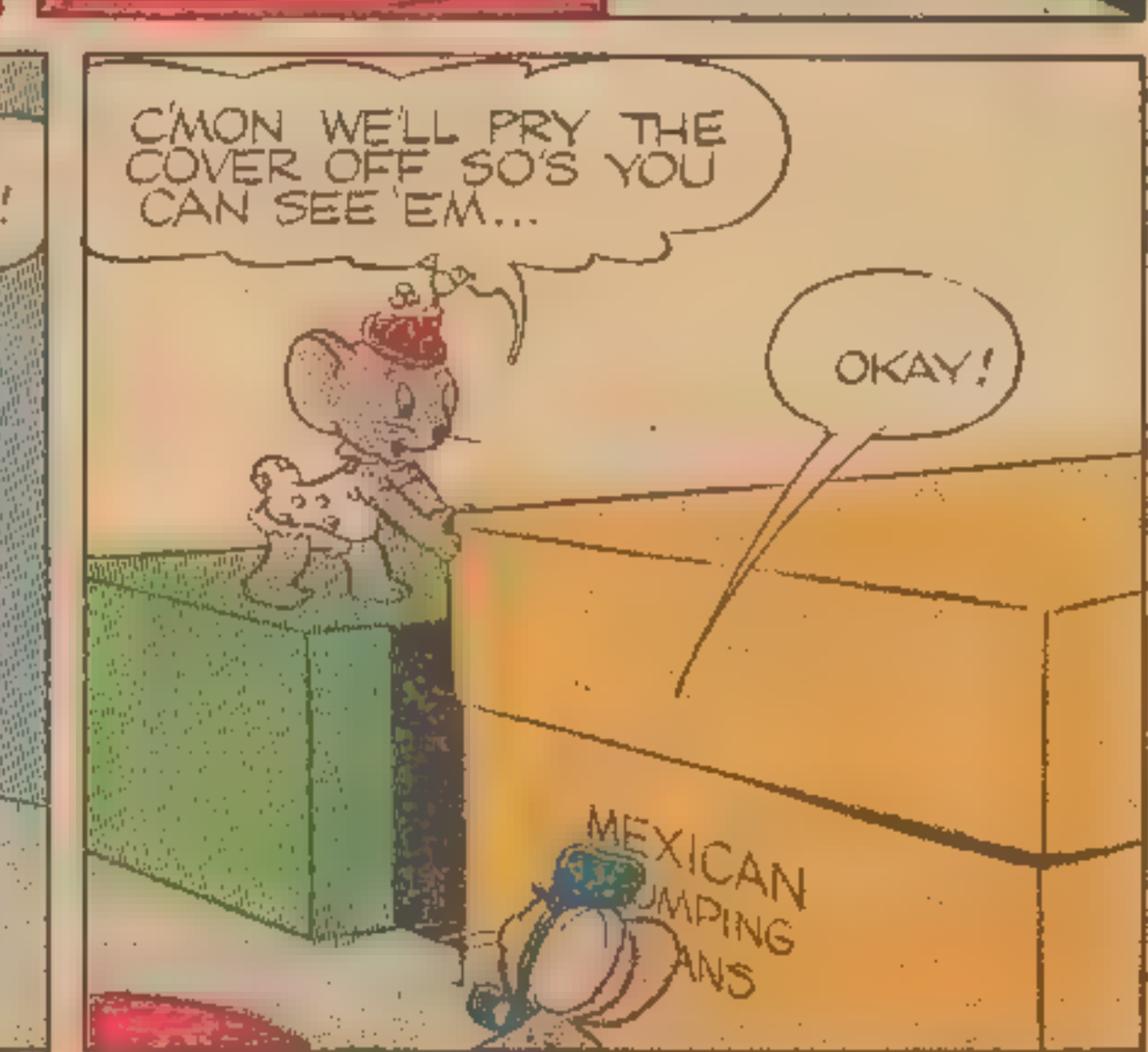

GRRRR! I KNEW YOU GUYS WERE PHONEY!!
RUN FOR THE PANTRY TUFFY!!

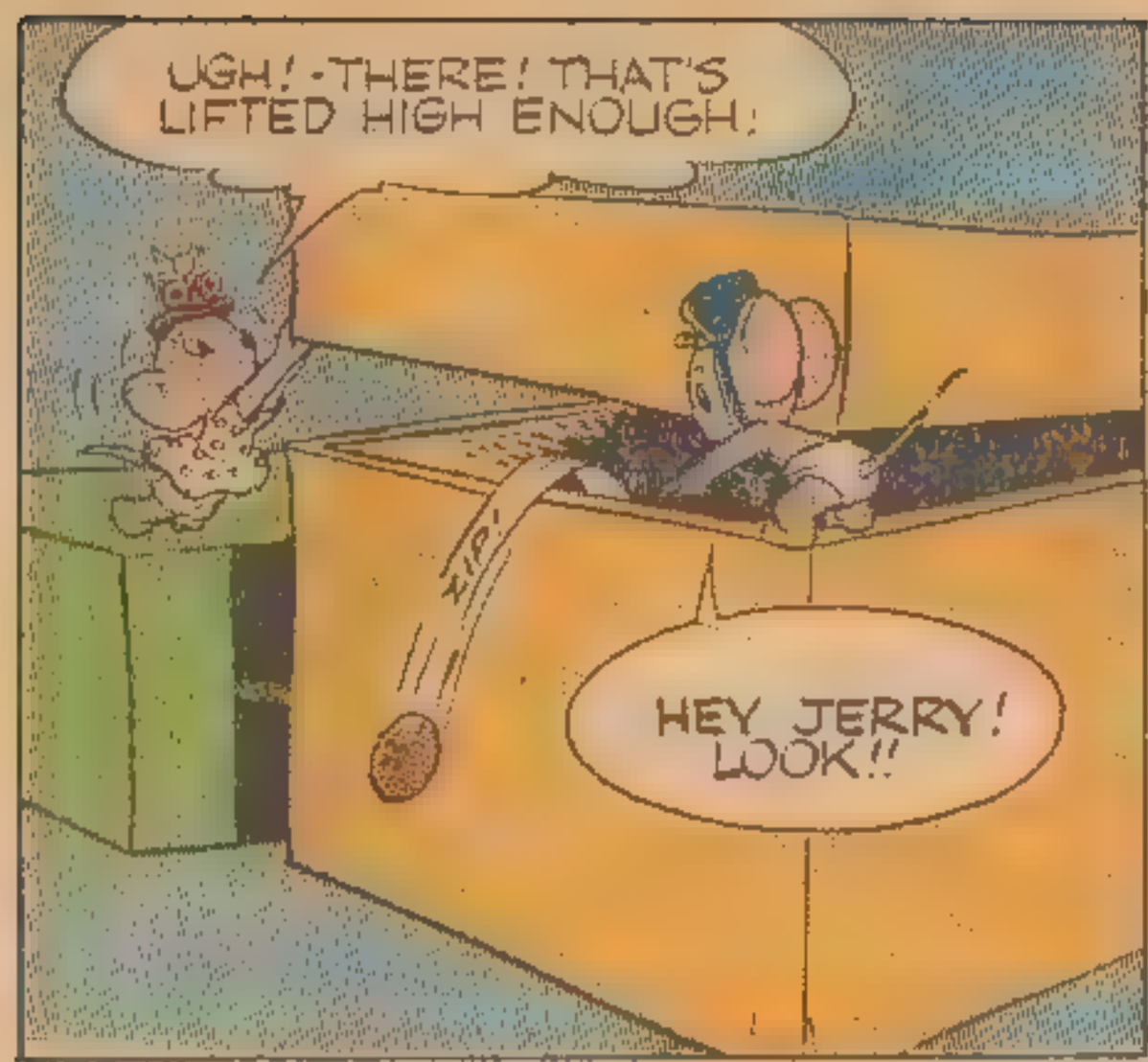

QUICK UP TO THE TOP SHELF!!

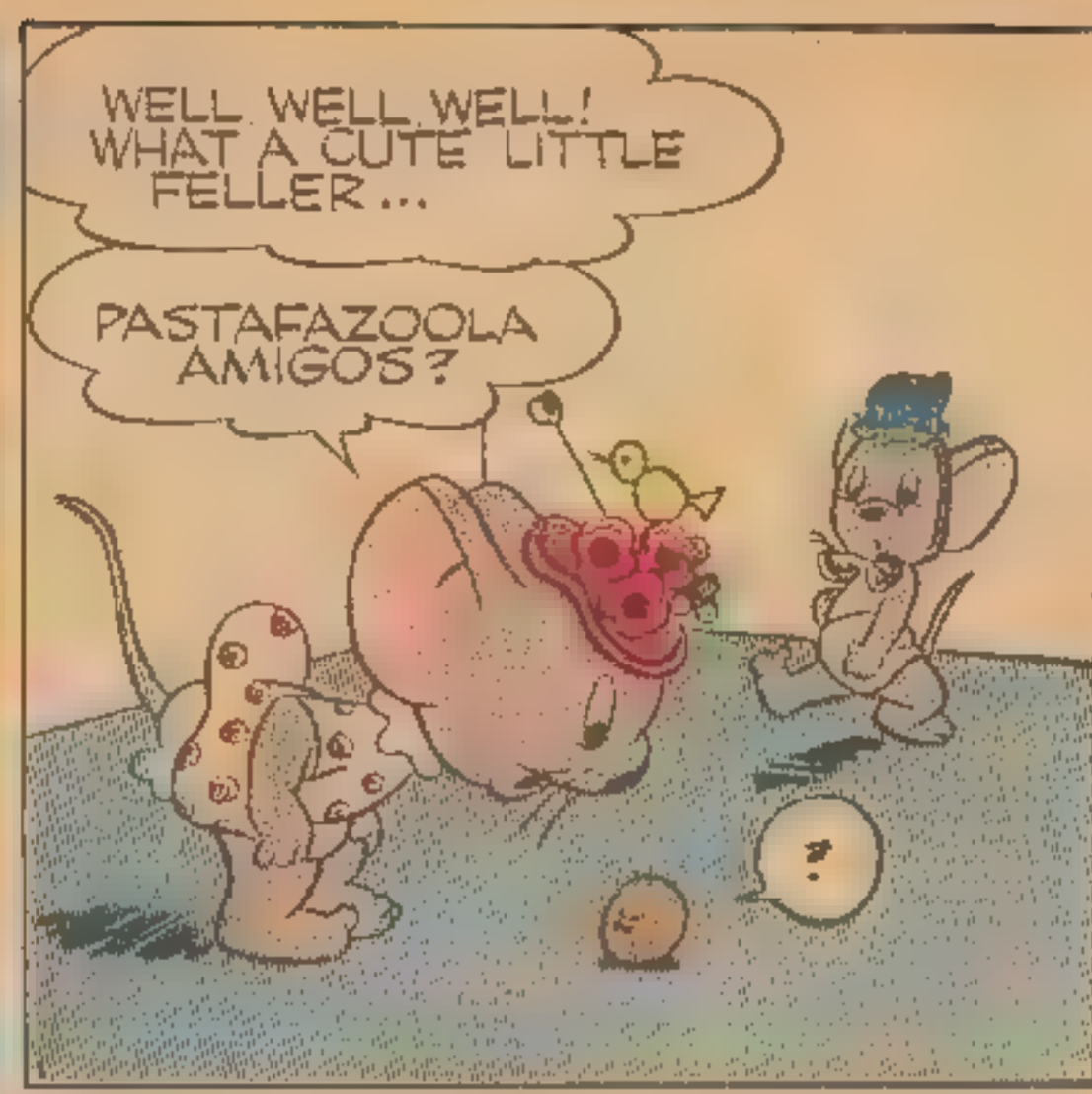

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!
YEH SOME DAY YOUR CLOWNING IS GONNA GET US INTO REAL TROUBLE!


WELL NOW THAT WE'RE HERE LET'S LOOK AROUND..
HEY, WHAT'S THIS, JERRY?
MEXICAN JUMPING BEANS

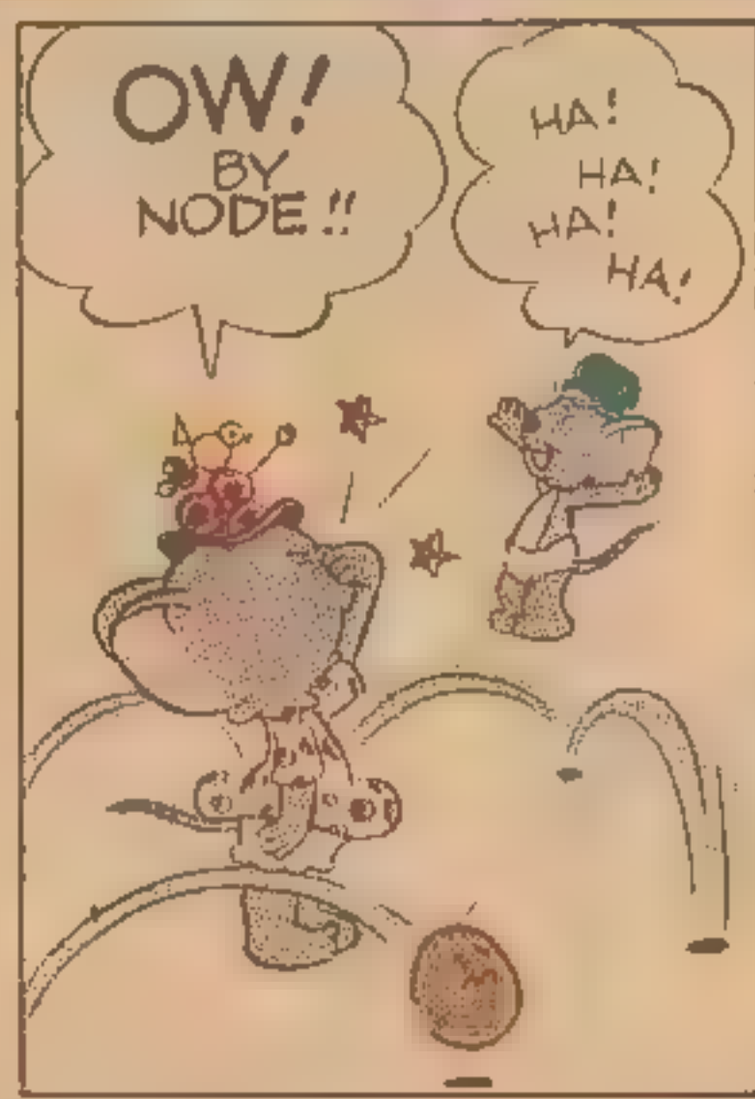
THOSE ARE MEXICAN JUMPING BEANS...
GOSH, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY!


C'MON WE'LL PRY THE COVER OFF SO'S YOU CAN SEE 'EM...
OKAY!
MEXICAN JUMPING BEANS

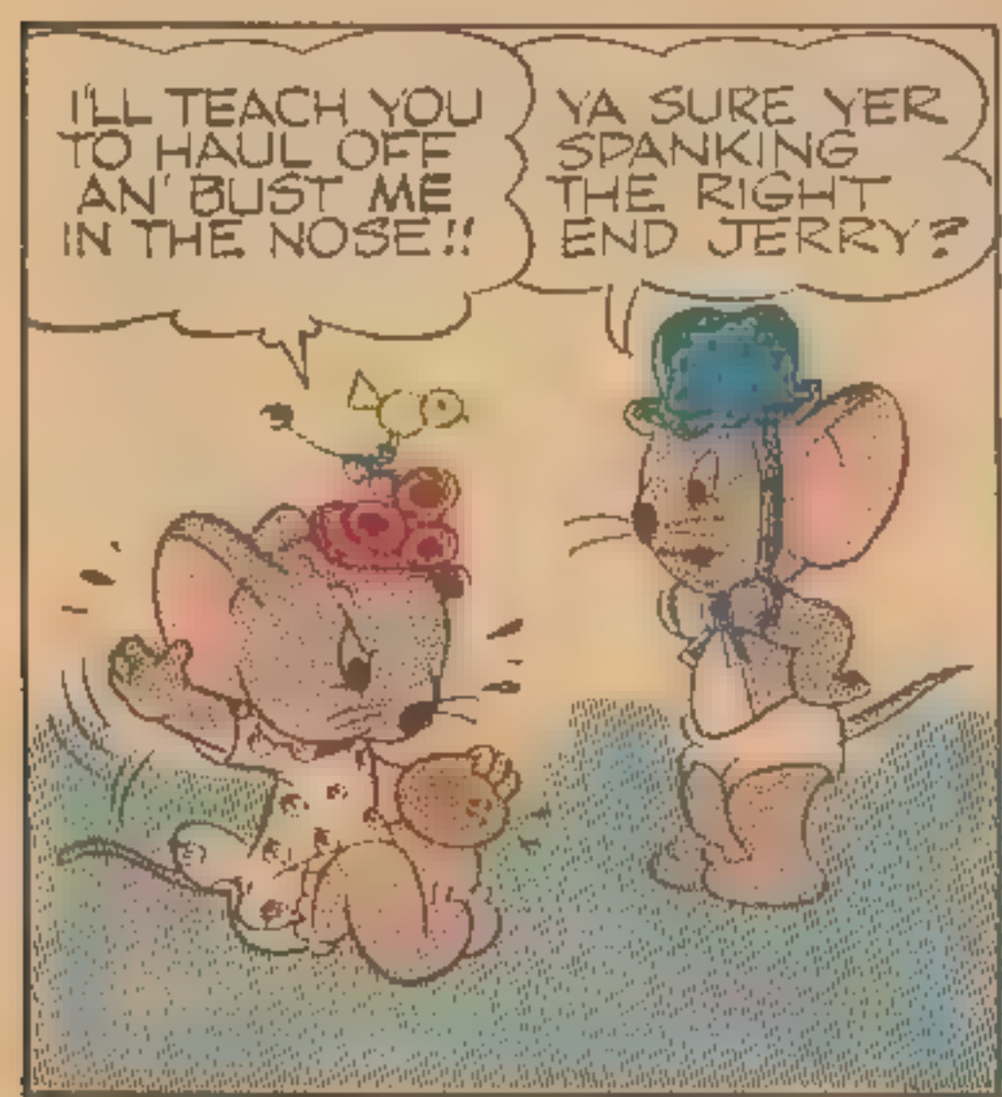

UGH! -THERE! THAT'S LIFTED HIGH ENOUGH!
ZIP!
HEY JERRY! LOOK!!

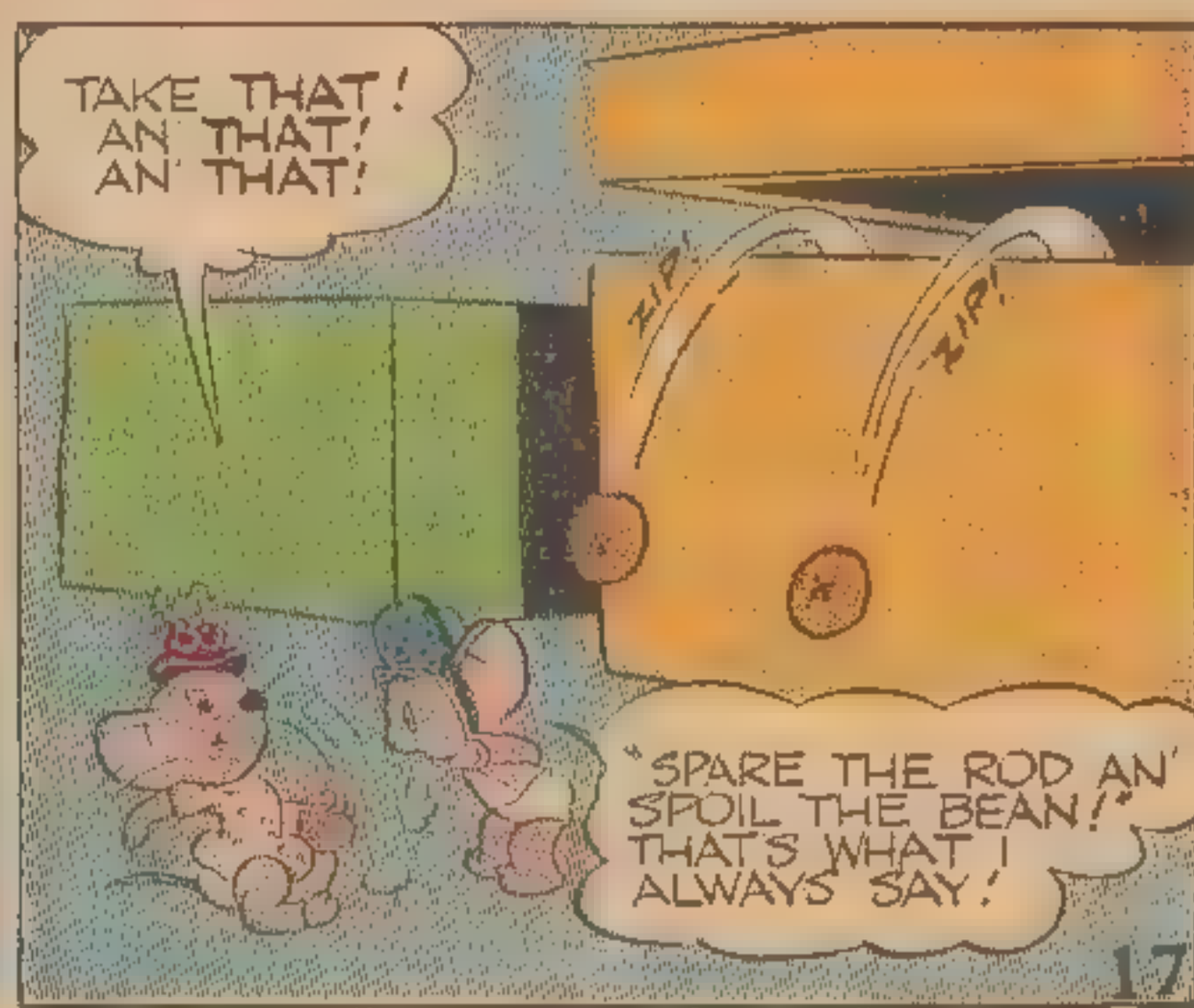

WELL WELL WELL! WHAT A CUTE LITTLE FELLER...
PASTAFAZOOLA AMIGOS?
?

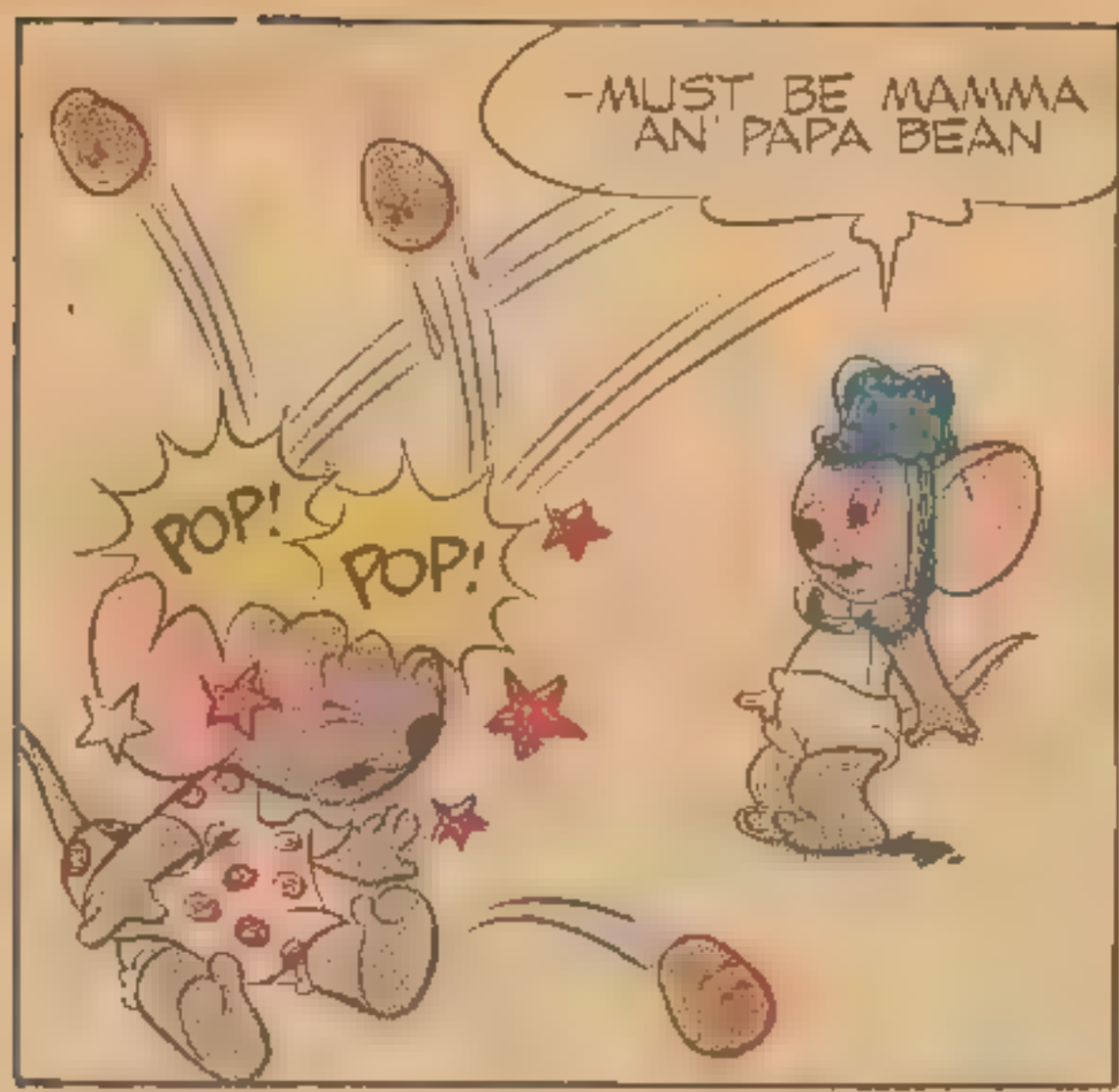
POP!


OW! BY NODE!!
HA! HA! HA! HA!

WHY, YOU FRESH LI'L –

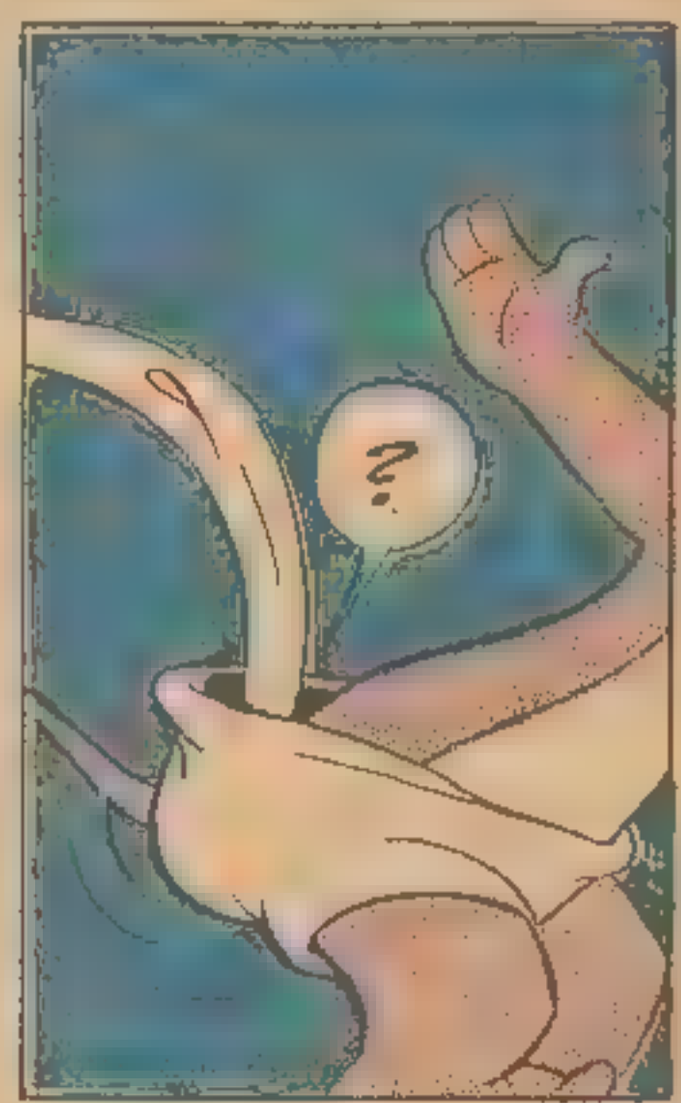

I'LL TEACH YOU TO HAUL OFF AN' BUST ME IN THE NOSE!!
YA SURE YER SPANKING THE RIGHT END JERRY?


TAKE THAT! AN' THAT! AN' THAT!
ZIP!
ZIP!
"SPARE THE ROD AN' SPOIL THE BEAN!" THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY!

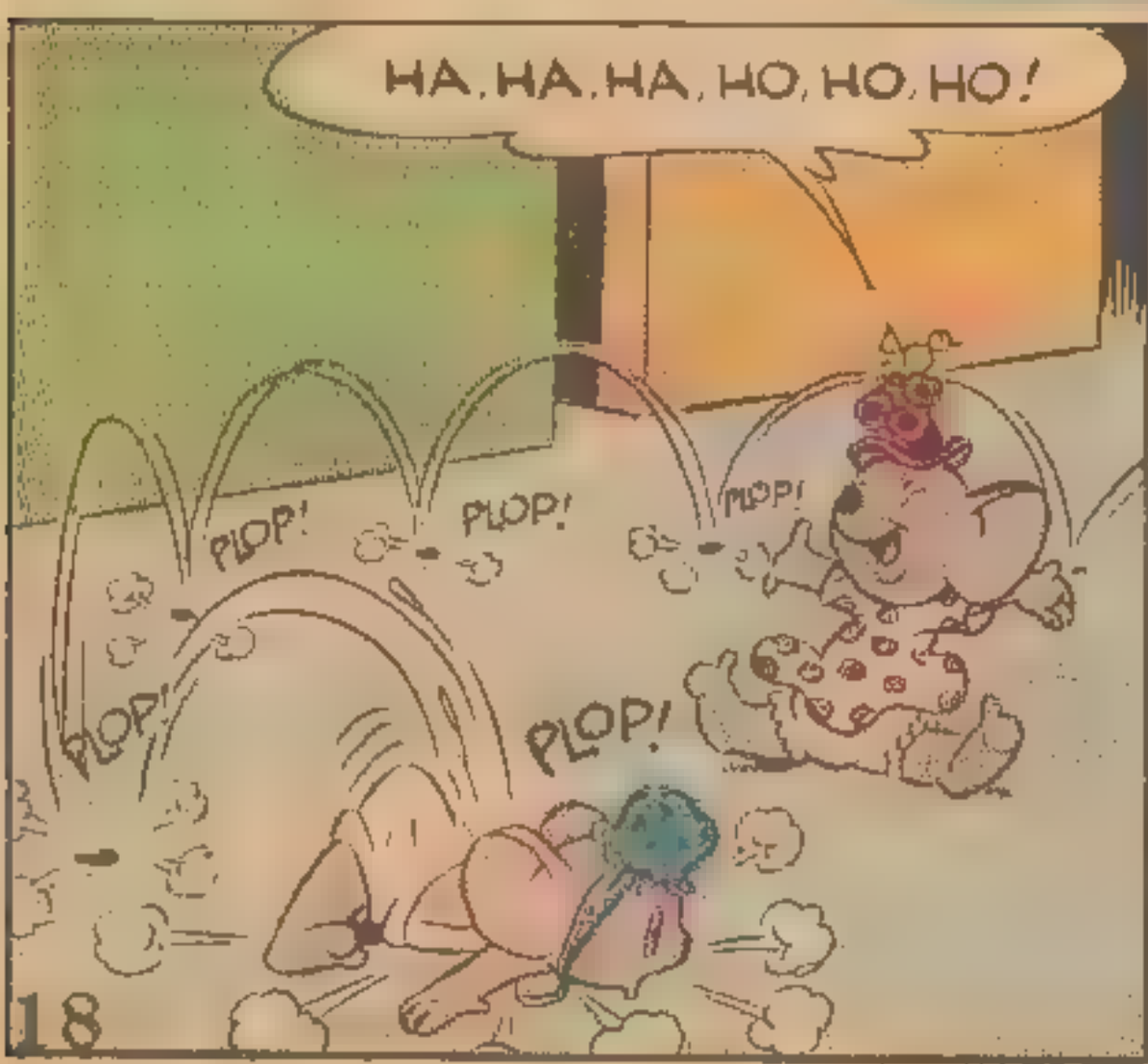

-MUST BE MAMMA AN' PAPA BEAN
POP!
POP!

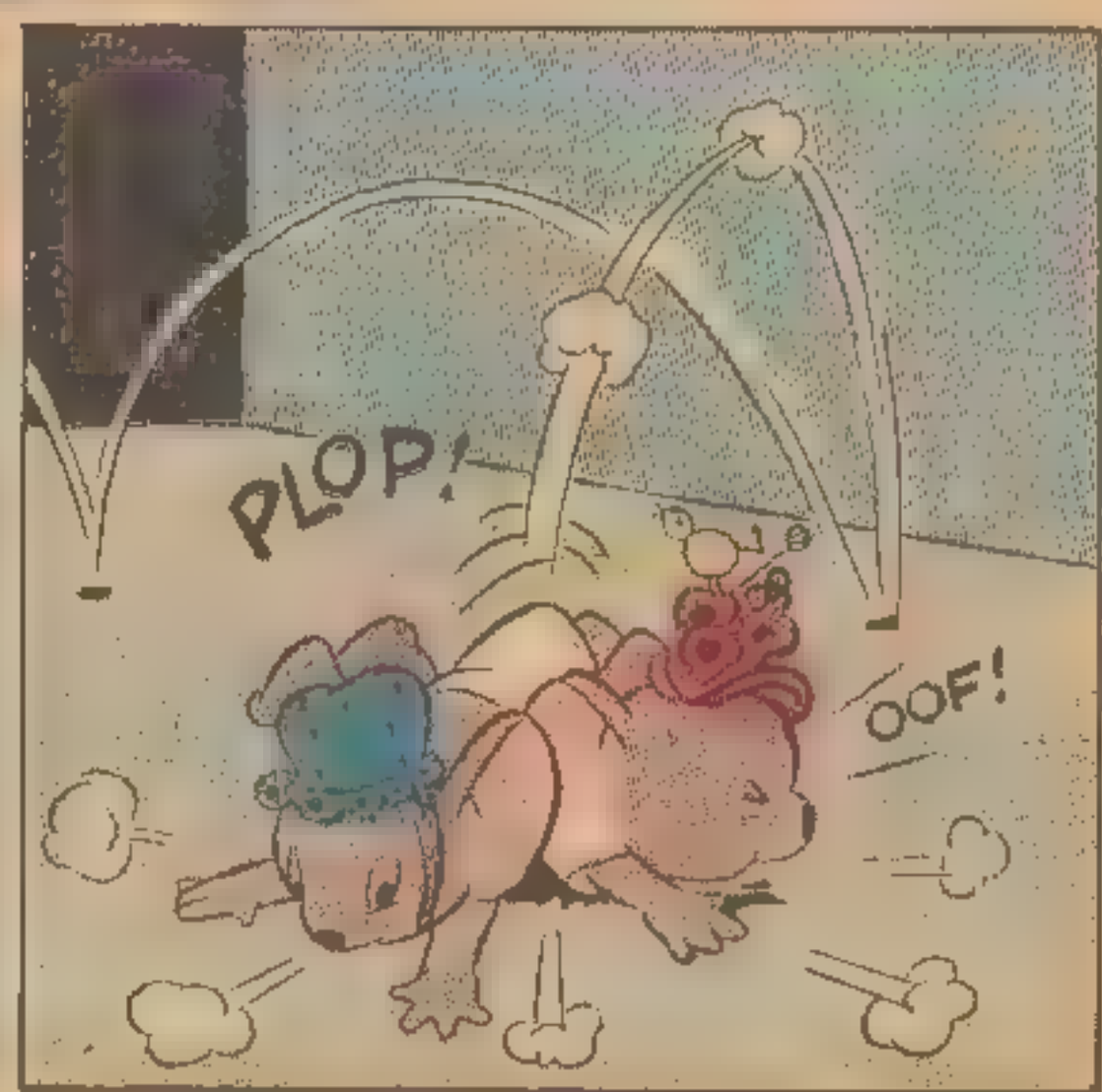
HA, HA, HA, HO, HO, HA, HA, HO, HO! THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN!!

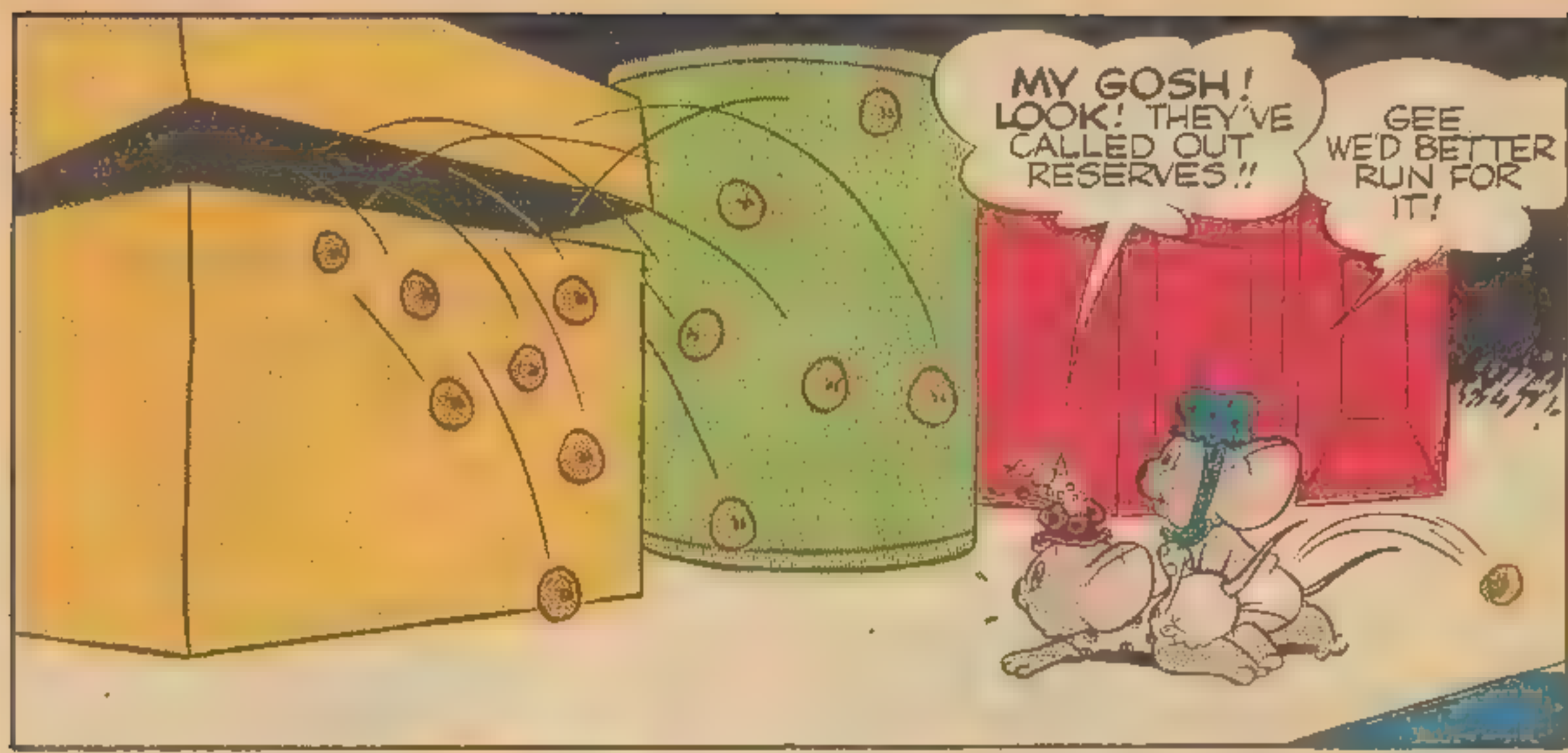
GO AHEAD - LAUGH! LAUGH!
HA, HA, HA, HO, HO!

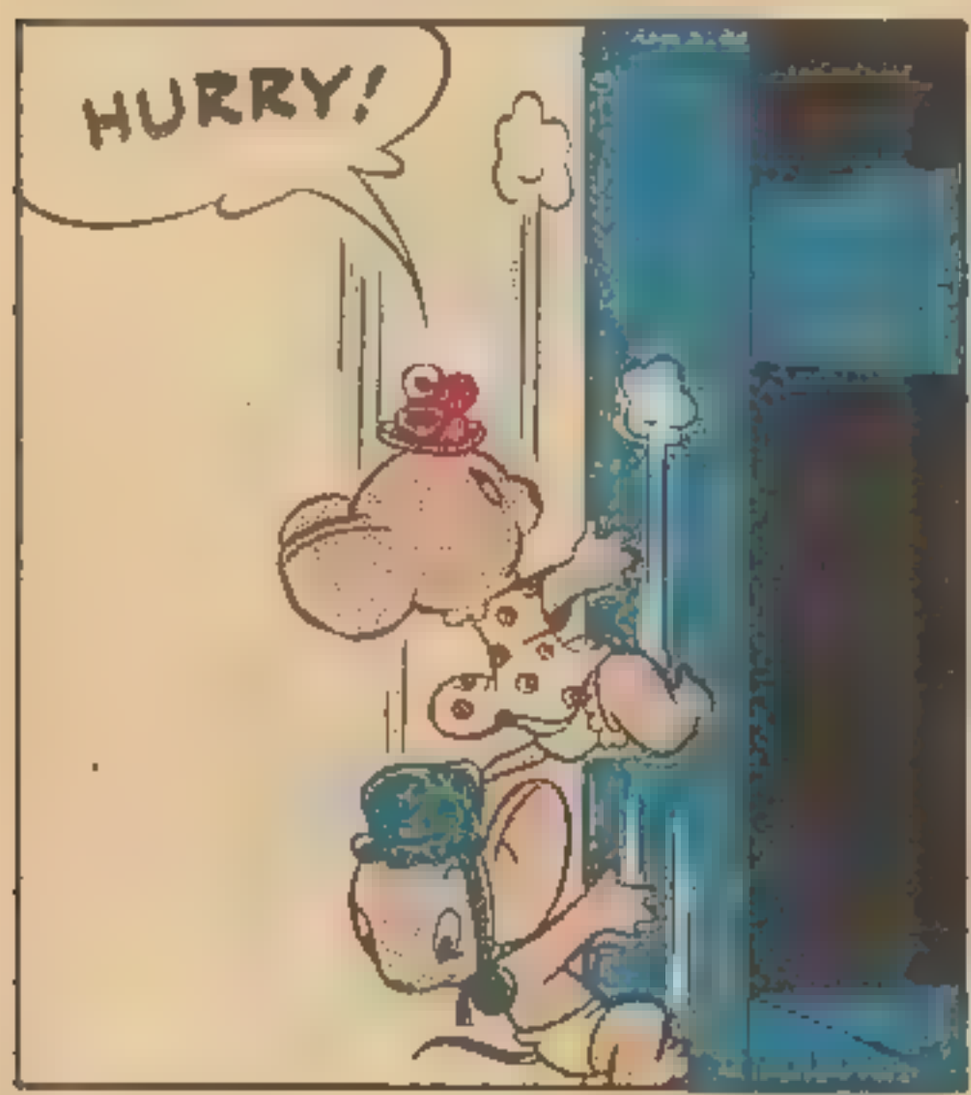

?

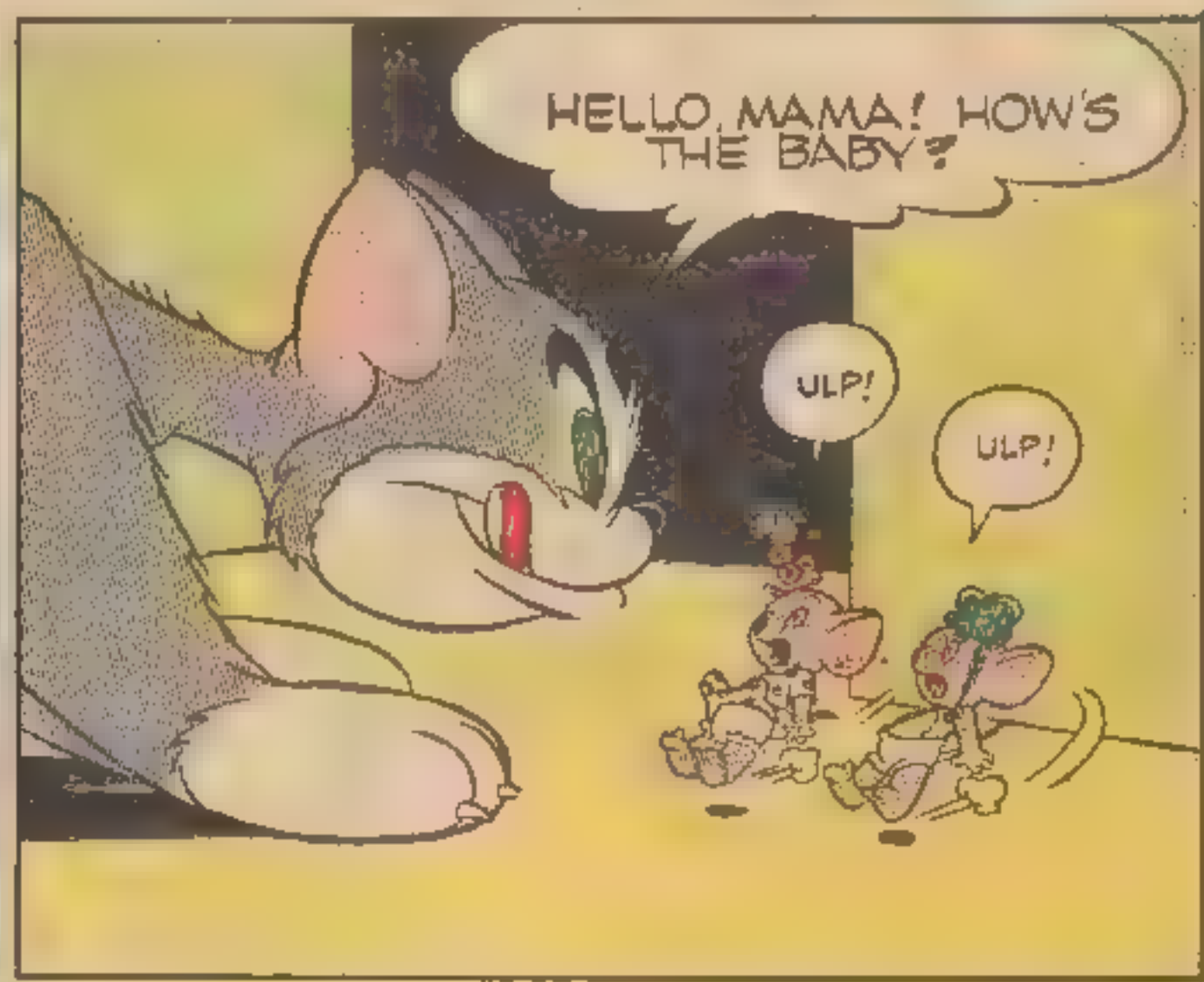
HEY-Y-Y-Y!

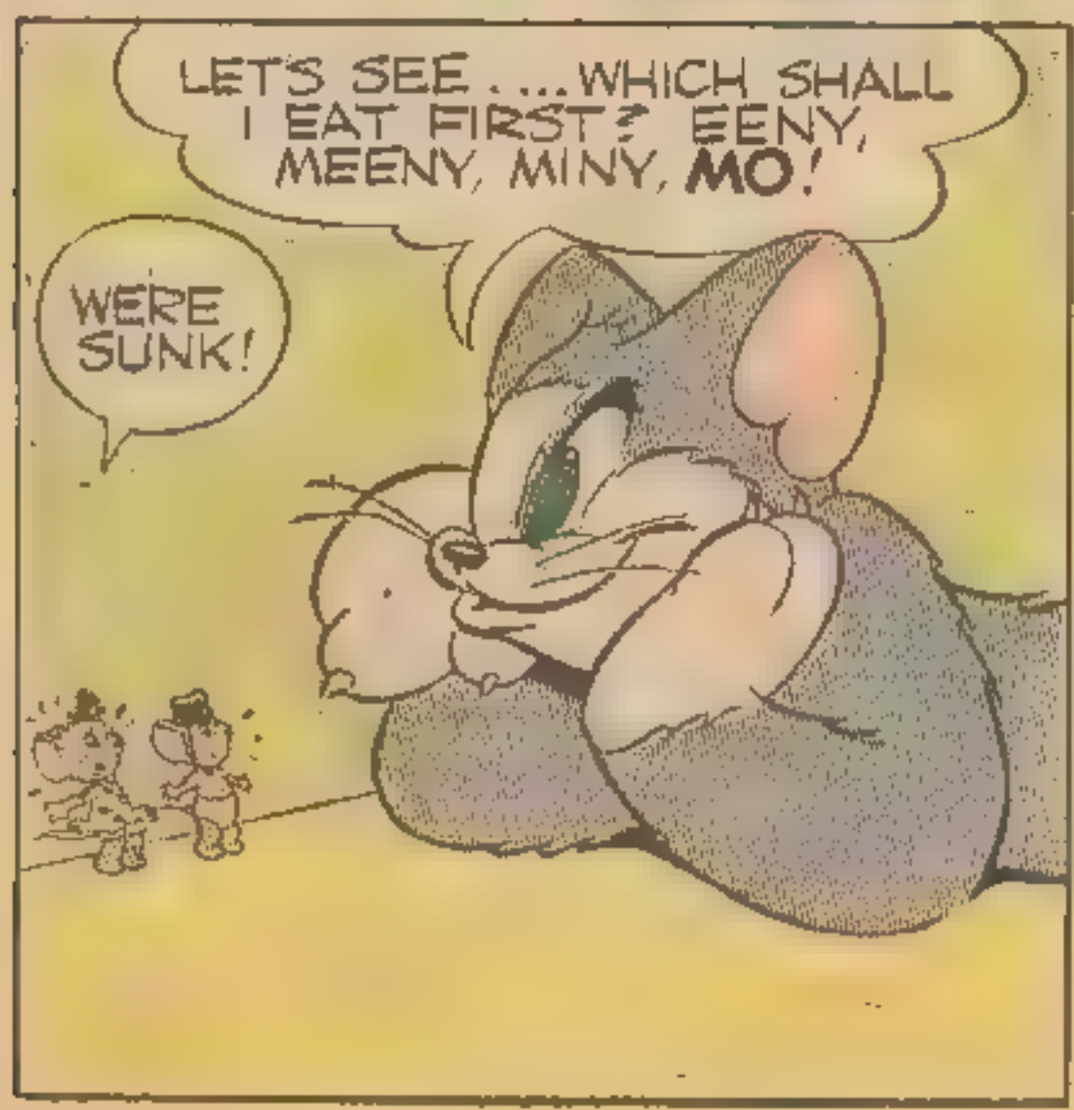

HA, HA, HA, HO, HO, HO!
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!

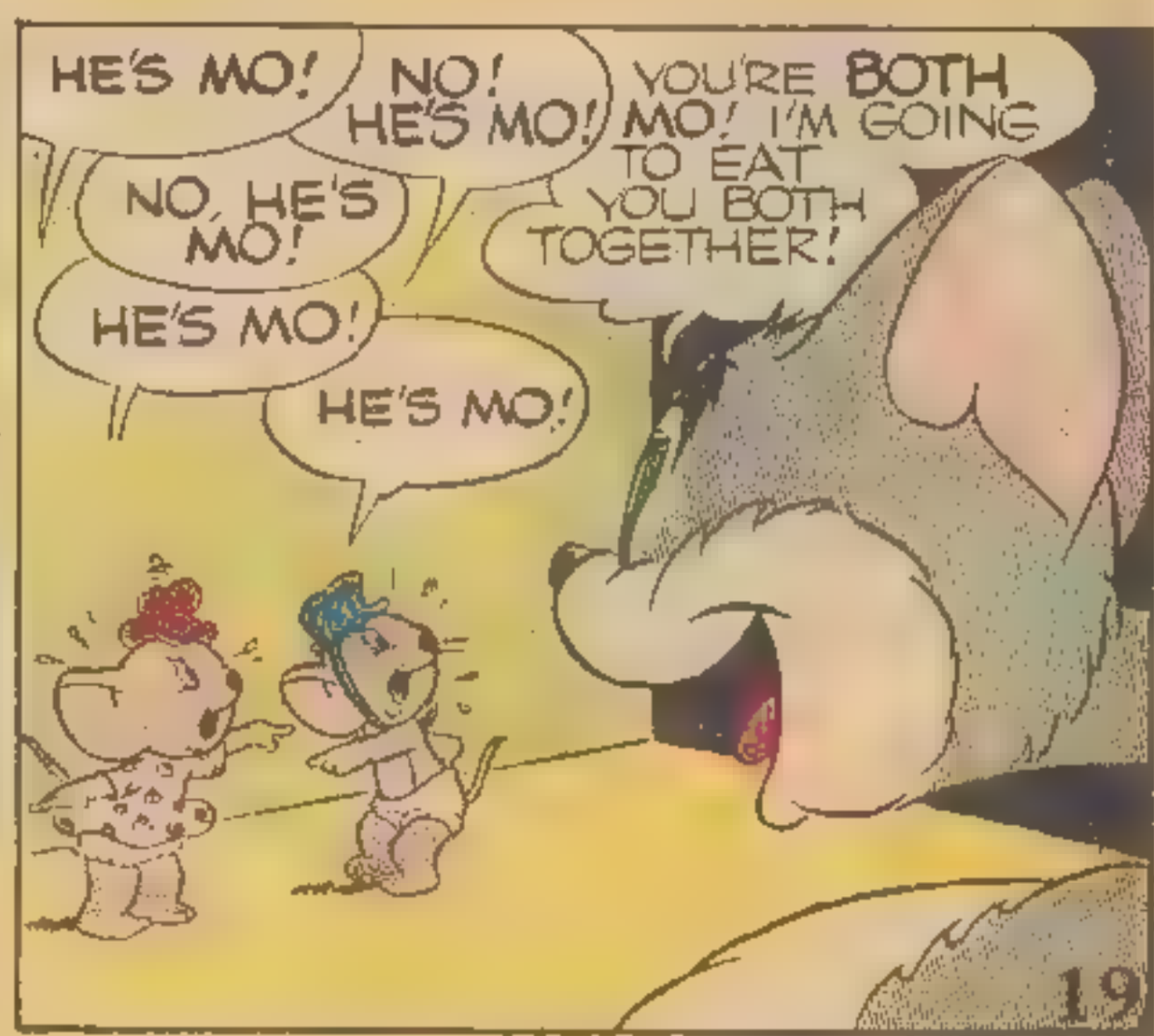

PLOP!
OOF!

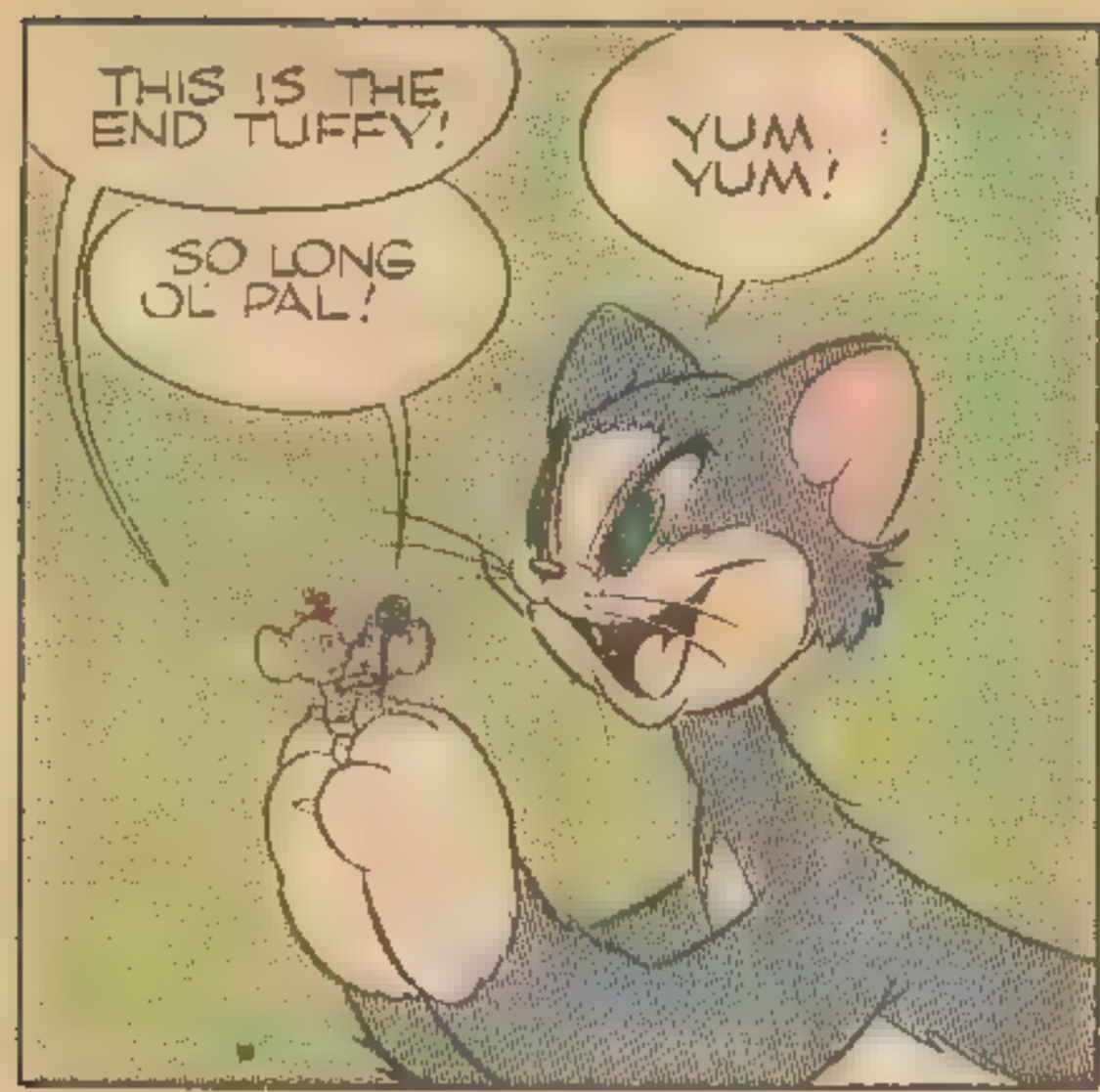

MY GOSH! LOOK! THEY'VE CALLED OUT RESERVES!!
GEE WE'D BETTER RUN FOR IT!

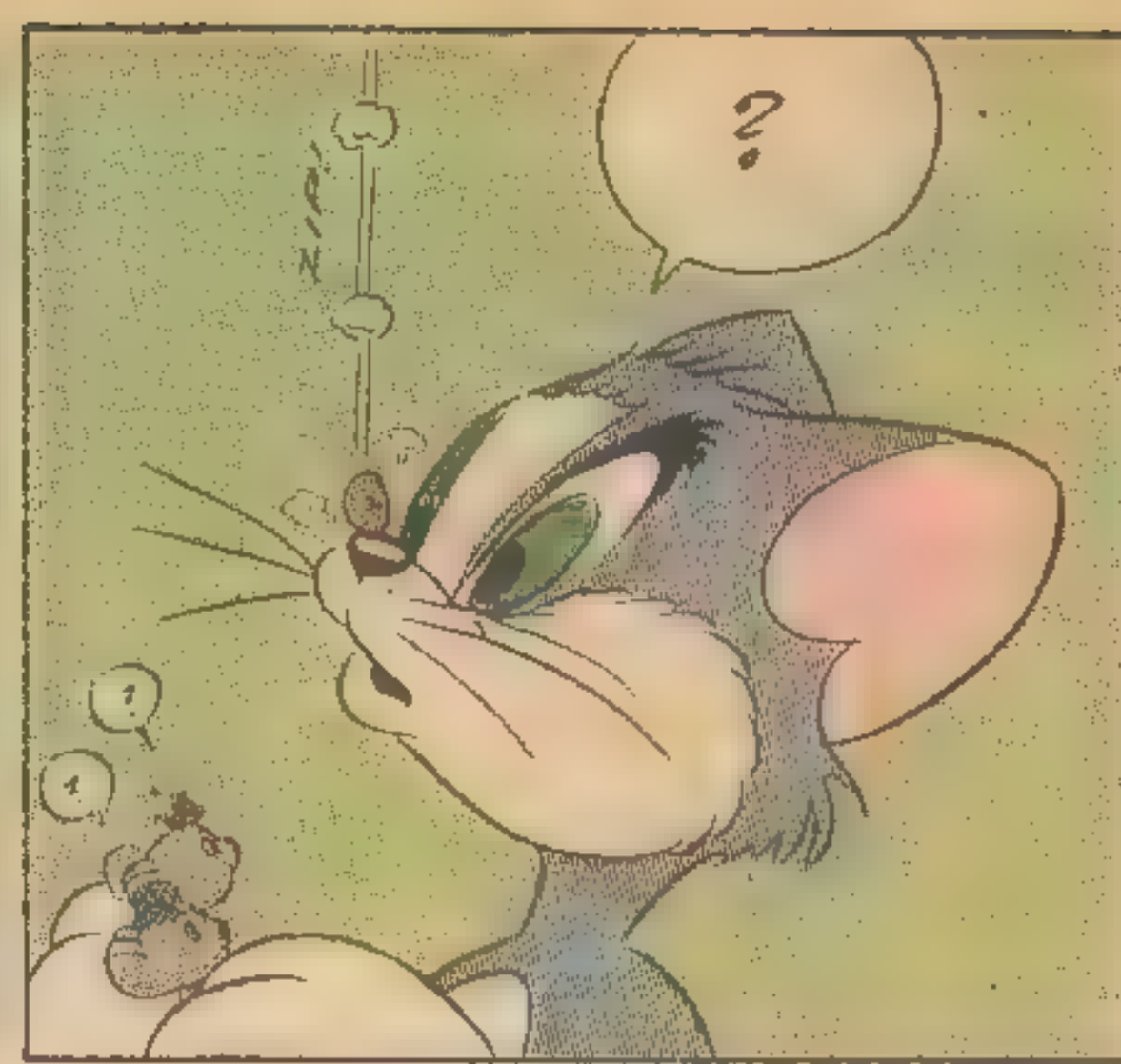

HURRY!


HELLO, MAMA! HOW'S THE BABY?
ULP!
ULP!

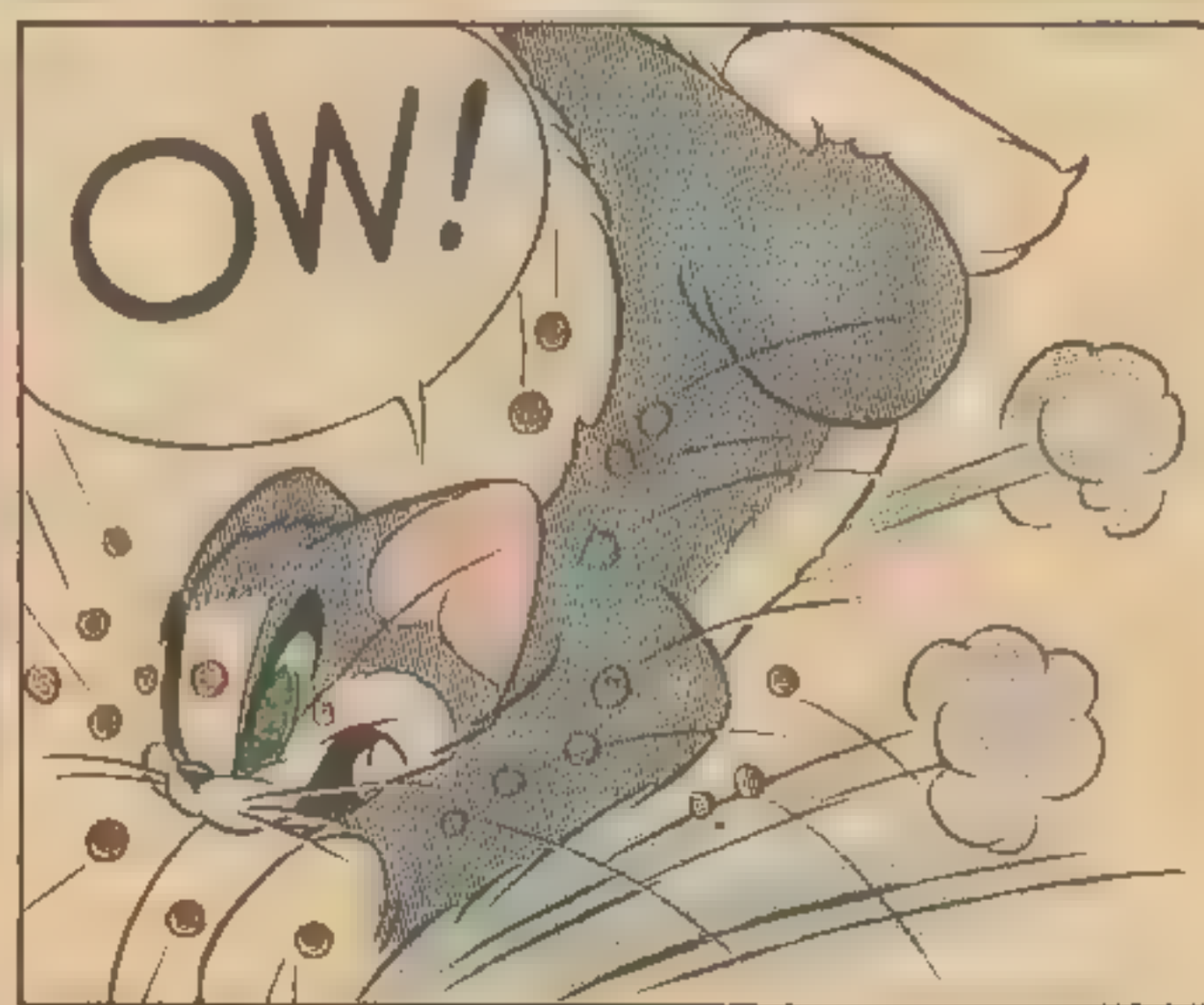

LET'S SEE....WHICH SHALL I EAT FIRST? EENY, MEENY, MINY, MO!
WERE SUNK!


HE'S MO!
NO! HE'S MO!
NO, HE'S MO!
HE'S MO!
HE'S MO!
YOU'RE BOTH MO! I'M GOING TO EAT YOU BOTH TOGETHER!

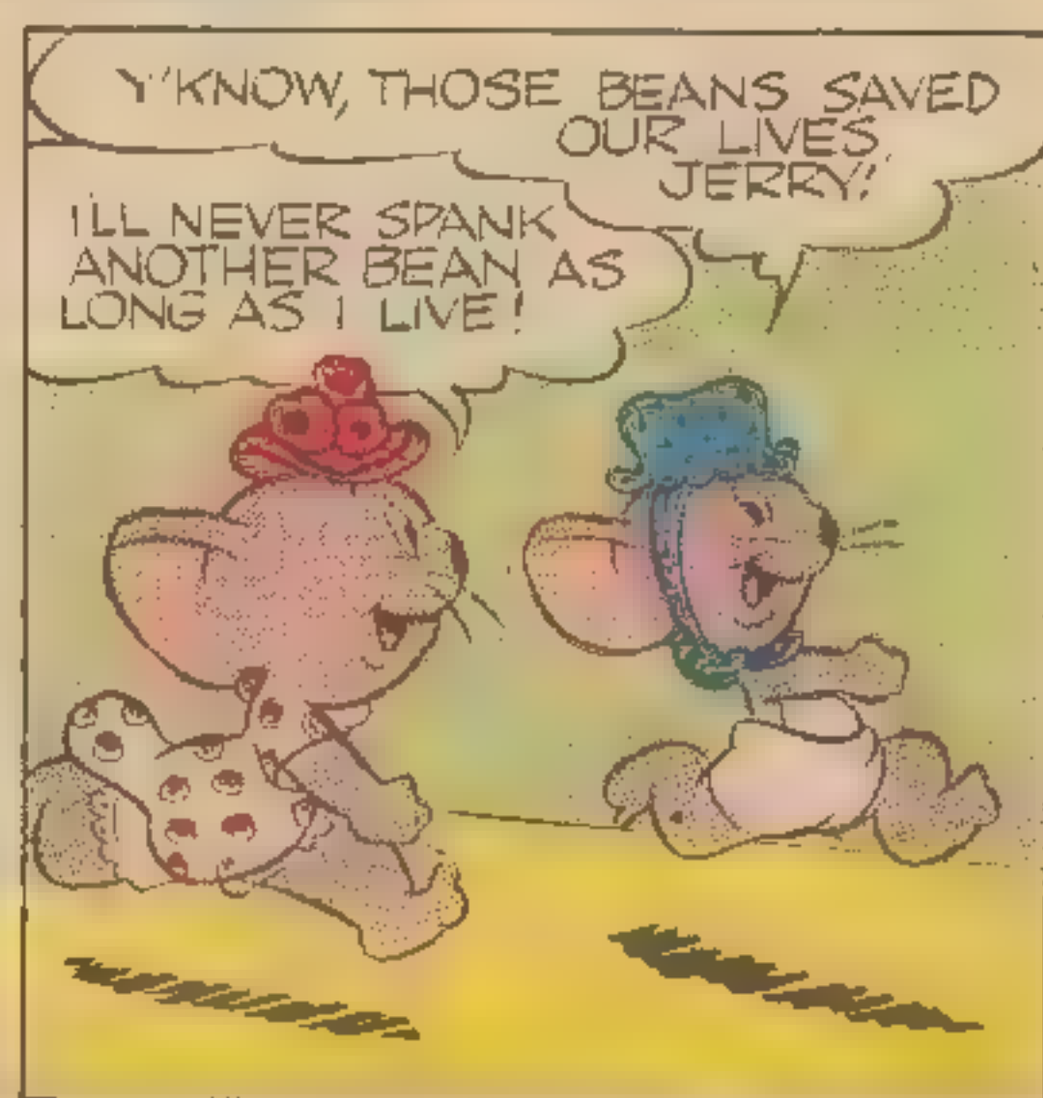

THIS IS THE END TUFFY!
SO LONG OL' PAL!
YUM YUM!


?
ZIP!

POP!


OW!

HALP!


Y'KNOW, THOSE BEANS SAVED OUR LIVES JERRY!
I'LL NEVER SPANK ANOTHER BEAN AS LONG AS I LIVE!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER-CARTOONS

present

HAPPY HOUND

(DETECTIVE)

HELLOO!

AN EVENT OF GREAT IMPORTANCE SHAKES ESCAPE-PROOF ALCASING PRISON!

PRISONER NUMBER 3B909664780, ALIAS TORPEDO WOLF, ALIAS KILLER DILLER WOLFIE BOY, ALIAS LOBO, THE LOUSE, ALIAS HOUDINI WOLF, HAS ESCAPED AGAIN!

THAT GUY IS WEARING OUT HIS WELCOME AROUND HERE! HOW DID HE DO IT THIS TIME?

HE FLASHED A BIG AUTOMATIC AND COWED FOURTEEN BULLS — I MEAN GUARDS!

WARDEN

ANY IDEA WHICH WAY HE WENT?

HUNK-UH! HE MADE US CLOSE OUR EYES WHILE HE WALKED OUT OF THE GATE!

WARDEN

CALL OUT MY PHENOMENAL HOUND DETECTIVES! GET THEM ON HIS TRAIL IMMEDIATELY!

HE DOESN'T MEAN ME! THIS IS MY DAY OFF! I'M SO HAPPY!

M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

THE MARVELOUS ALCA-SING HOUNDS, SUPER SMART GUYS OF DOGDOM, LINE UP TO RECEIVE THEIR ORDERS!

THEY'RE ALL HERE BUT HAPPY! WHERE'D HE GO?

HE WENT FISHIN'! THIS IS HIS DAY OFF!

WE'LL HAVE TO GET ALONG WITHOUT HIM! NOW, BOYS, THIS IS HOW THE ESCAPED CONVICT LOOKS —

AND THIS IS HOW HE SMELLS! GET GOIN' NOW AND PICK UP HIS TRAIL!

SNIFF

HAIR TONIC

ESCAPED ALCA-SING PRISON

THEY'RE AWAY! HURRAH!

A-WOO

A-WOO

A-WOO

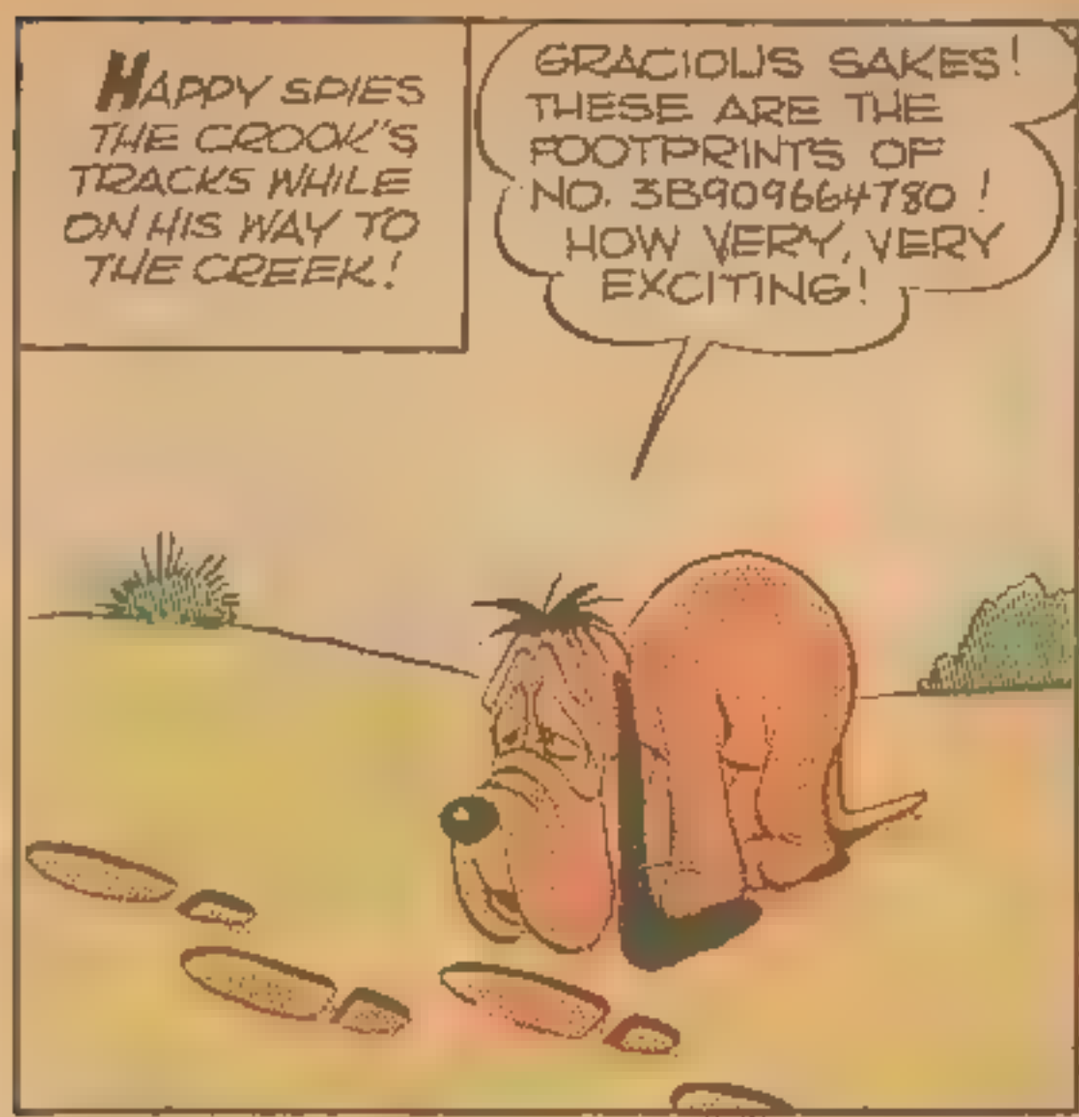
I HEAR DE HOUNDS COMING! HEH! HEH! ARE DEM BOIDS GONNA GET FOOLED! WOW!

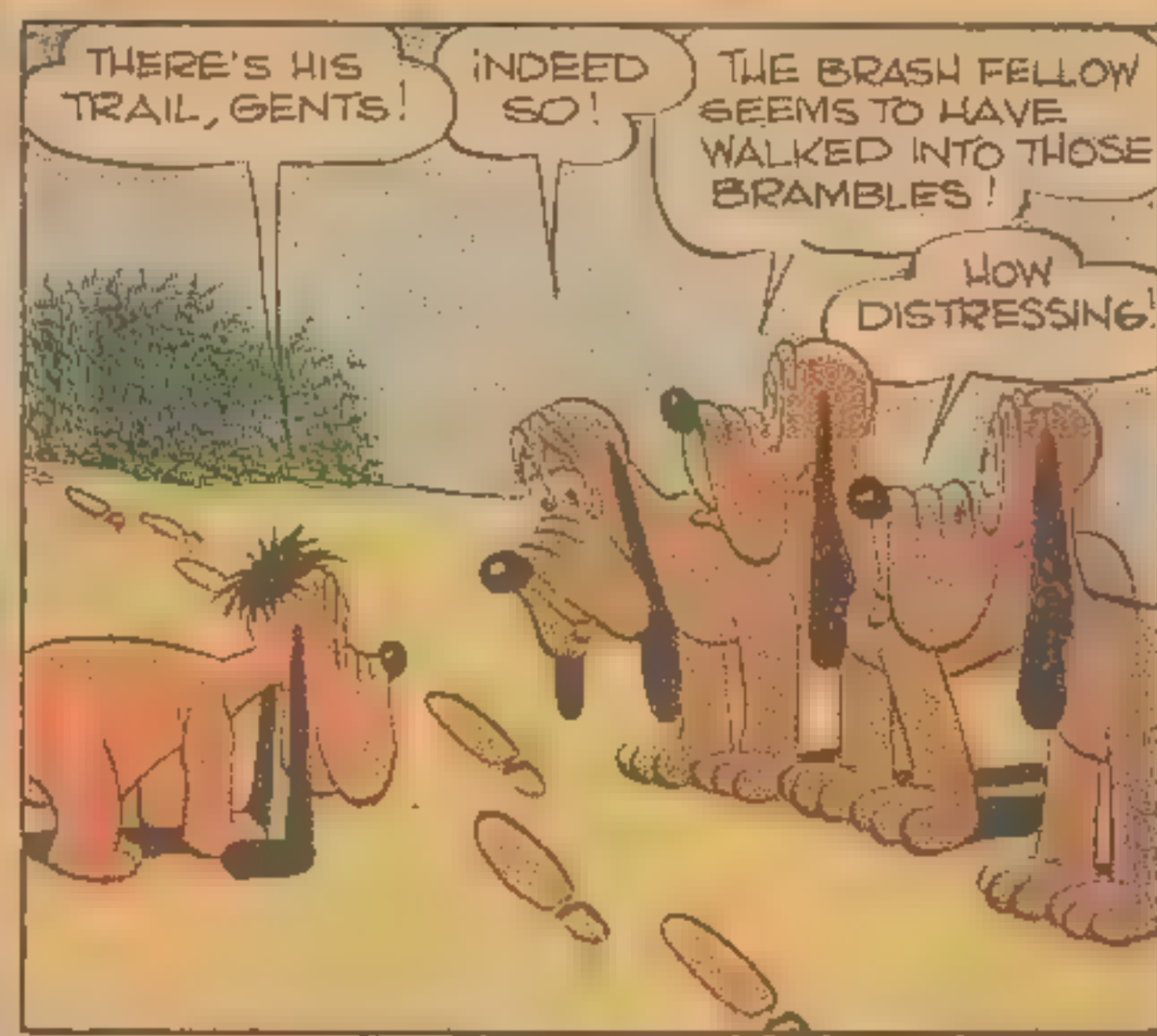
A-WOO

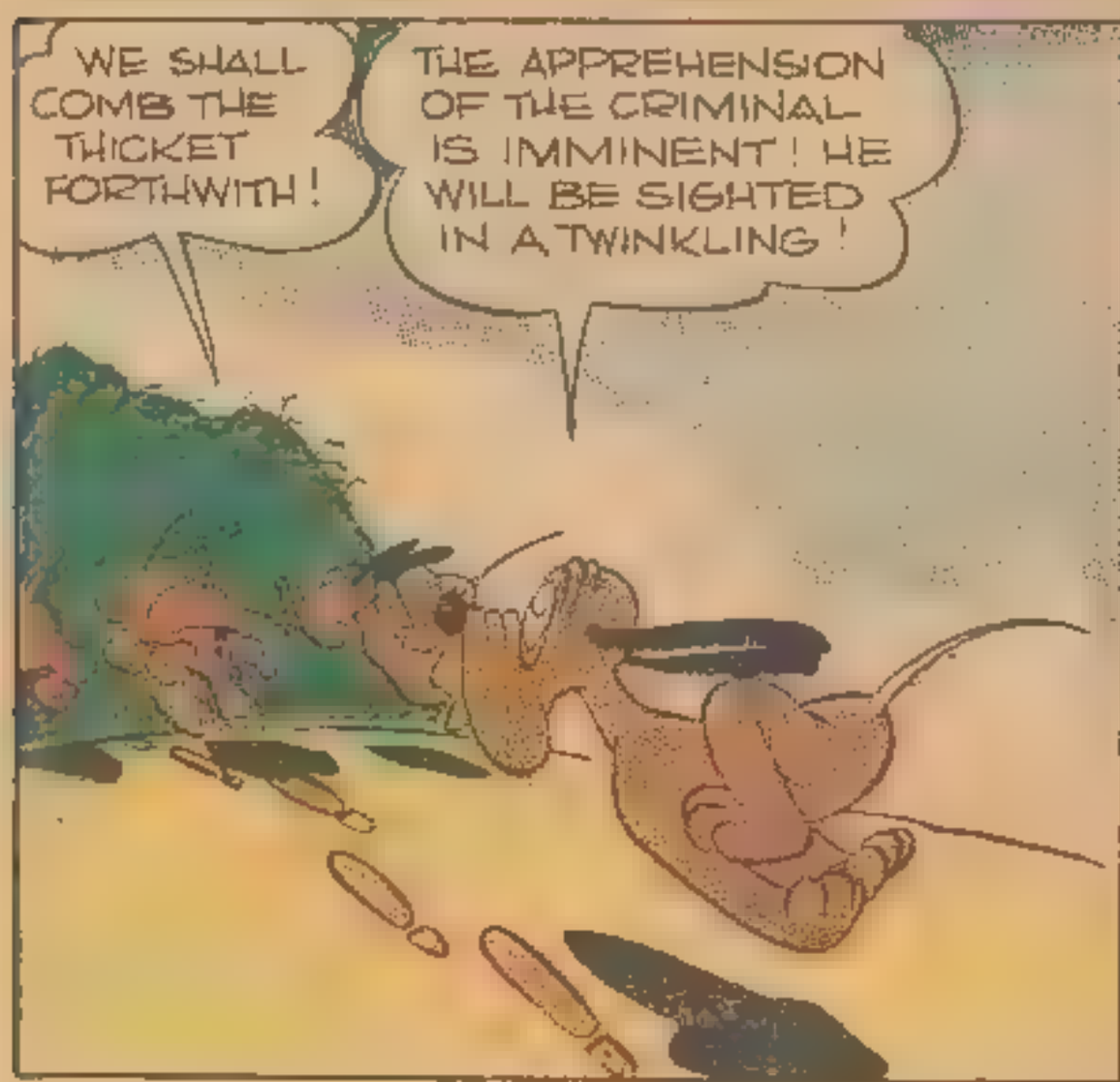
A-WOO

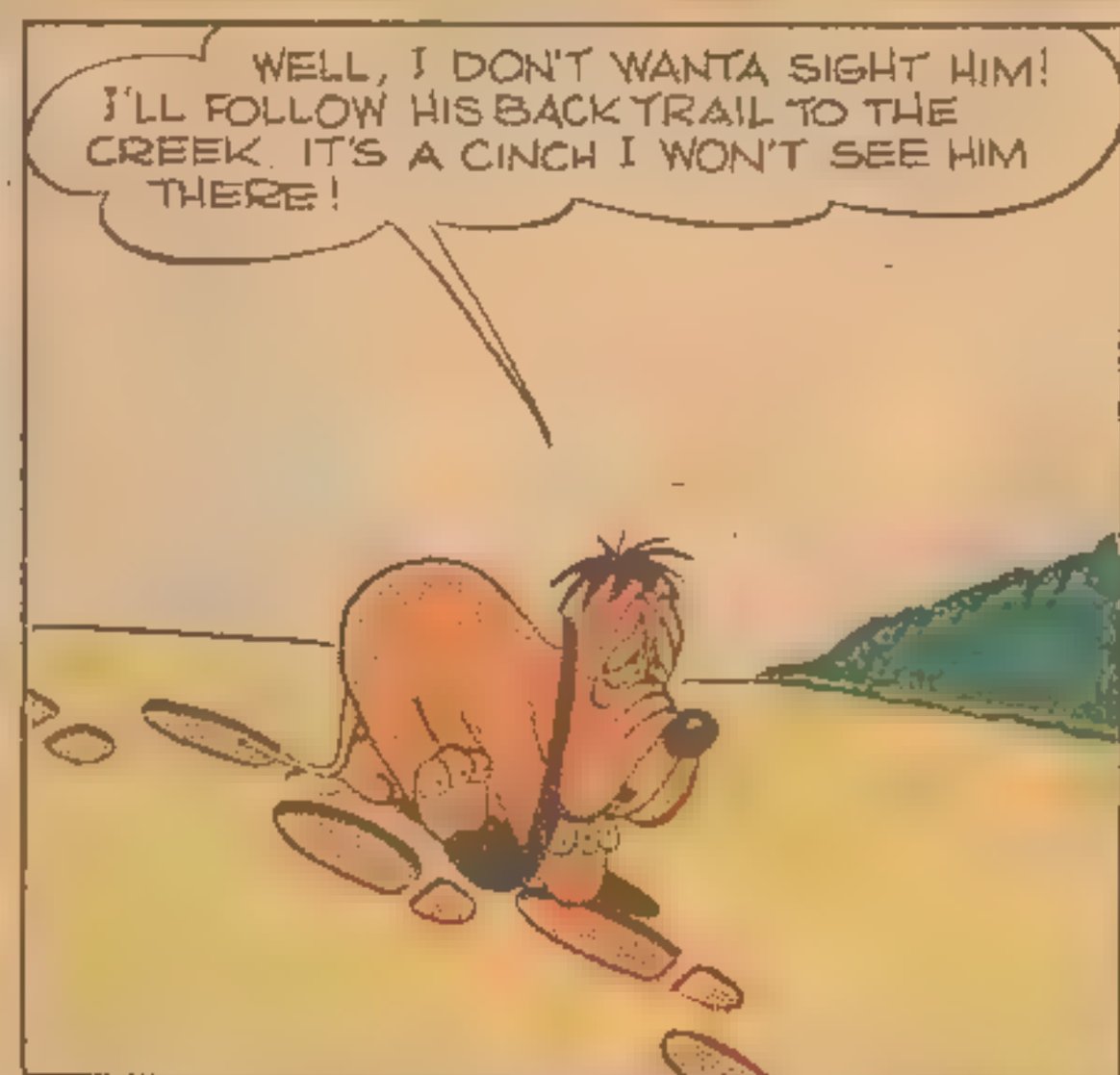
A-WOO

BY TOININ' ME SHOES AROUND, I'VE MADE TRACKS DAT'LL LEAD 'EM FURDER FROM ME AT EVERY STEP!


HAPPY SPIES THE CROOK'S TRACKS WHILE ON HIS WAY TO THE CREEK!
GRACIOUS SAKES! THESE ARE THE FOOTPRINTS OF NO. 3B909664780! HOW VERY, VERY EXCITING!

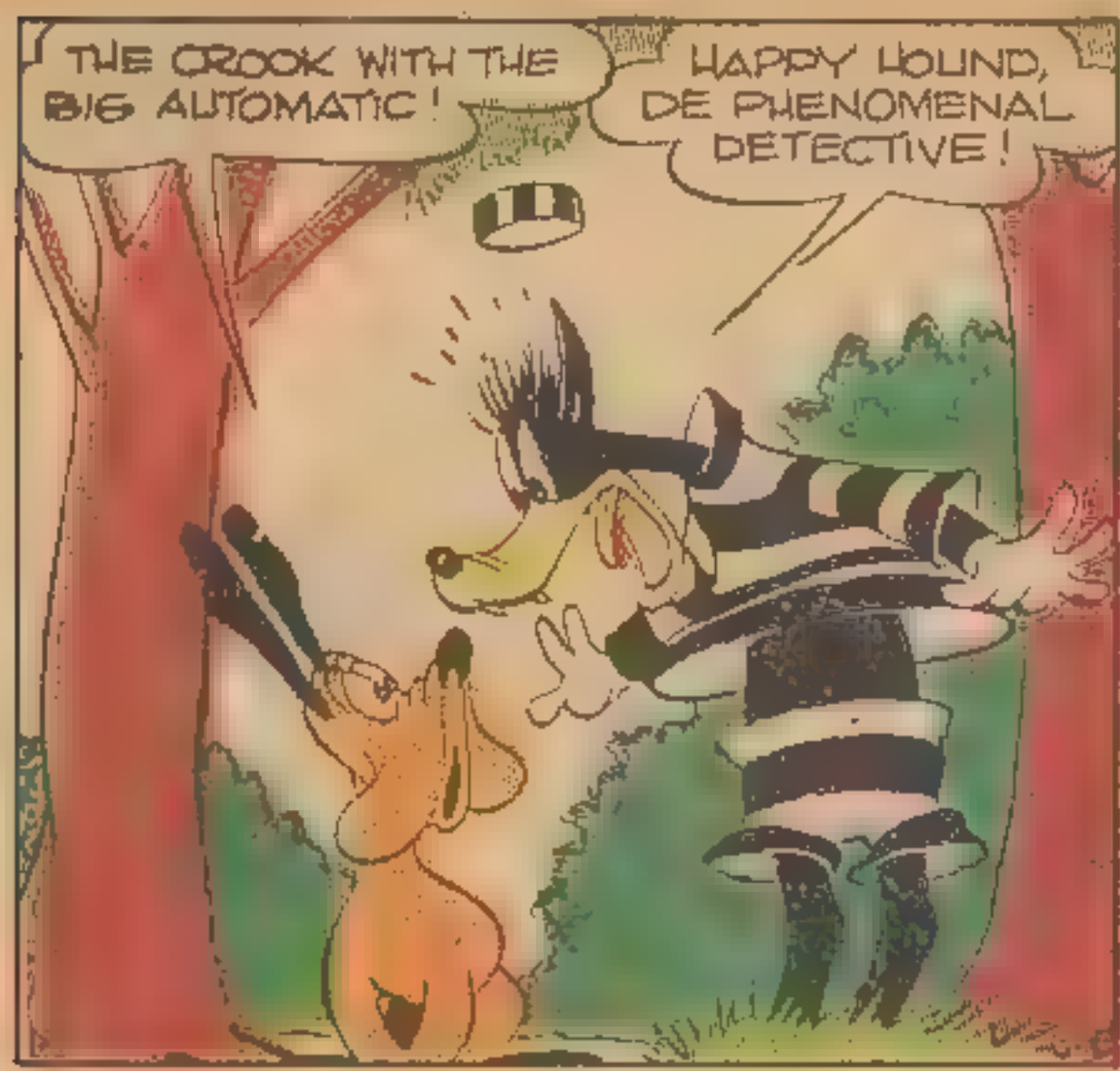

THERE'S HIS TRAIL, GENTS!
INDEED SO!
THE BRASH FELLOW SEEMS TO HAVE WALKED INTO THOSE BRAMBLES!
HOW DISTRESSING!

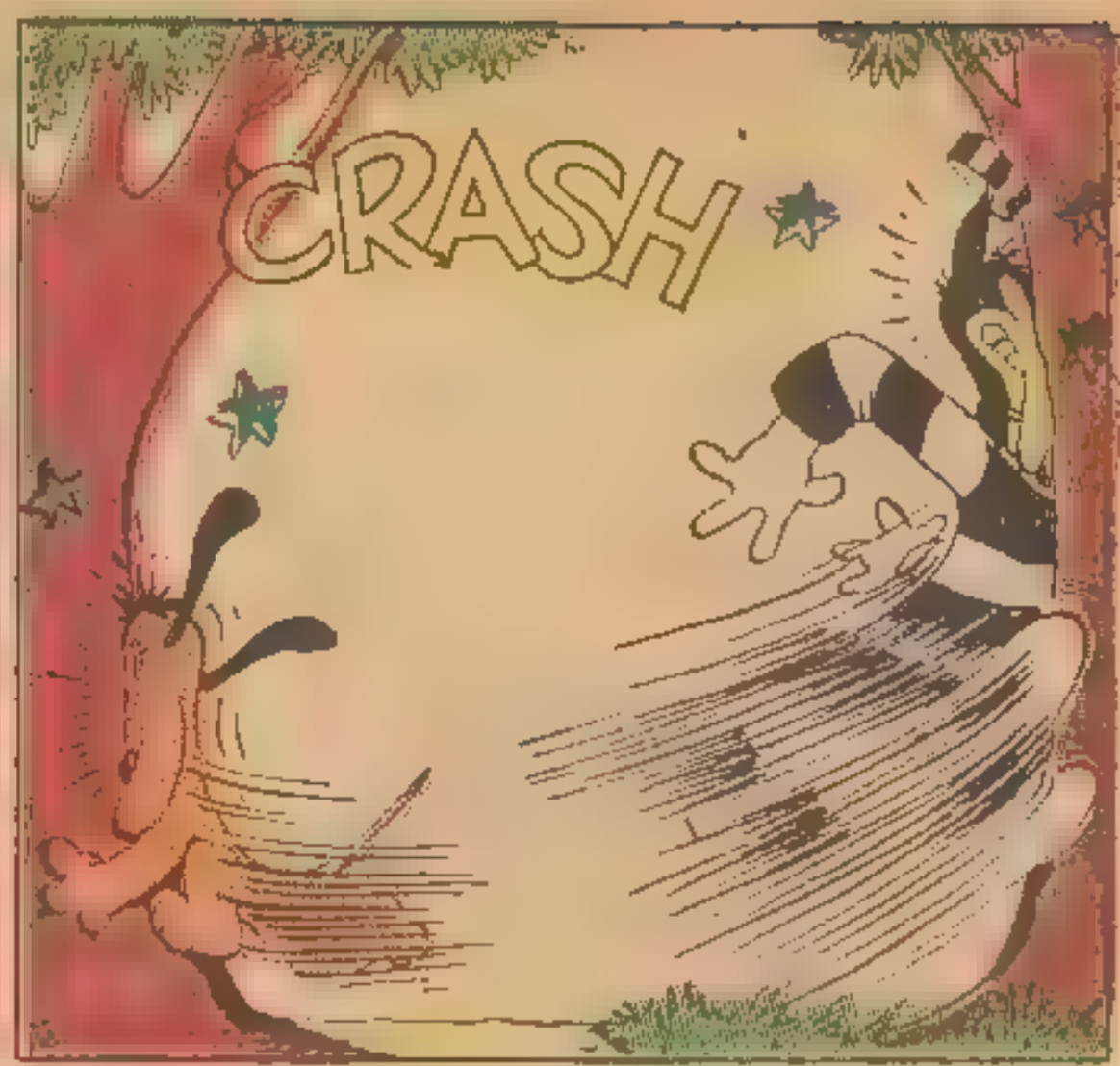

WE SHALL COMB THE THICKET FORTHWITH!
THE APPREHENSION OF THE CRIMINAL IS IMMINENT! HE WILL BE SIGHTED IN A TWINKLING!

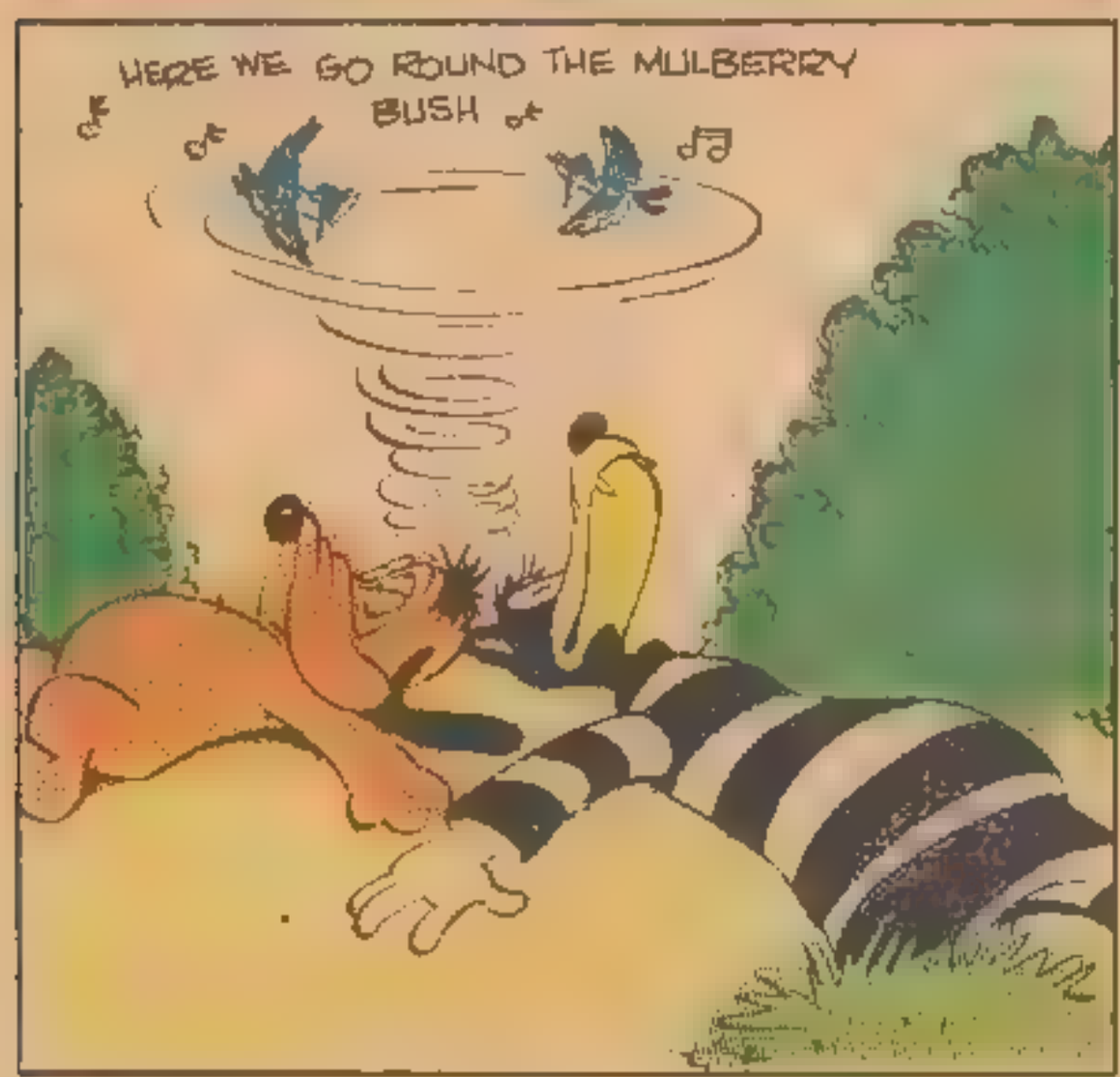

WELL, I DON'T WANTA SIGHT HIM! I'LL FOLLOW HIS BACK TRAIL TO THE CREEK. IT'S A CINCH I WON'T SEE HIM THERE!

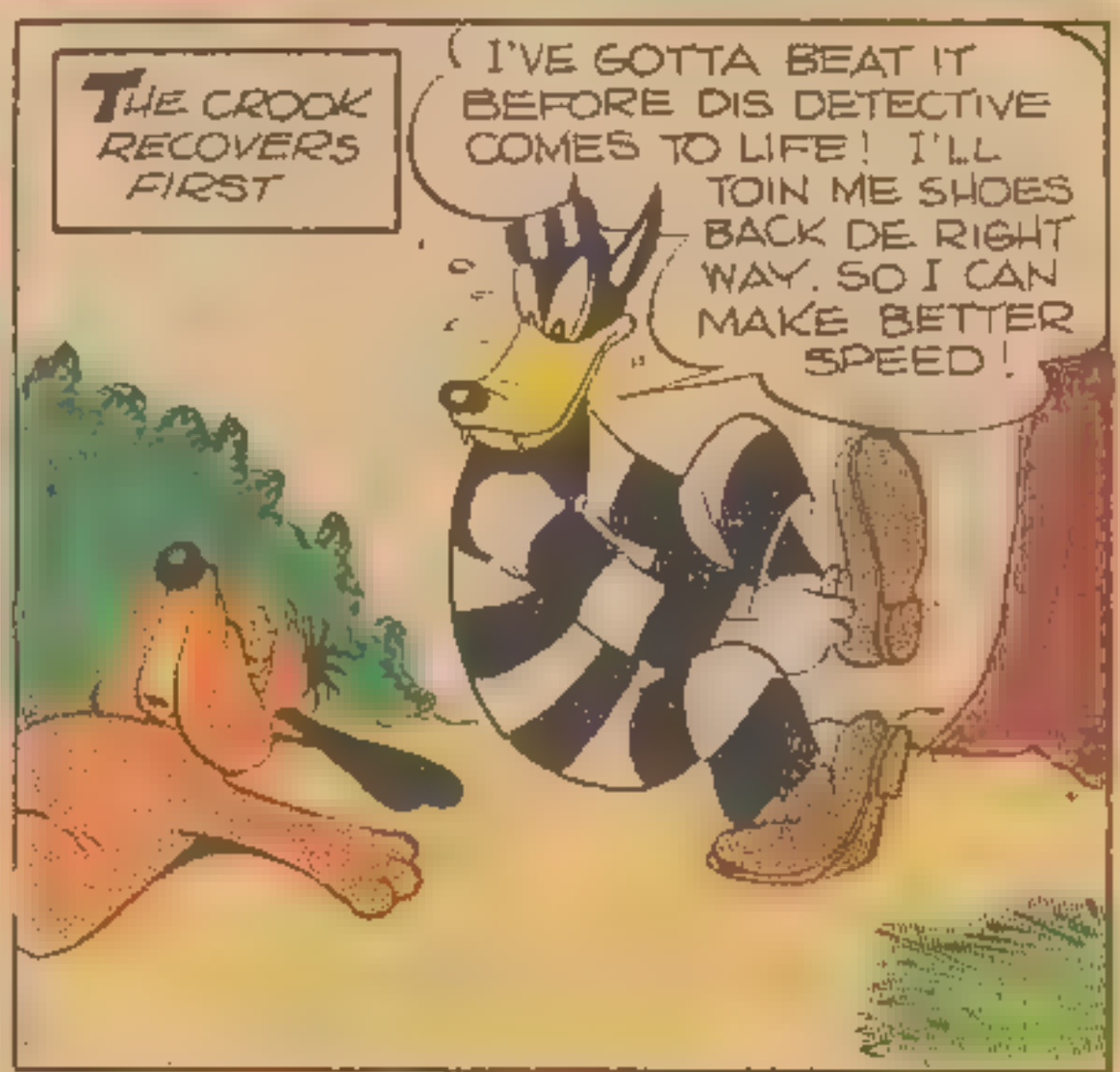
I DON'T WANT NOTHIN' T'DO WITH CATCHIN' CROOKS TODAY—ESPECIALLY CROOKS WITH BIG AUTOMATICS!

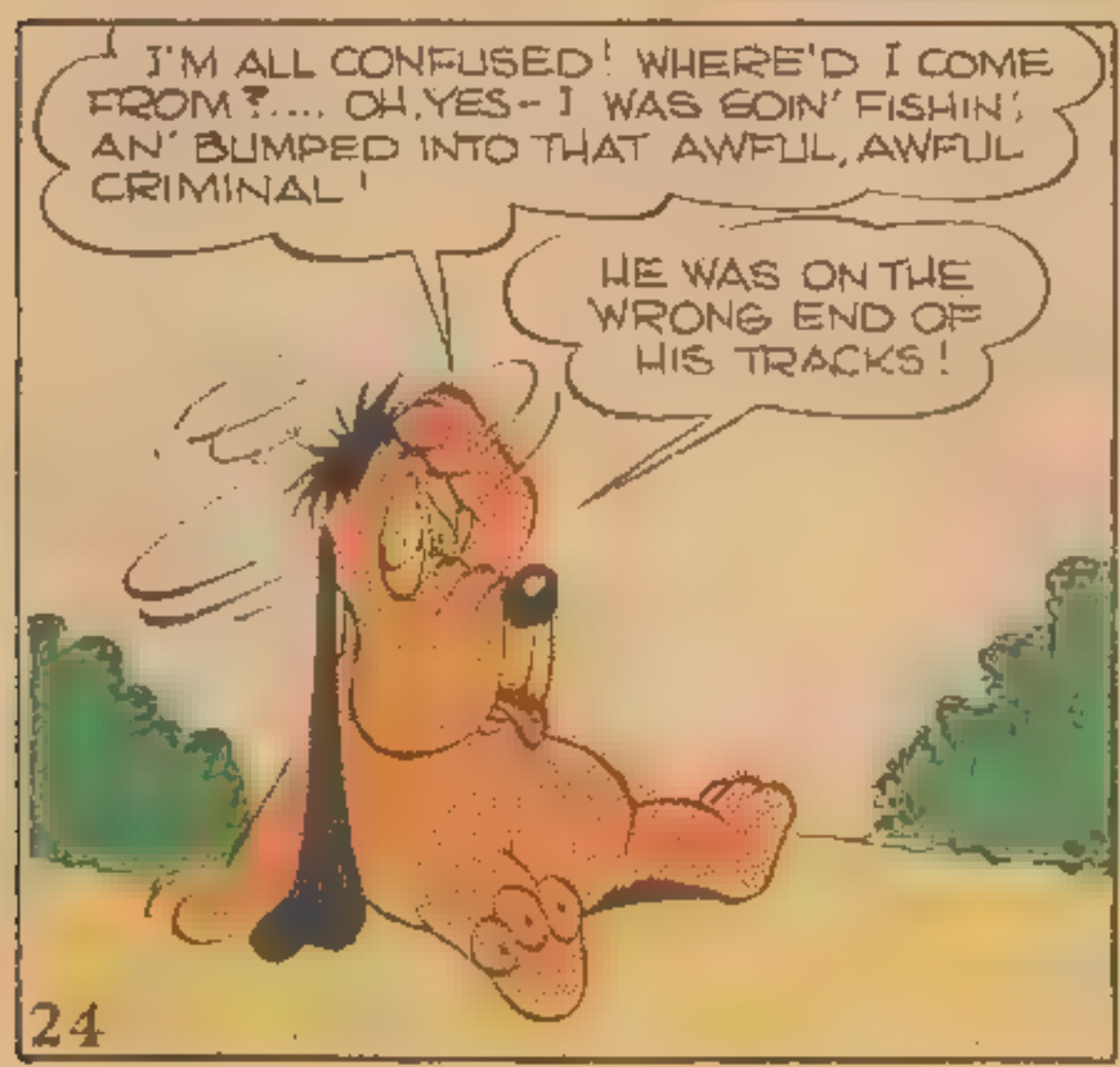
HO HUM! THIS IS A NICE LONELY SPOT TO FISH!
I'LL REST A WHILE—NOBODY'LL FIND ME HERE!


THE CROOK WITH THE BIG AUTOMATIC!
HAPPY HOUND, DE PHENOMENAL DETECTIVE!

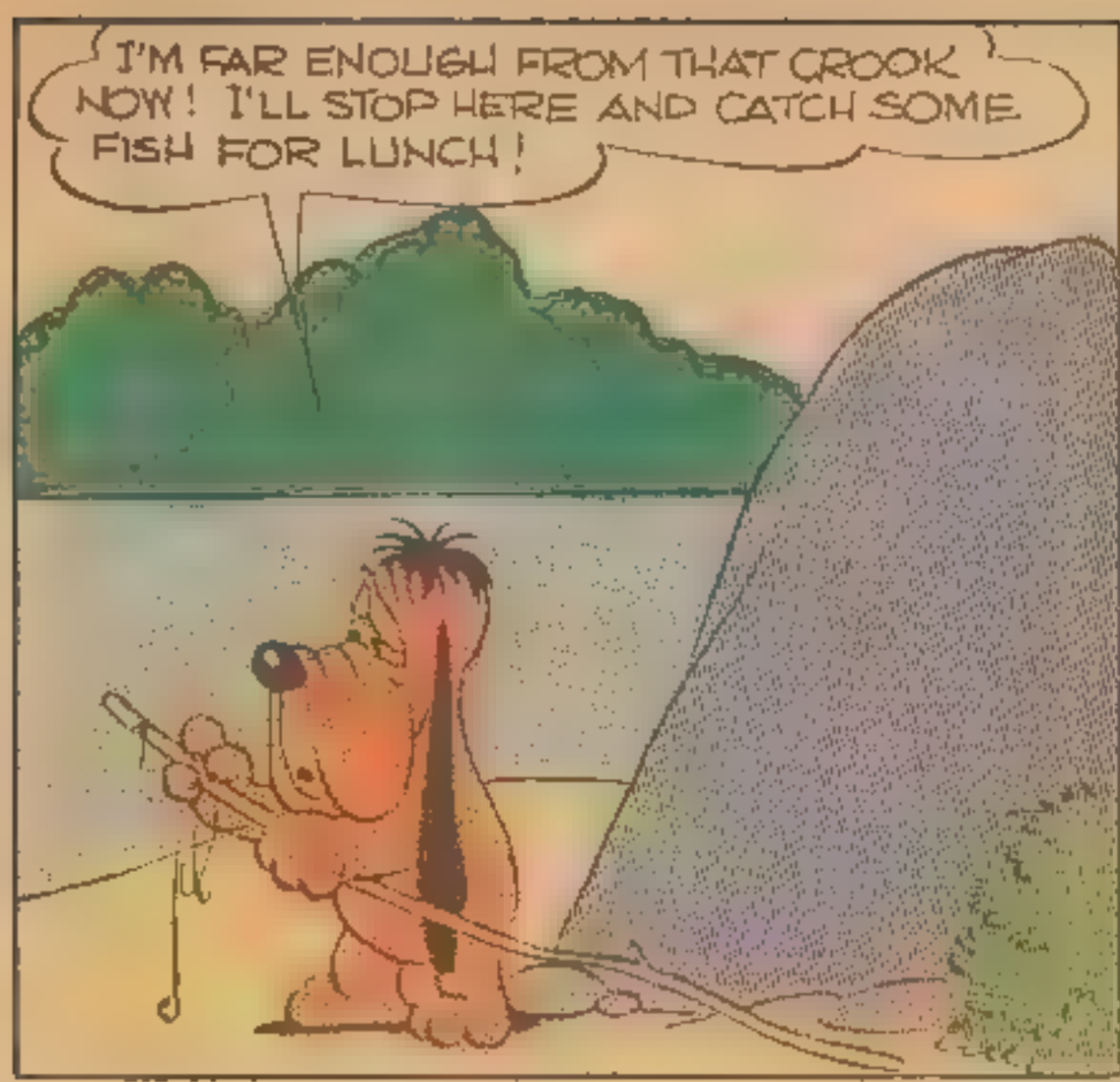

CRASH

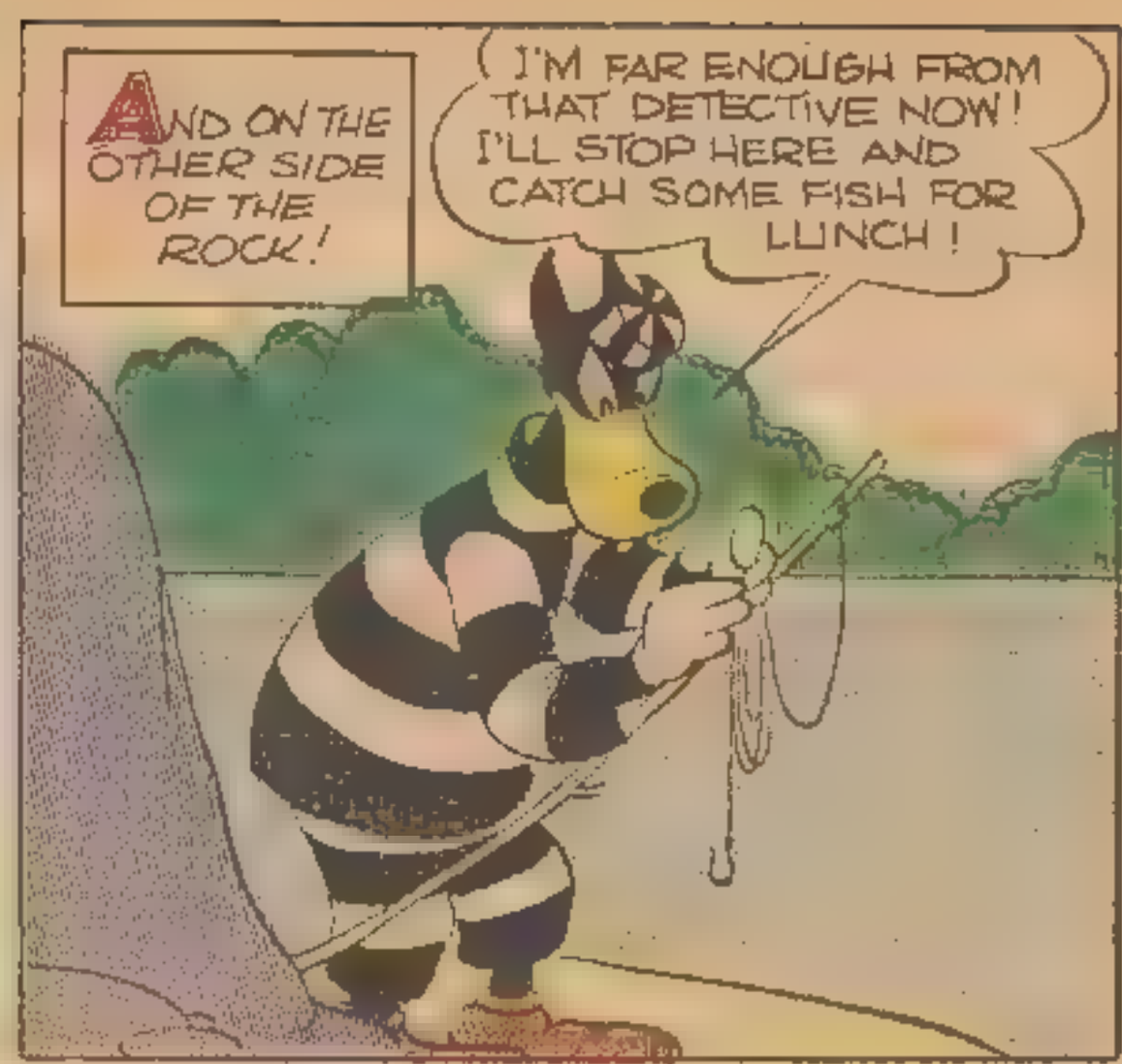

HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

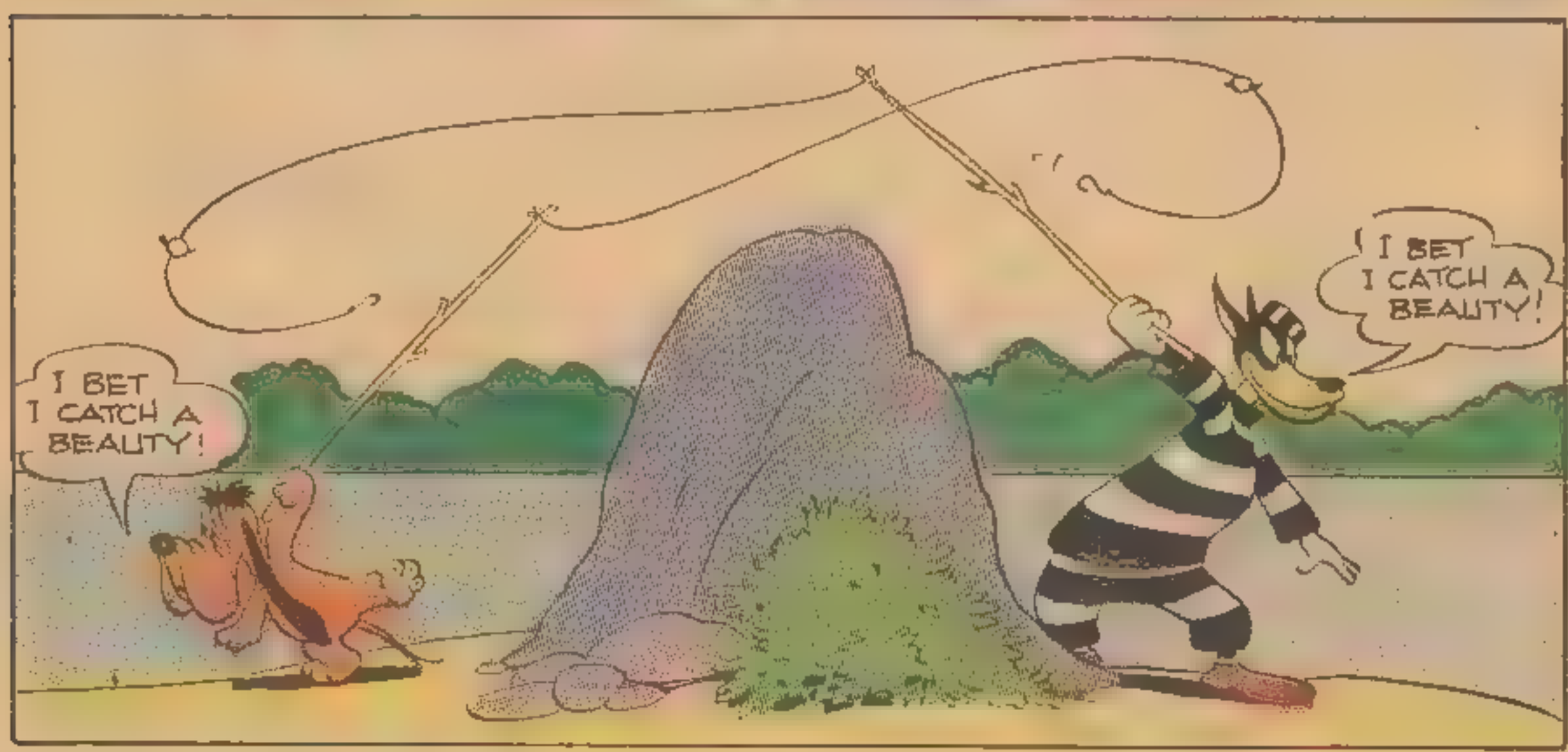

THE CROOK RECOVERS FIRST
I'VE GOTTA BEAT IT BEFORE DIS DETECTIVE COMES TO LIFE! I'LL TOIN ME SHOES BACK DE RIGHT WAY. SO I CAN MAKE BETTER SPEED!


I'M ALL CONFUSED! WHERE'D I COME FROM?.... OH, YES - I WAS GOIN' FISHIN', AN' BUMPED INTO THAT AWFUL, AWFUL CRIMINAL!
HE WAS ON THE WRONG END OF HIS TRACKS!

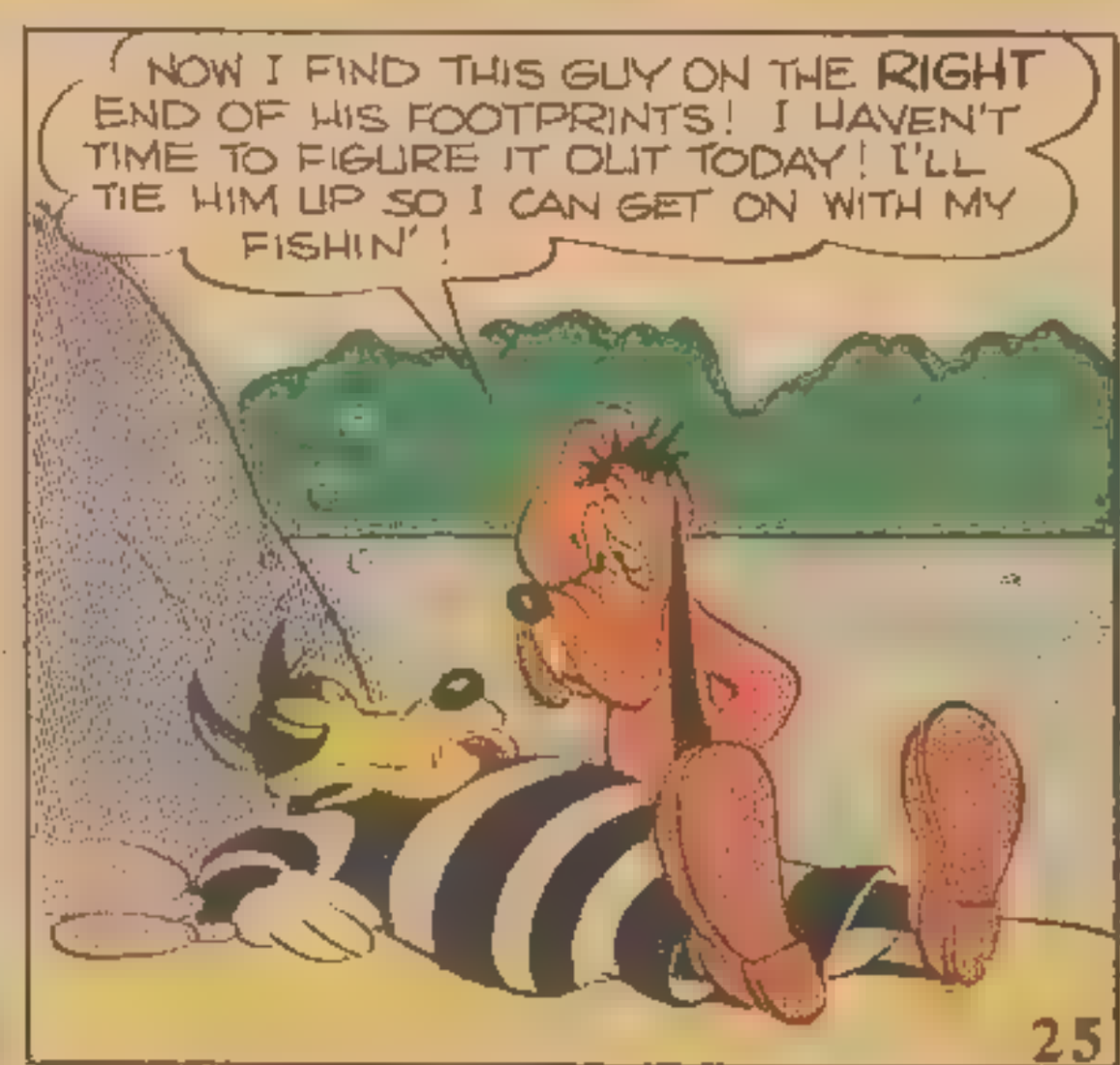
IF GOIN' TOWARD HIS HEELPRINTS TOOK ME TO HIM, GOIN' TOWARD HIS TOE PRINTS SHOULD TAKE ME FROM HIM!


I'M FAR ENOUGH FROM THAT CROOK NOW! I'LL STOP HERE AND CATCH SOME FISH FOR LUNCH!

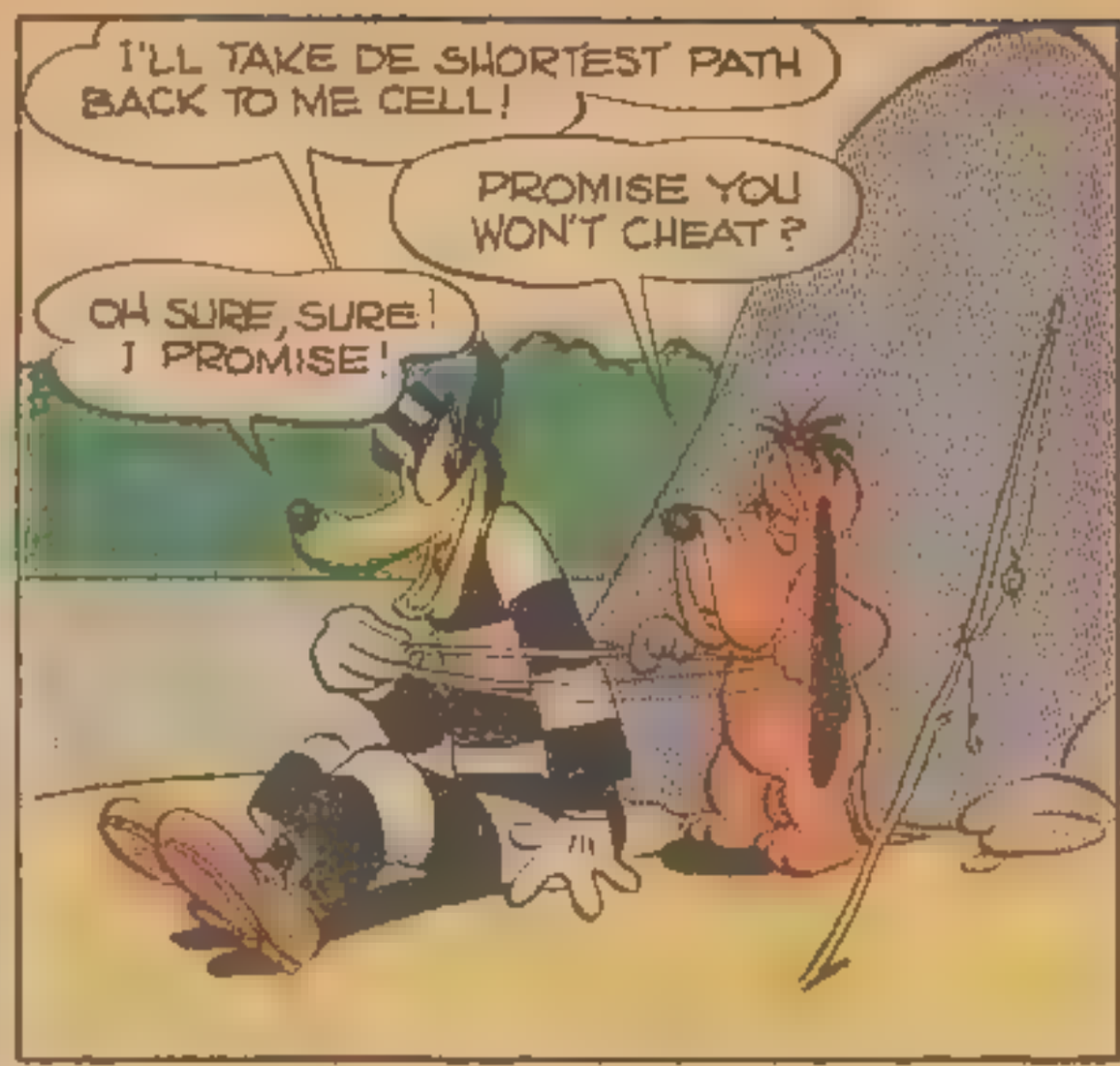

AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROCK!
I'M FAR ENOUGH FROM THAT DETECTIVE NOW! I'LL STOP HERE AND CATCH SOME FISH FOR LUNCH!

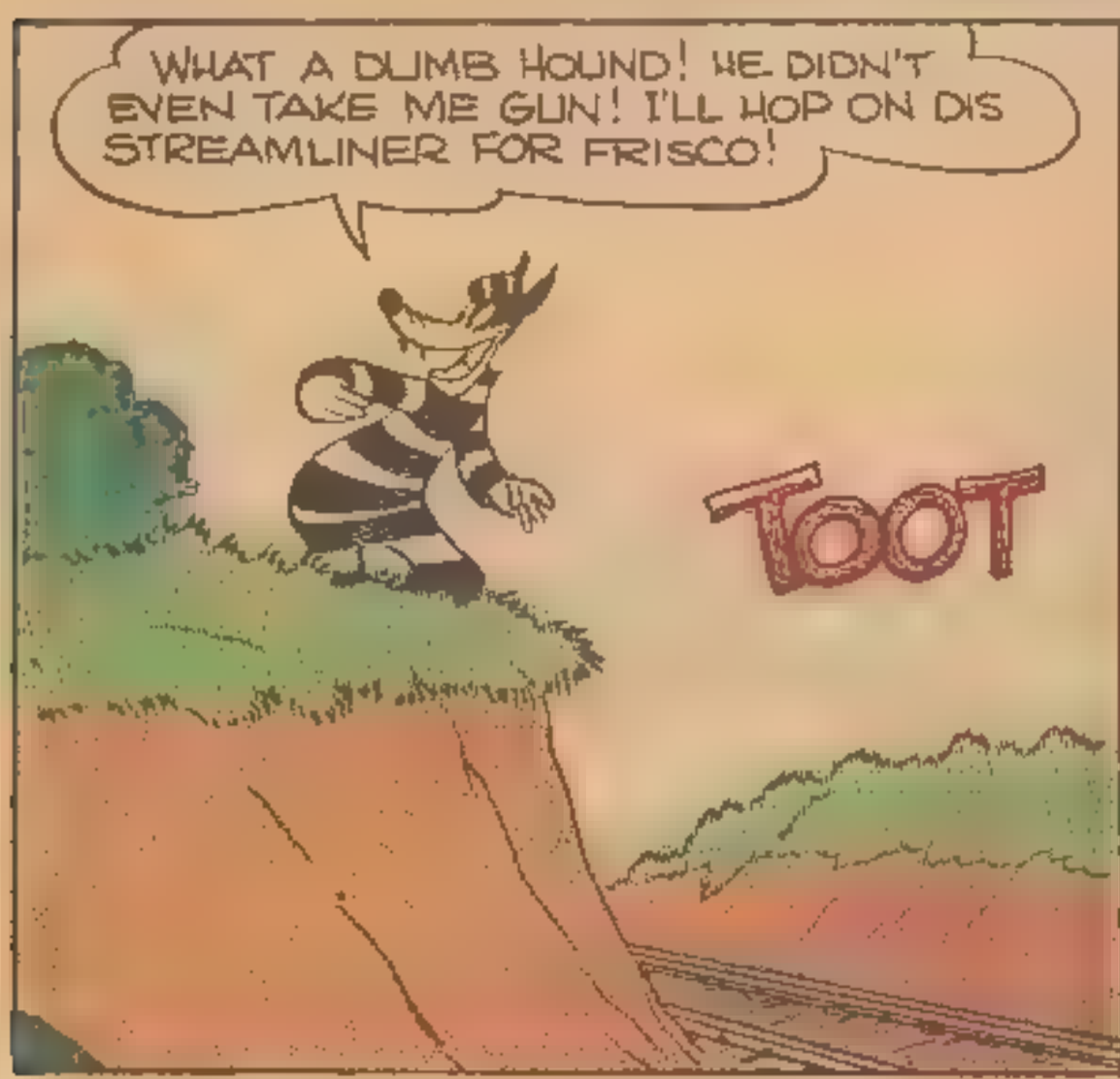

I BET I CATCH A BEAUTY!
I BET I CATCH A BEAUTY!

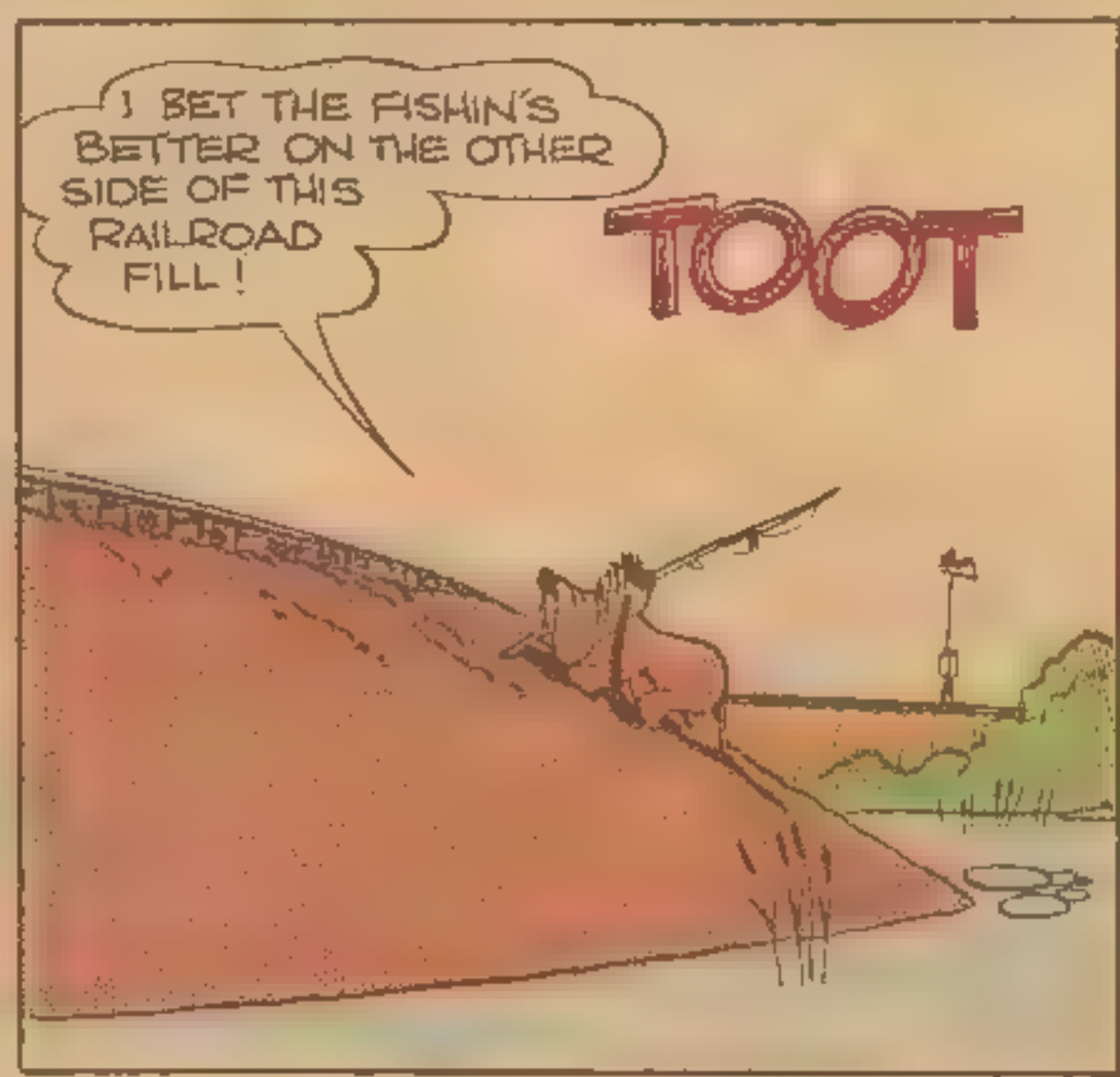
THUNK

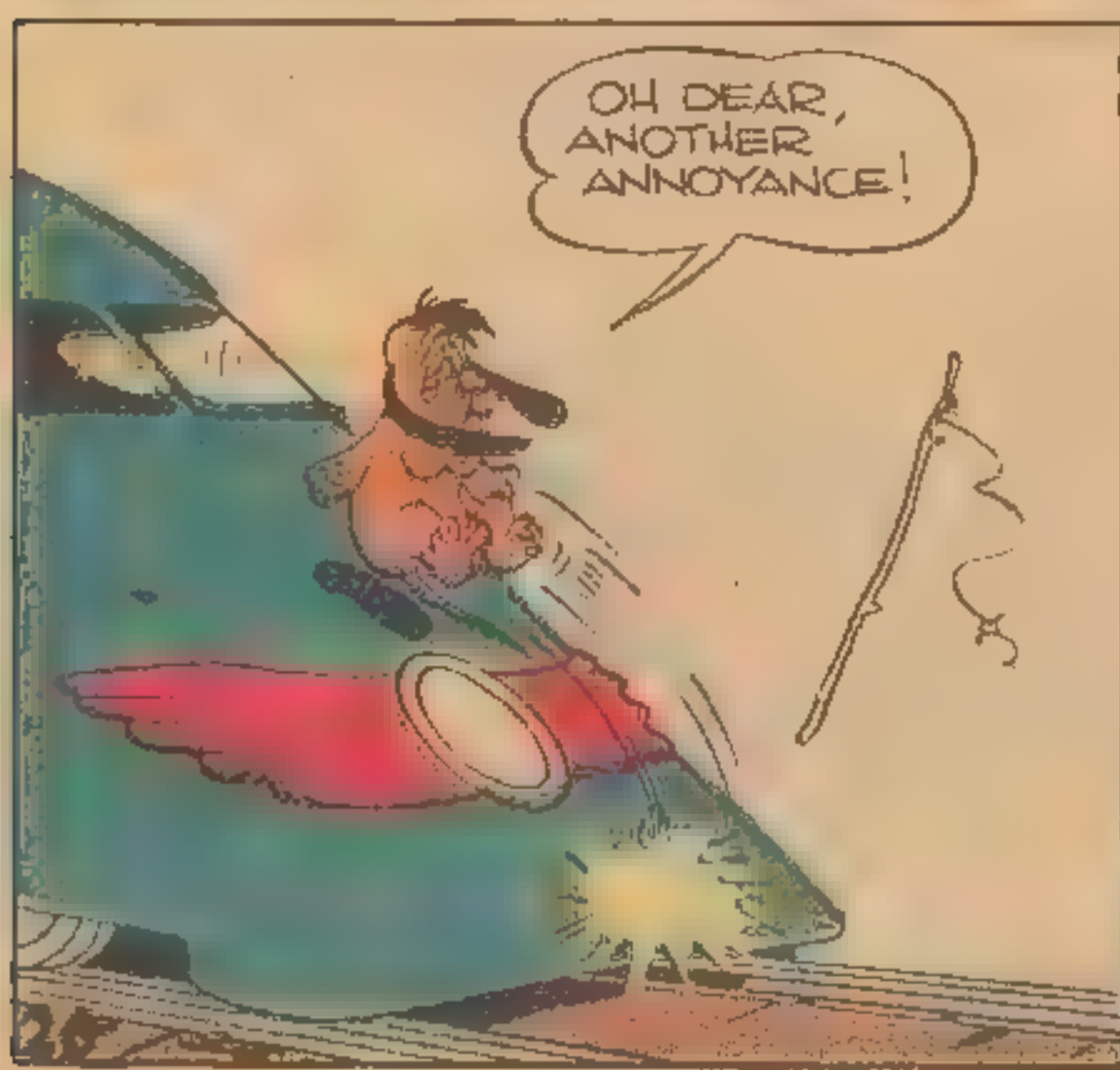

NOW I FIND THIS GUY ON THE RIGHT END OF HIS FOOTPRINTS! I HAVEN'T TIME TO FIGURE IT OUT TODAY! I'LL TIE HIM UP SO I CAN GET ON WITH MY FISHIN'!

LISTEN, HAPPY, I'VE REFORMED! I'M GOIN' TO BE A GOOD CONVICT FROM NOW ON! IF YOU'LL TOIN ME LOOSE, I'LL GO RIGHT BACK TO DE PRISON AN' TOIN MESELF IN!
OKAY! OKAY! IT SEEMS IT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL EVER GET TO FISH IN PEACE!

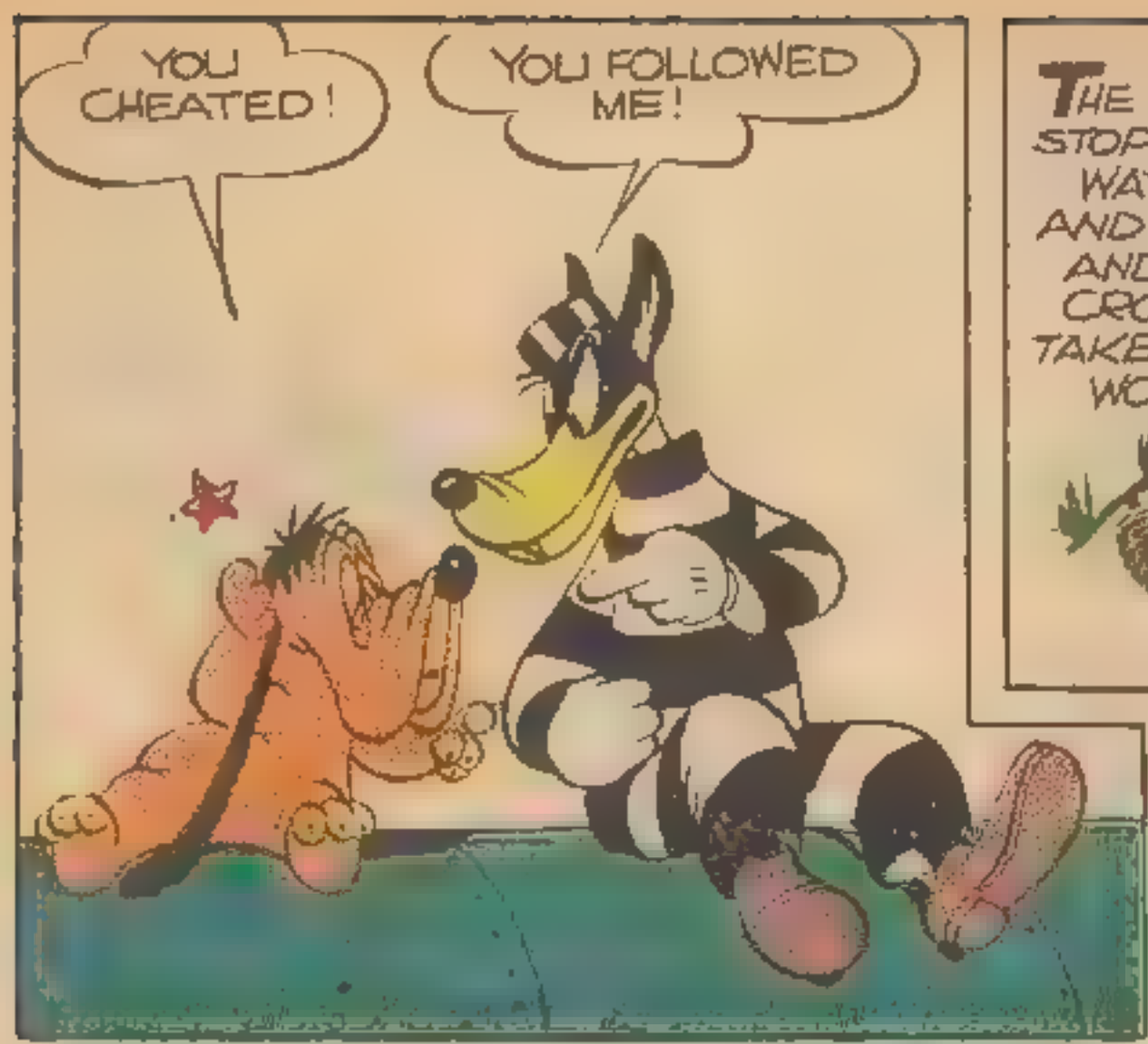

I'LL TAKE DE SHORTEST PATH BACK TO ME CELL!
PROMISE YOU WON'T CHEAT?
OH SURE, SURE! I PROMISE!

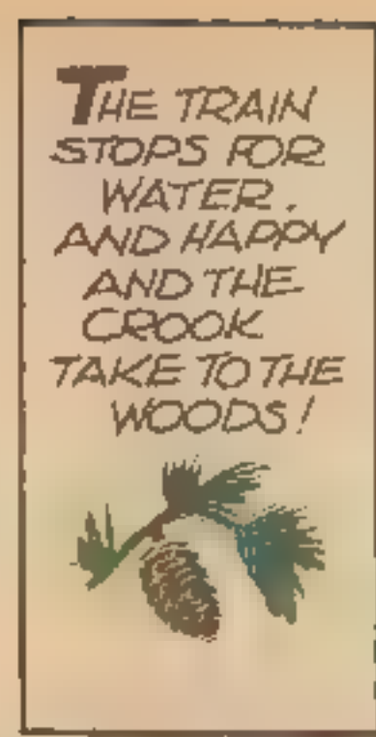

WHAT A DUMB HOUND! HE DIDN'T EVEN TAKE ME GUN! I'LL HOP ON DIS STREAMLINER FOR FRISCO!
TOOT

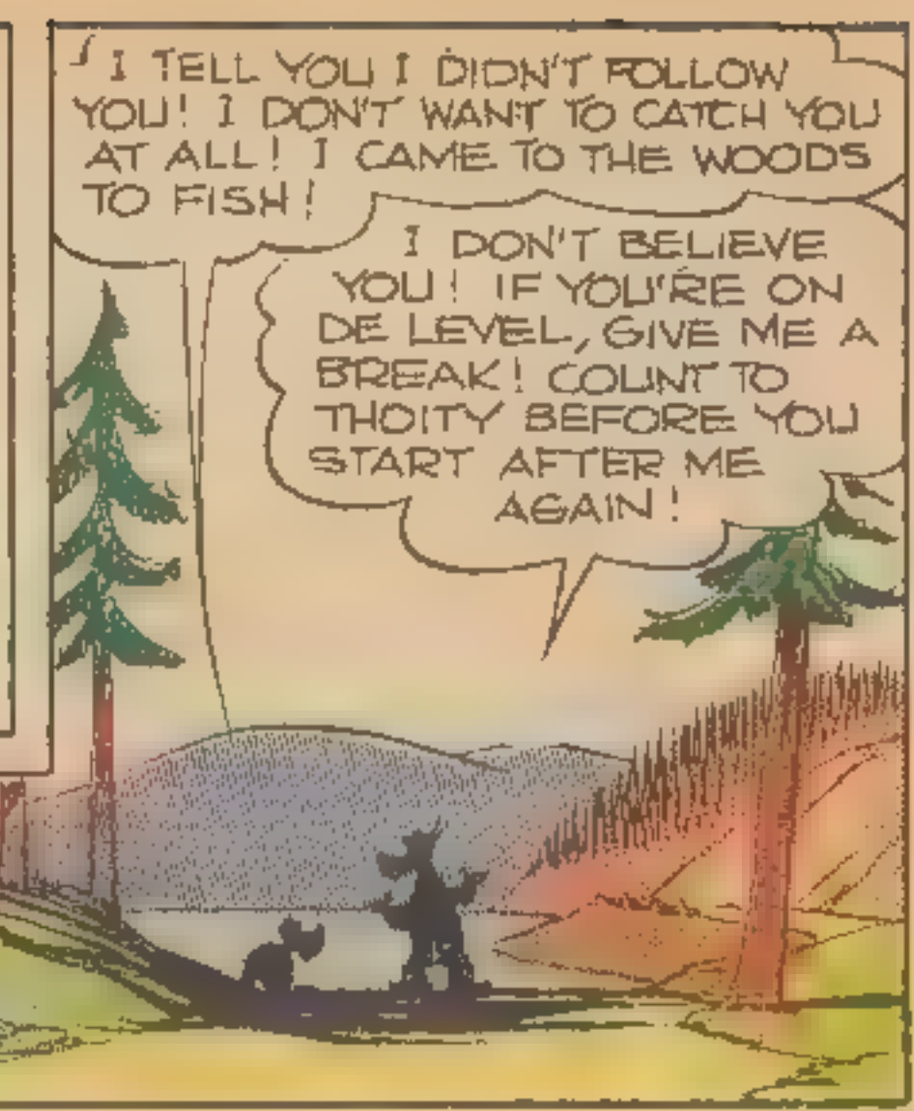

I BET THE FISHIN'S BETTER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS RAILROAD FILL!
TOOT

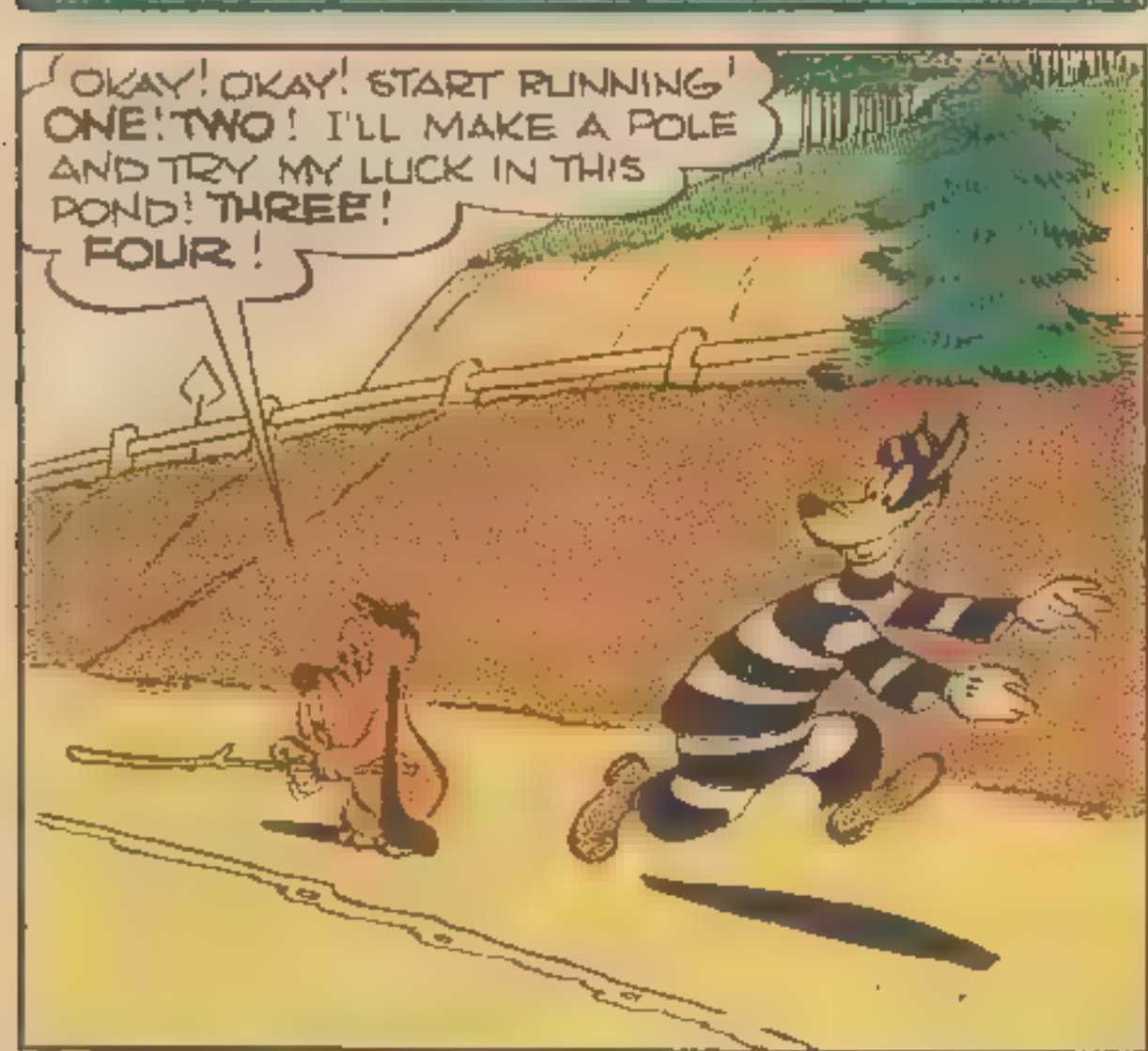

OH DEAR, ANOTHER ANNOYANCE!

THUNK

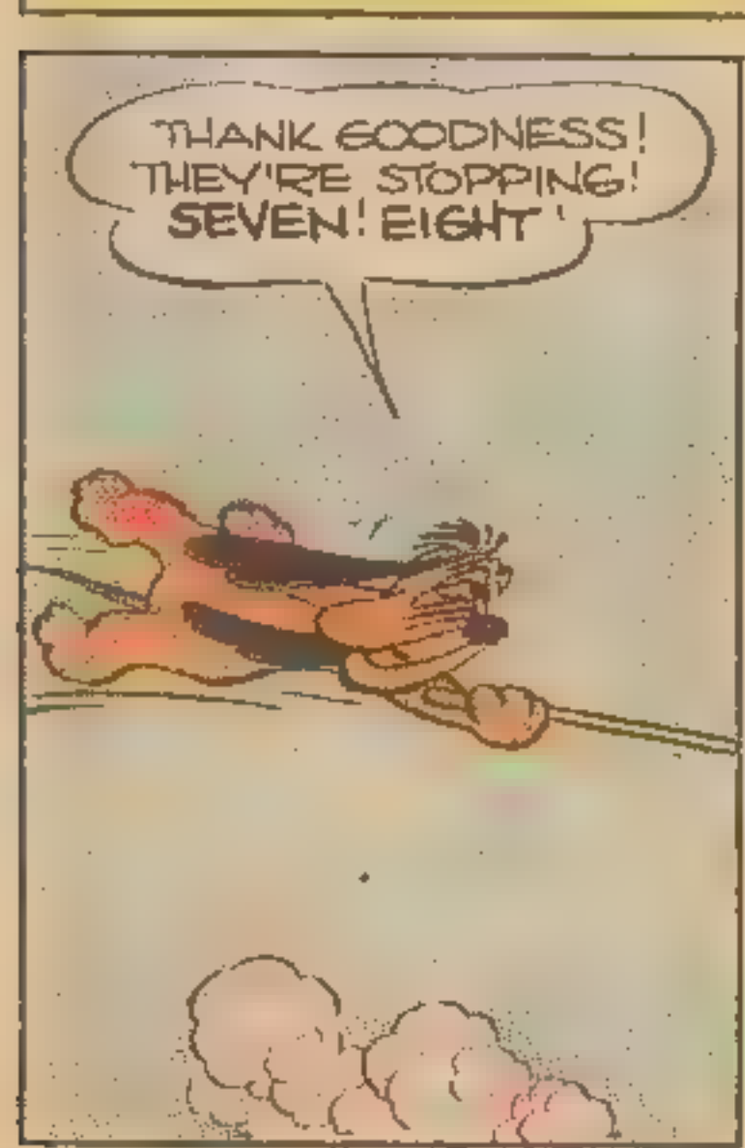

YOU CHEATED!
YOU FOLLOWED ME!


THE TRAIN STOPS FOR WATER, AND HAPPY AND THE CROOK TAKE TO THE WOODS!

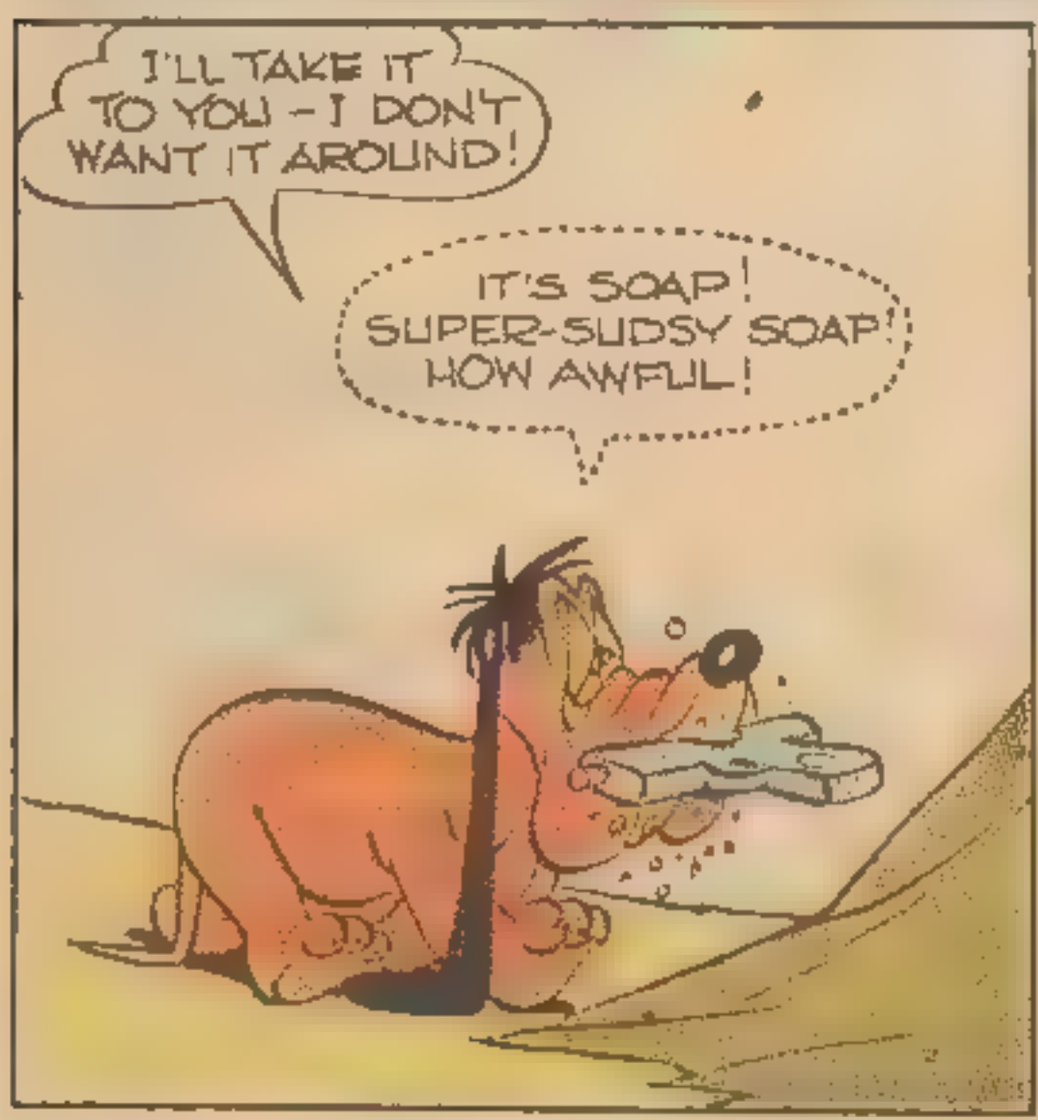

I TELL YOU I DIDN'T FOLLOW YOU! I DON'T WANT TO CATCH YOU AT ALL! I CAME TO THE WOODS TO FISH!
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU! IF YOU'RE ON DE LEVEL, GIVE ME A BREAK! COUNT TO THOITY BEFORE YOU START AFTER ME AGAIN!

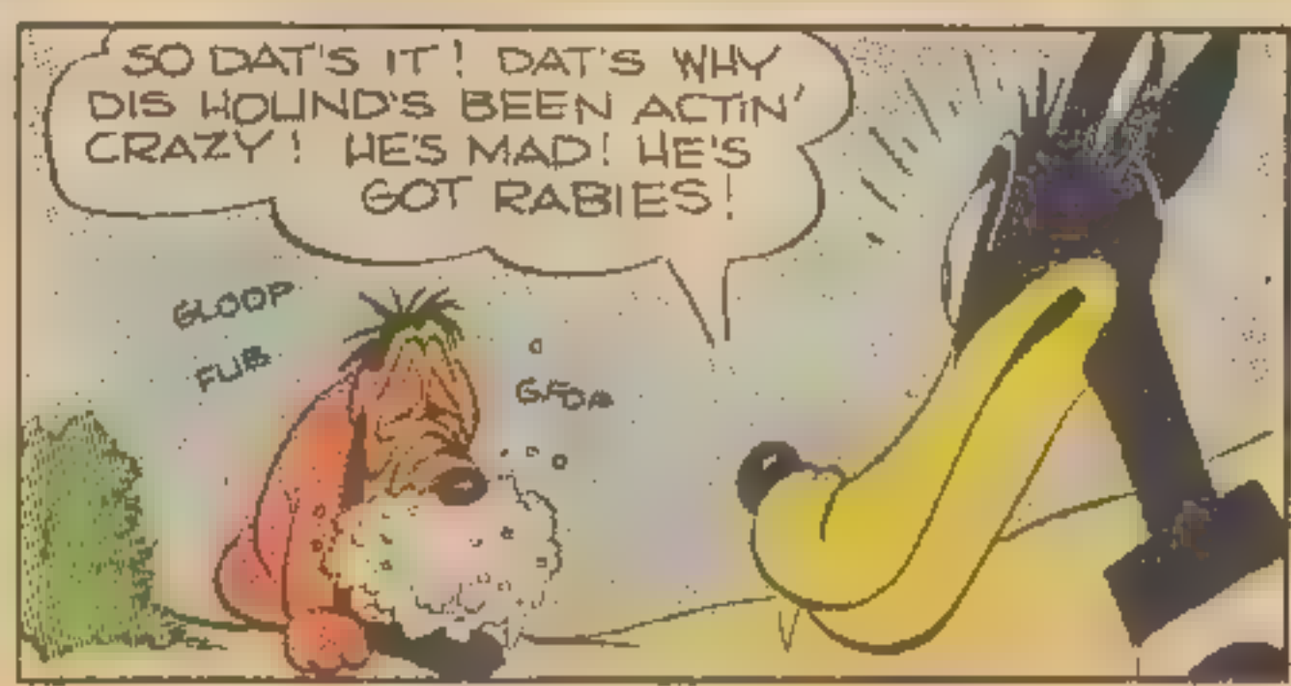

OKAY! OKAY! START RUNNING! ONE! TWO! I'LL MAKE A POLE AND TRY MY LUCK IN THIS POND! THREE! FOUR!

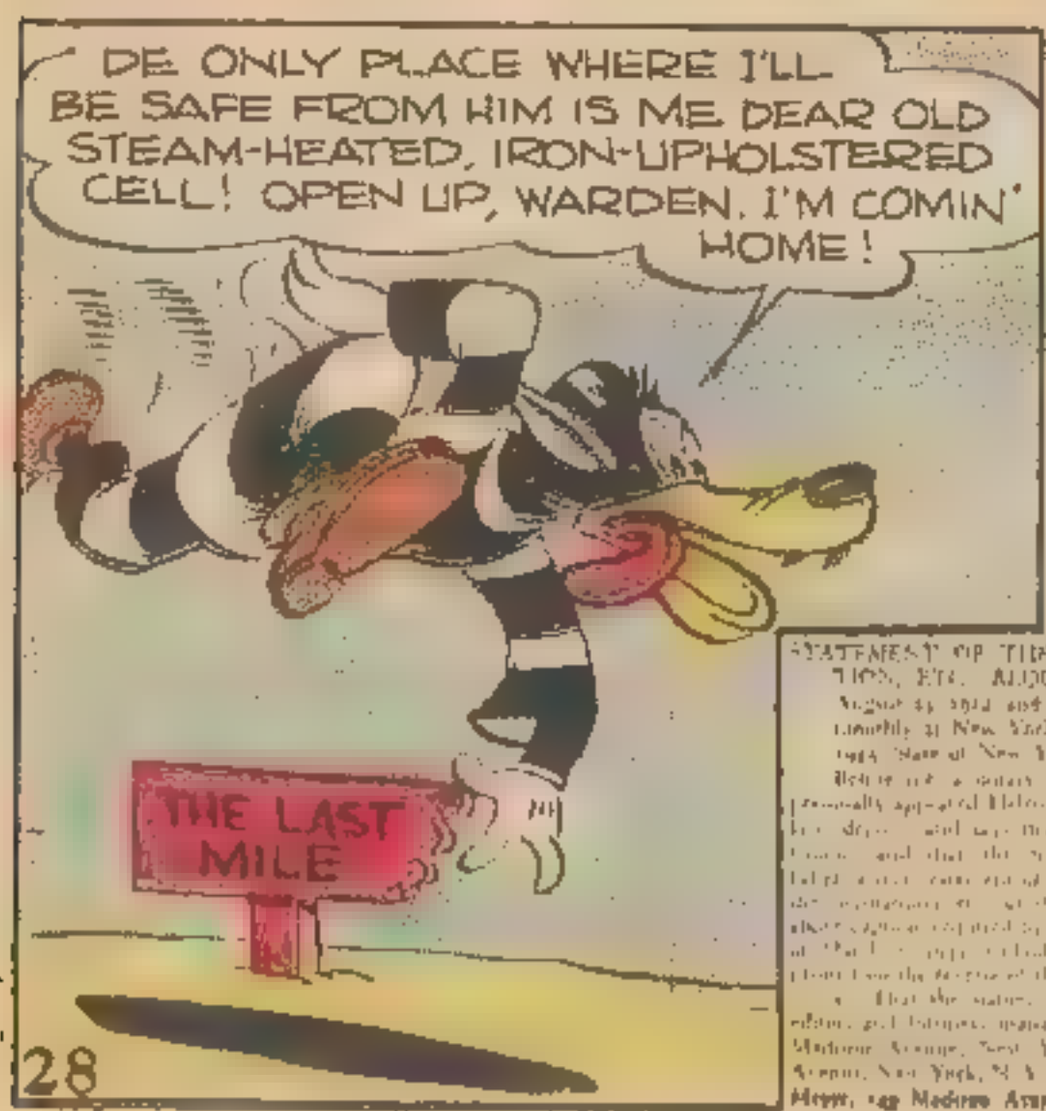
CAN'T I THROW MY LINE OUT WITHOUT CATCHIN' SOMETHING BEHIND ME? FIVE! SIX!

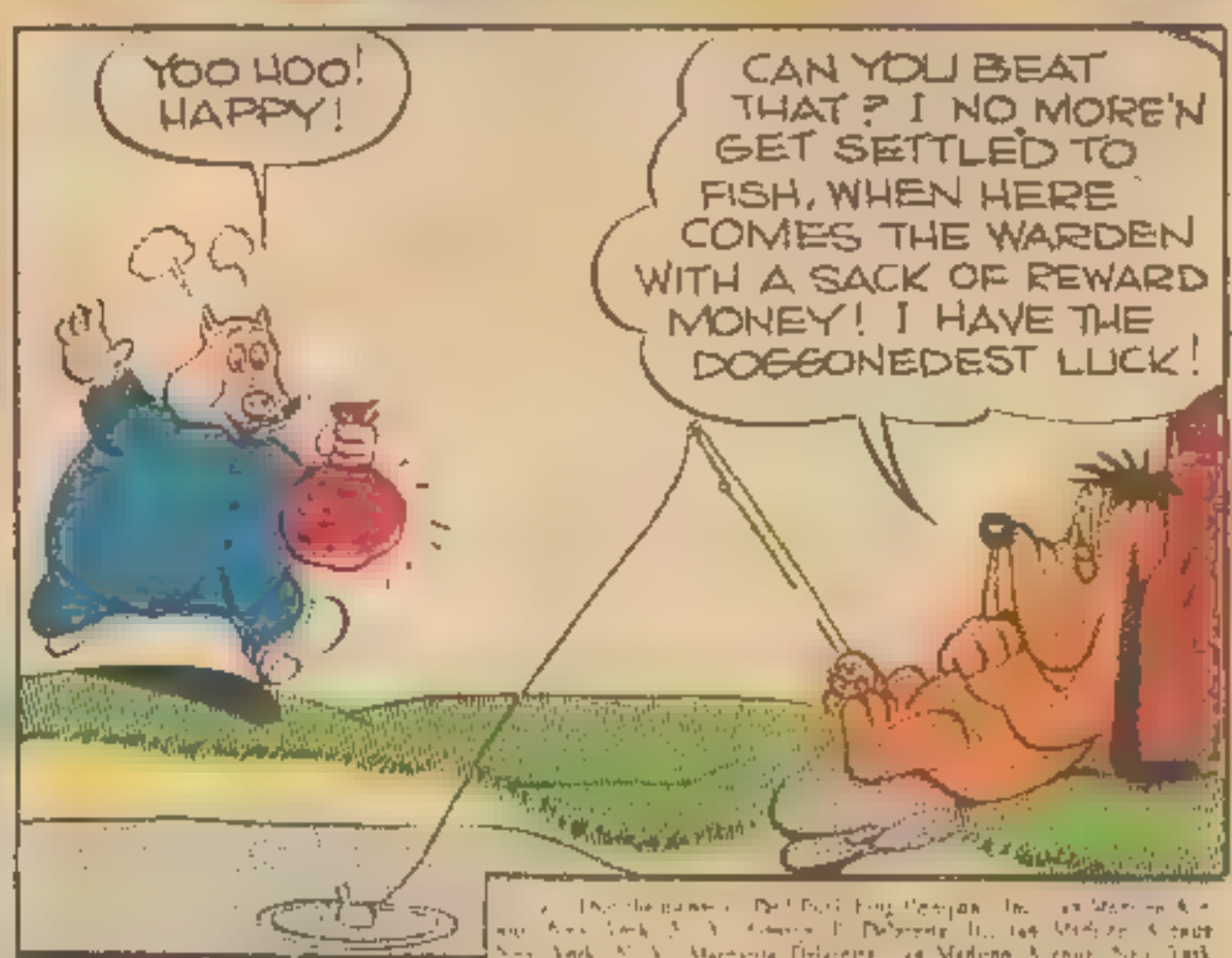

THANK GOODNESS! THEY'RE STOPPING! SEVEN! EIGHT!

I OUGHTA TELL THOSE COPS ABOUT THE CROOK! NINE! TEN! BUT I PROMISED TO COUNT TO THIRTY! ELEVEN! TWELVE!
THAT CONVICT ISN'T ANYWHERE NEAR HERE! LET'S TURN AROUND AND GO BACK TO THE PRISON!









STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Our Gang Comics, published monthly at New York, N. Y., and Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for October 1, 1944. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Our Gang Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the above publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

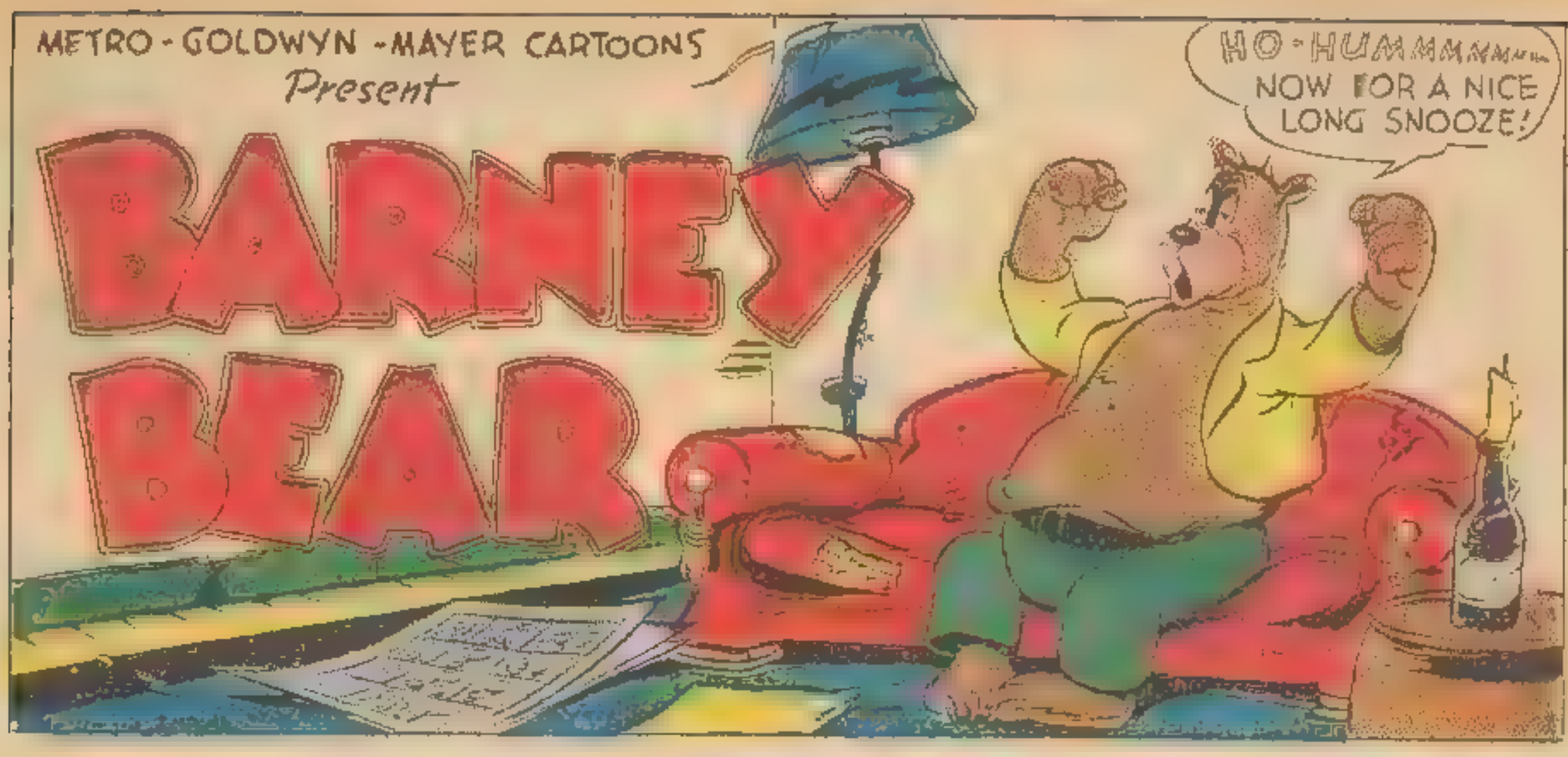
2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margaretta Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

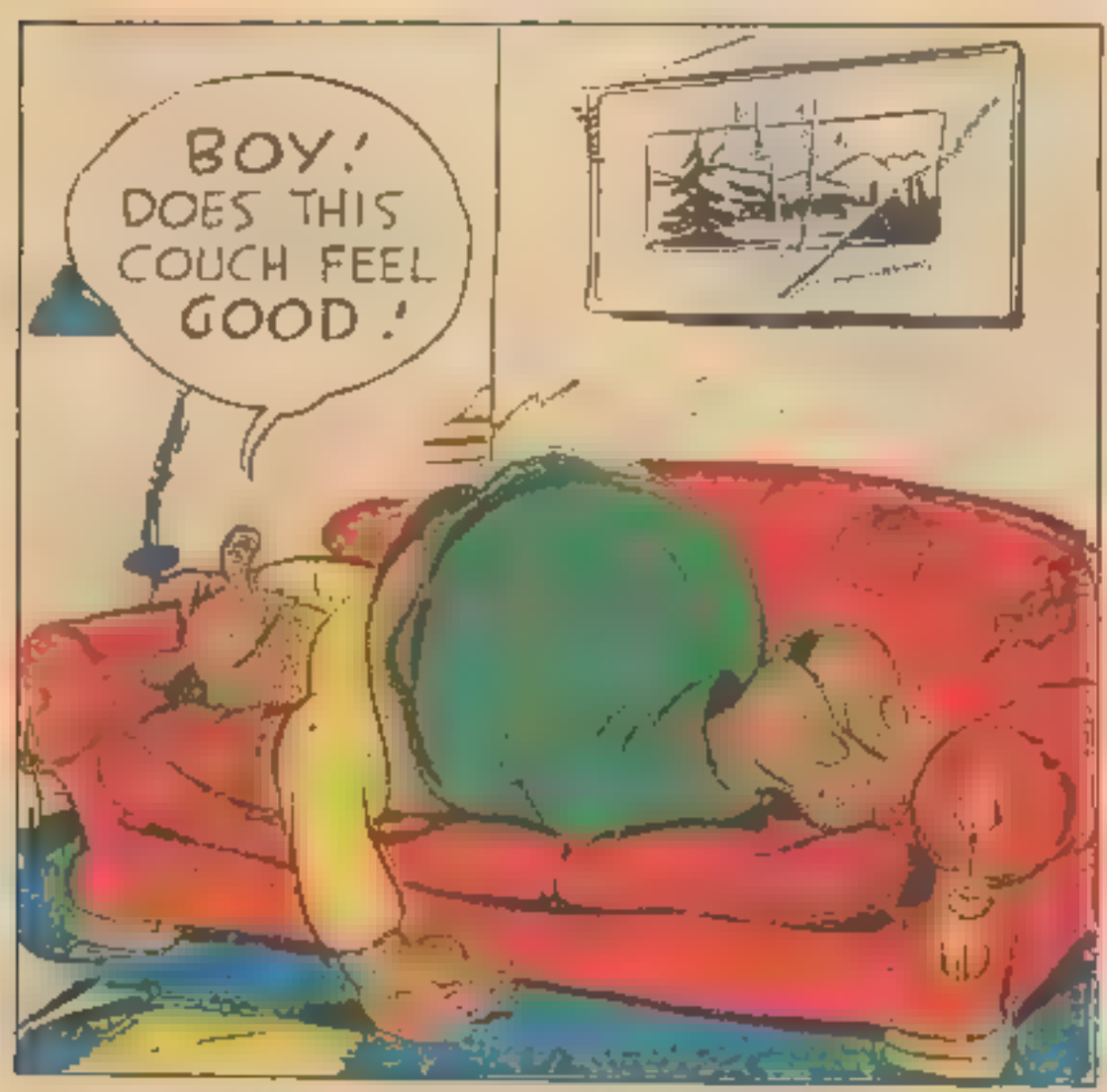
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

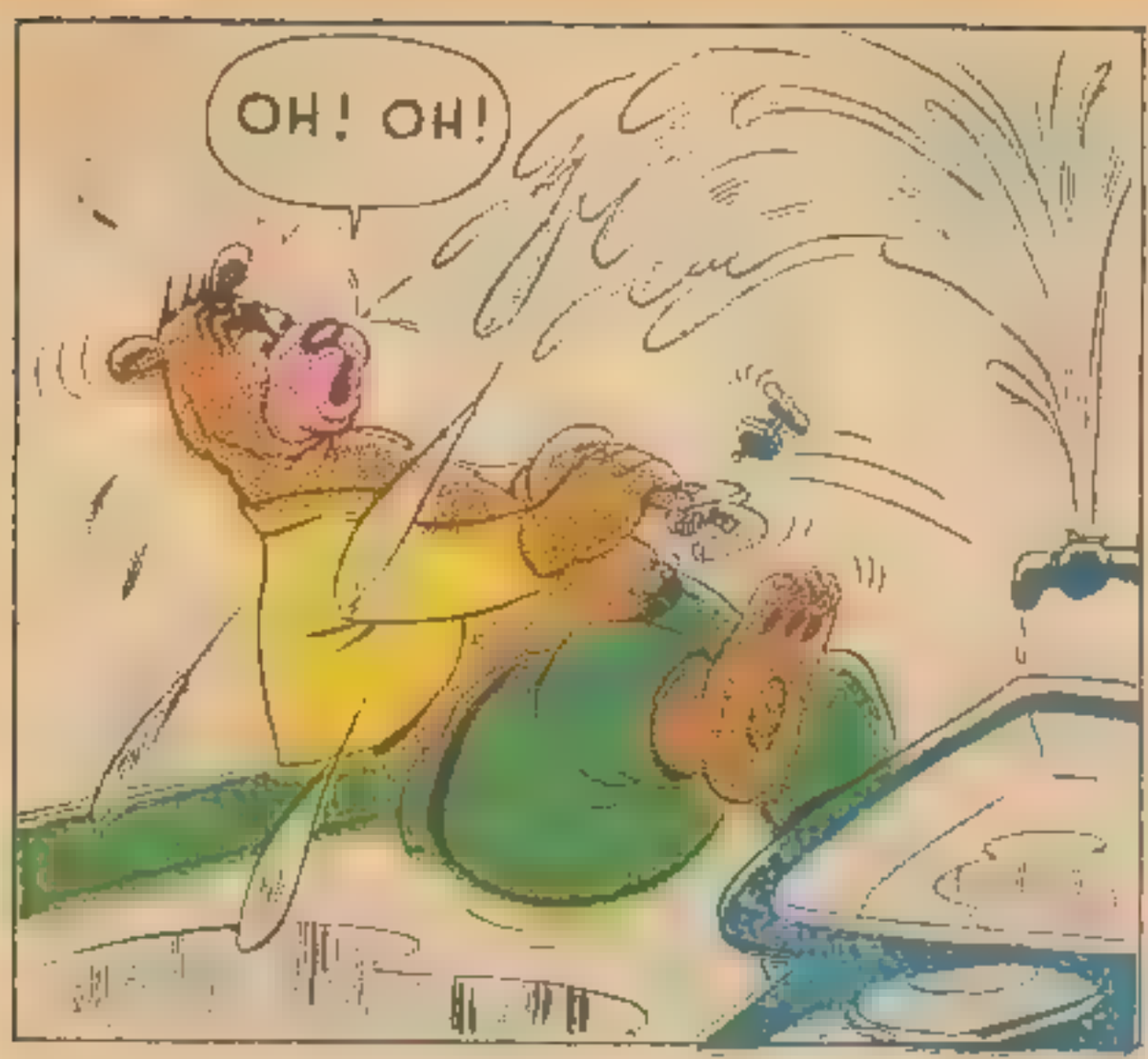
(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

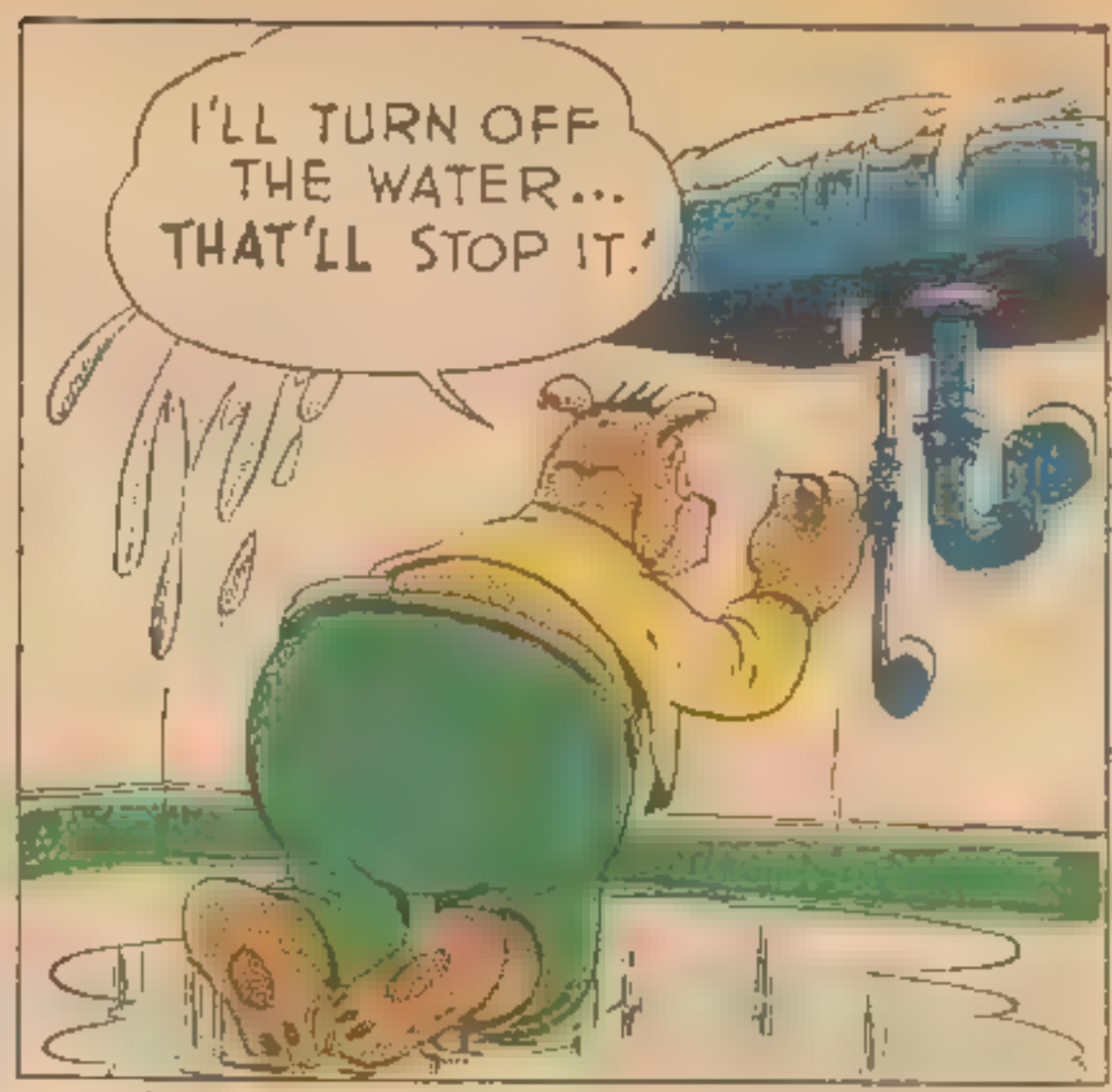
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1944.
JEANNETTE SMITH
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1945)





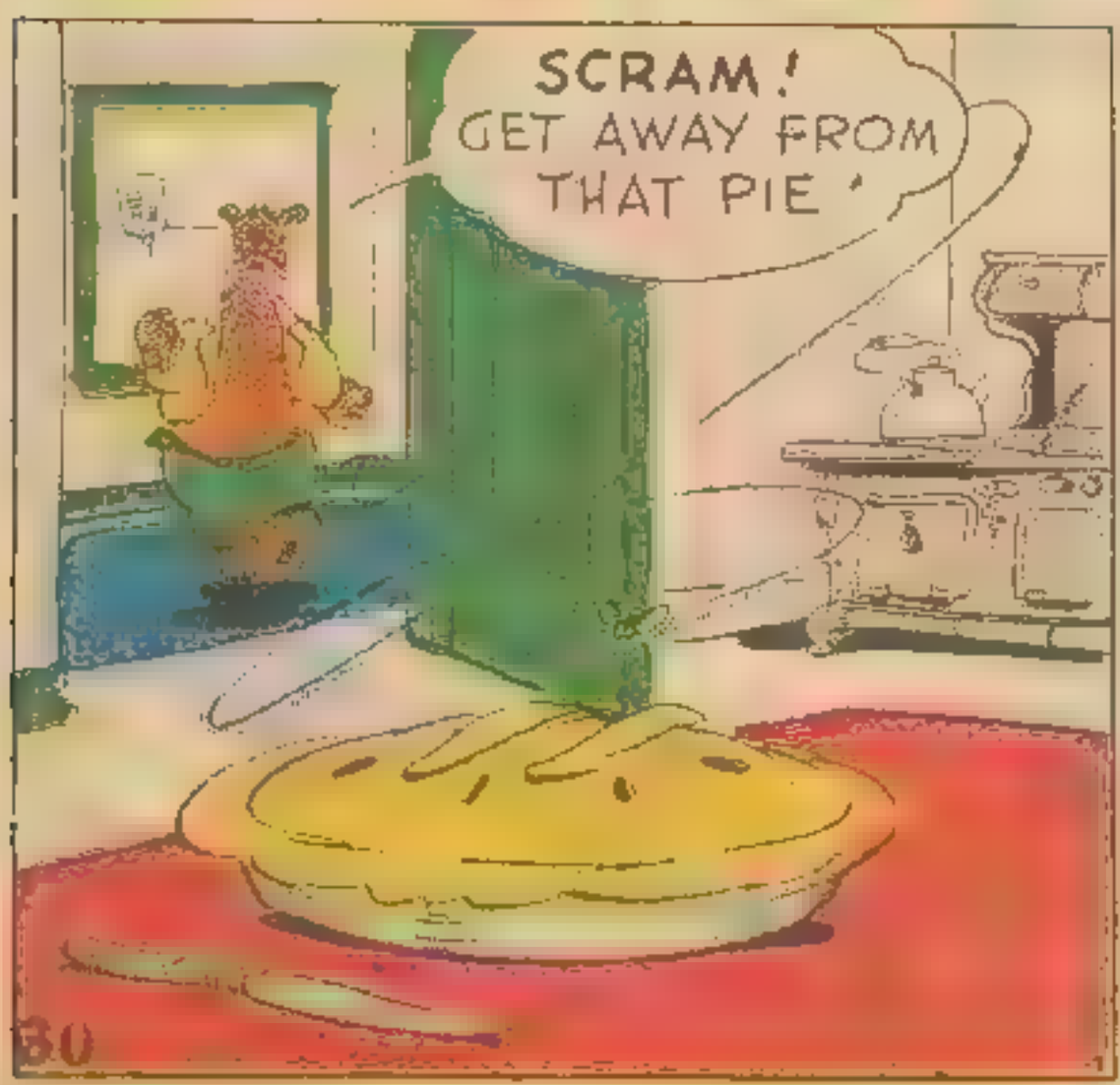
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated


OH! OH!


I'LL TURN OFF THE WATER... THAT'LL STOP IT.'

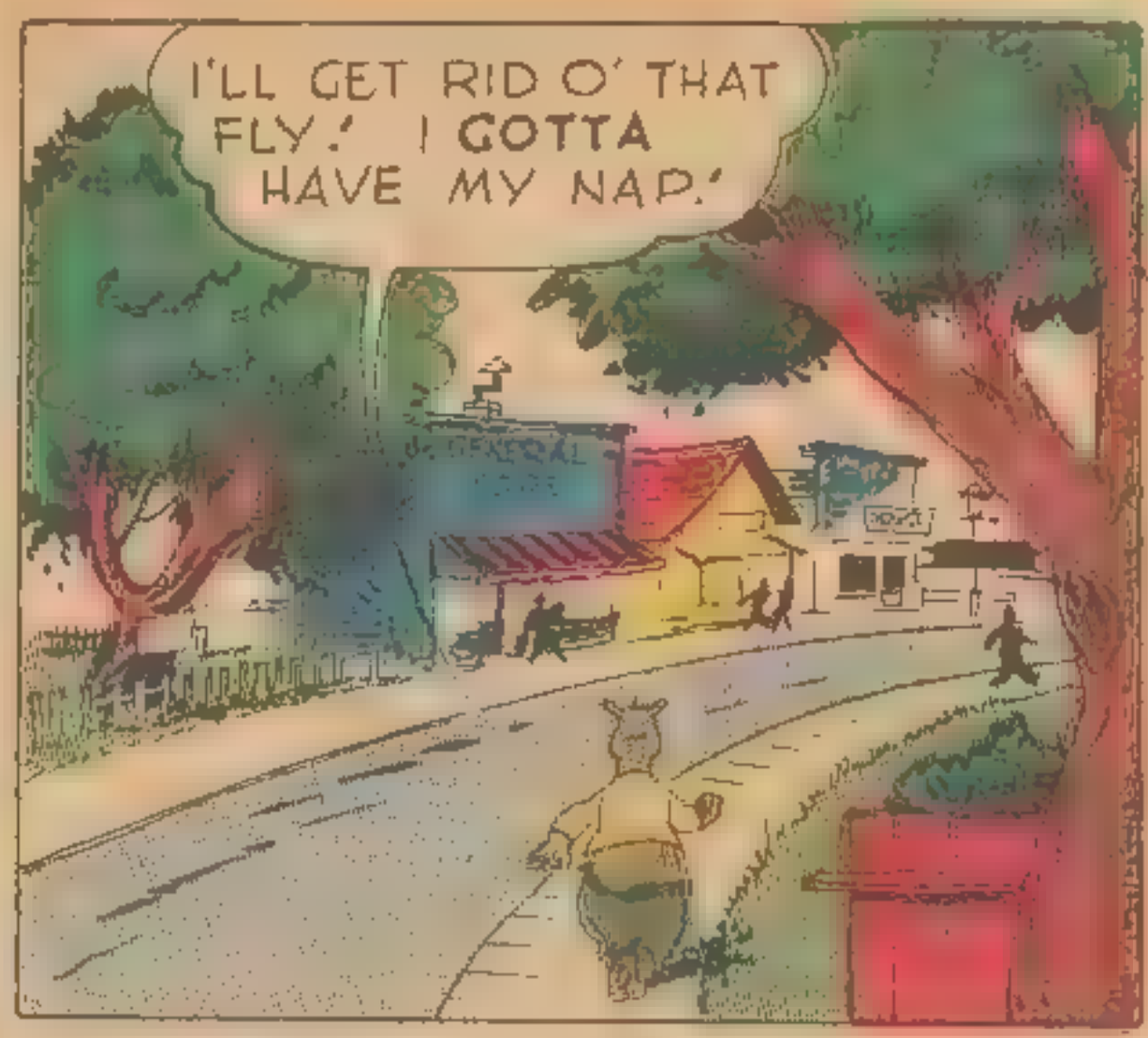
bzzz
NOW A FLY! WHERE'D THAT PESKY ANIMAL COME FROM ?

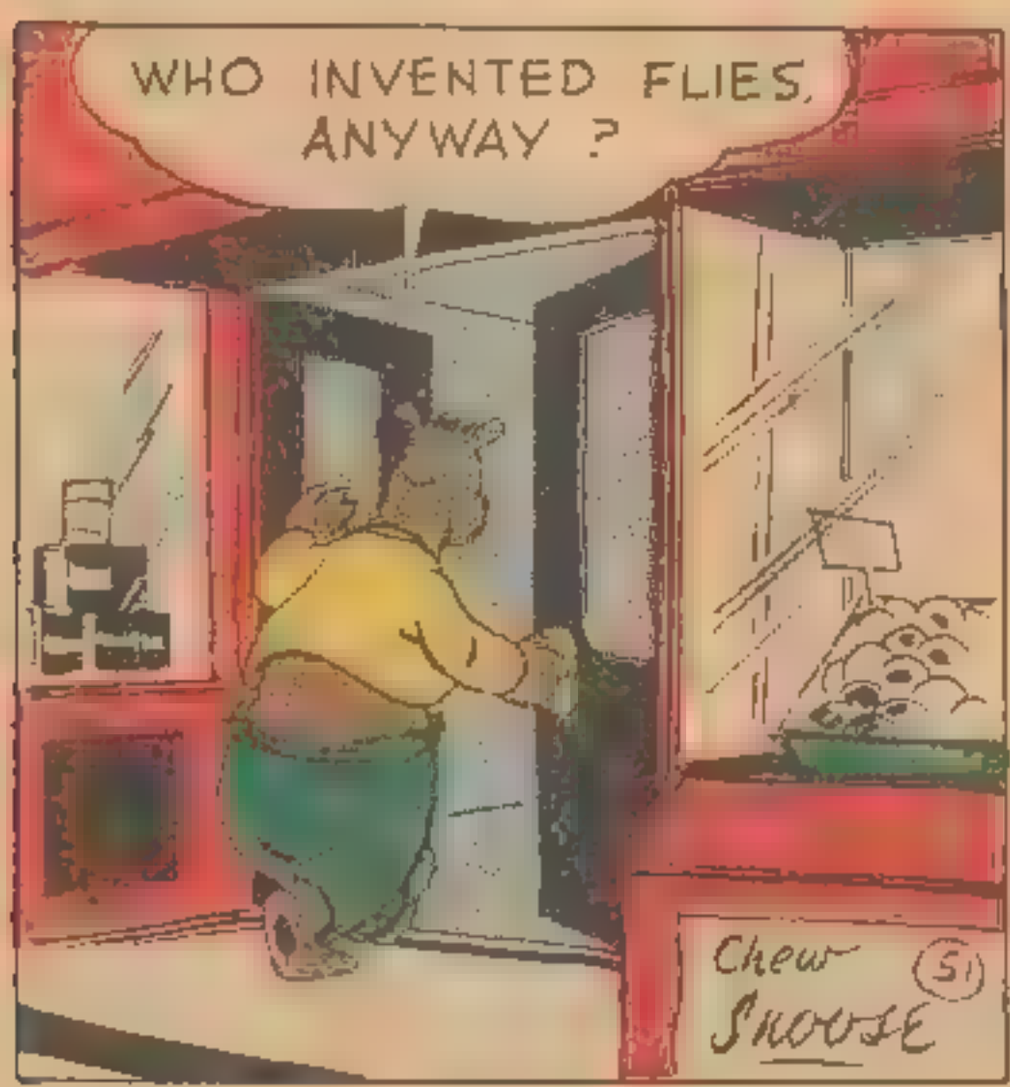
I'LL SHOW HIM! NO FLY IS GONNA KEEP ME AWAKE! NOW WHERE DID HE GO?

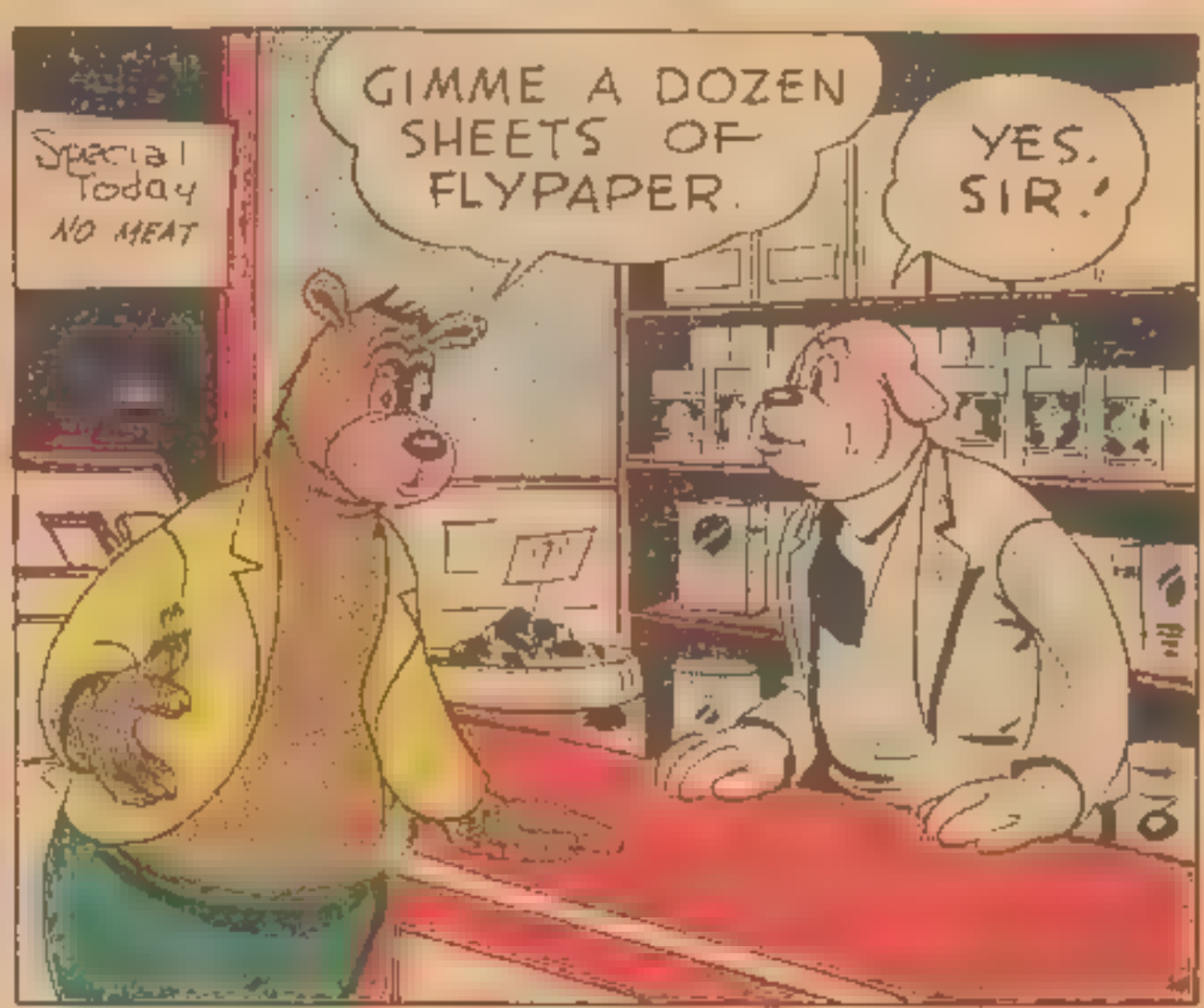

SCRAM! GET AWAY FROM THAT PIE '

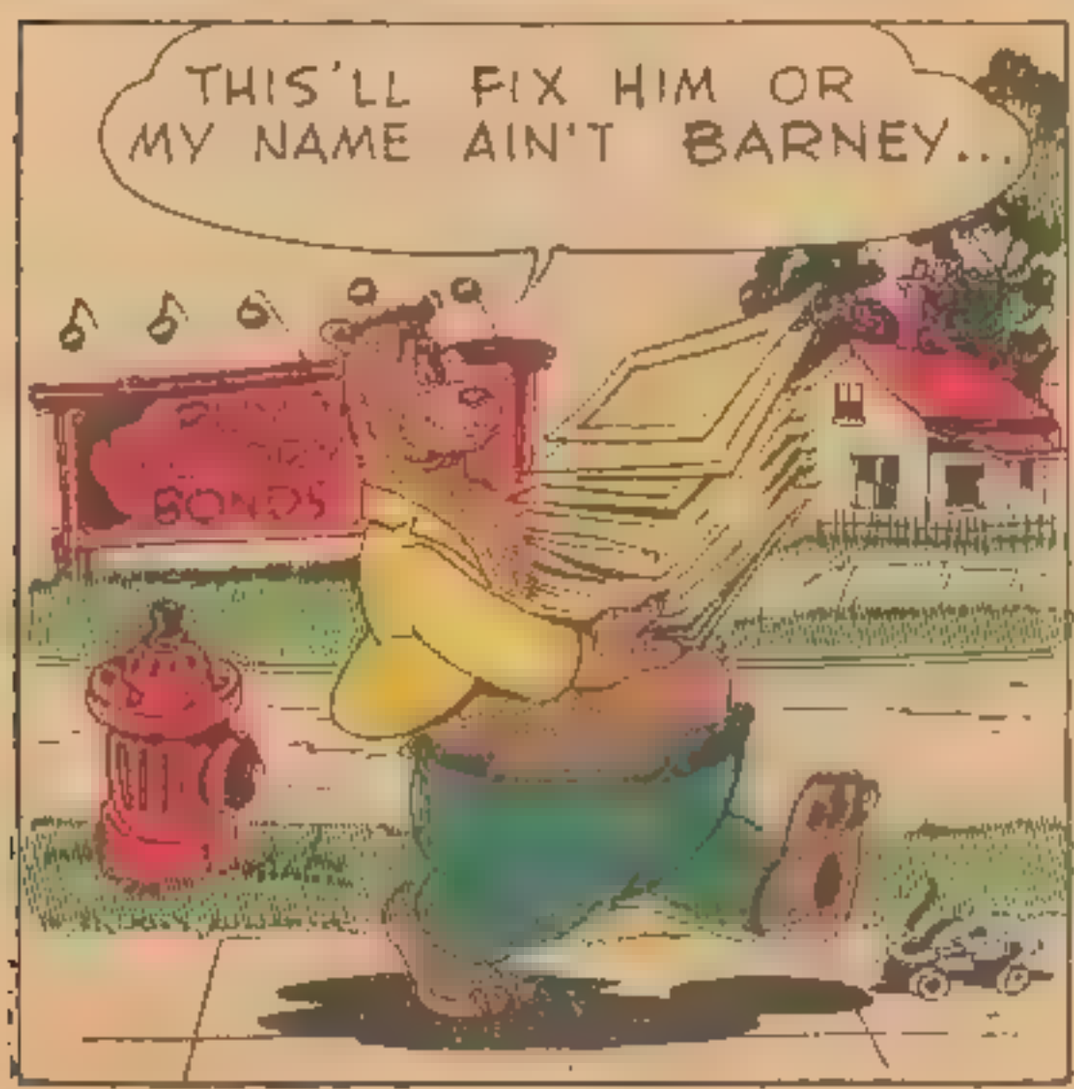
TAKE THAT!

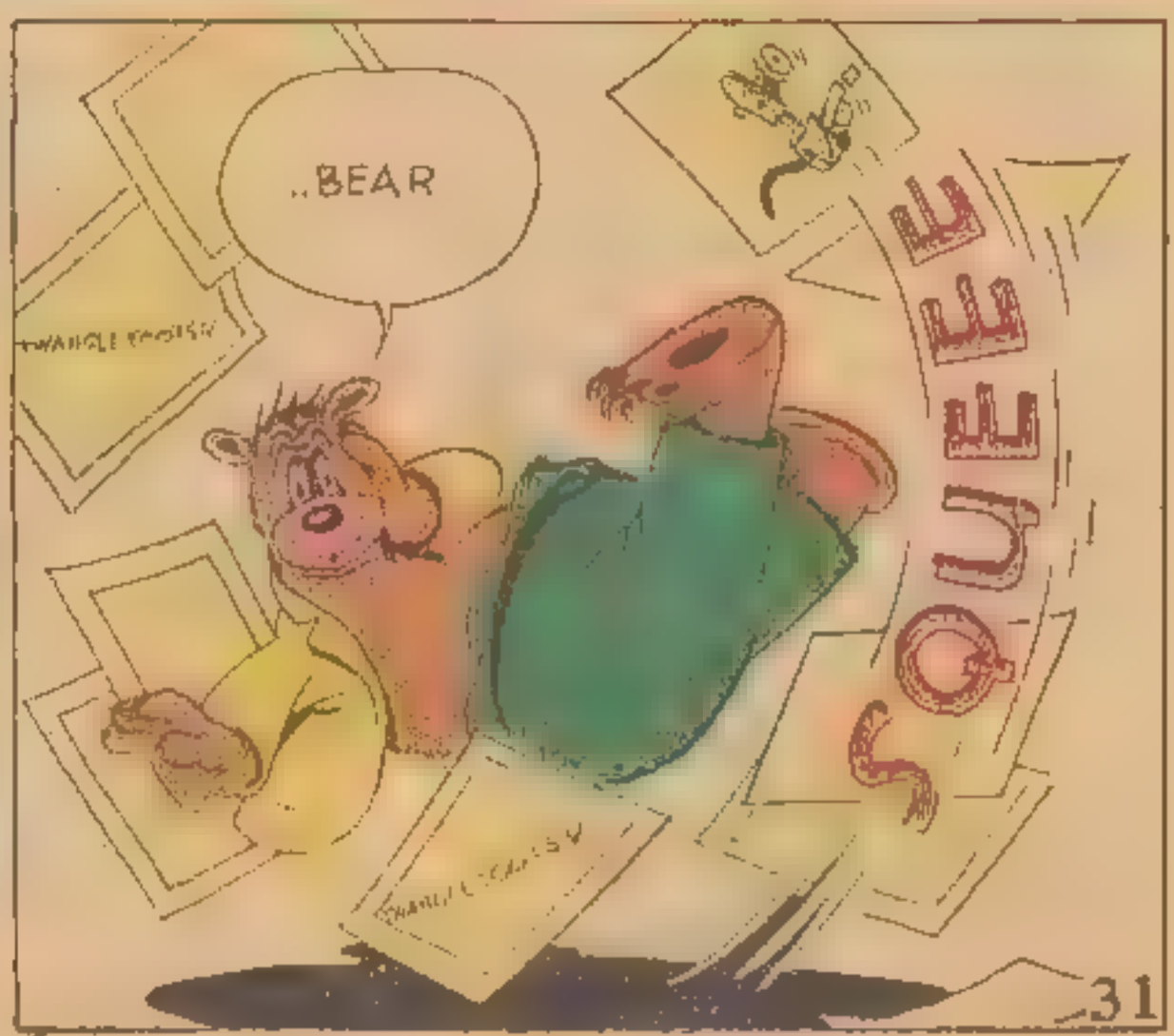
I'LL FIX HIM! I'LL GET SOME FLYPAPER! THAT'LL DO TH' TRICK!


I'LL GET RID O' THAT FLY! I GOTTA HAVE MY NAP!


WHO INVENTED FLIES, ANYWAY ?
Chew SNOOSE

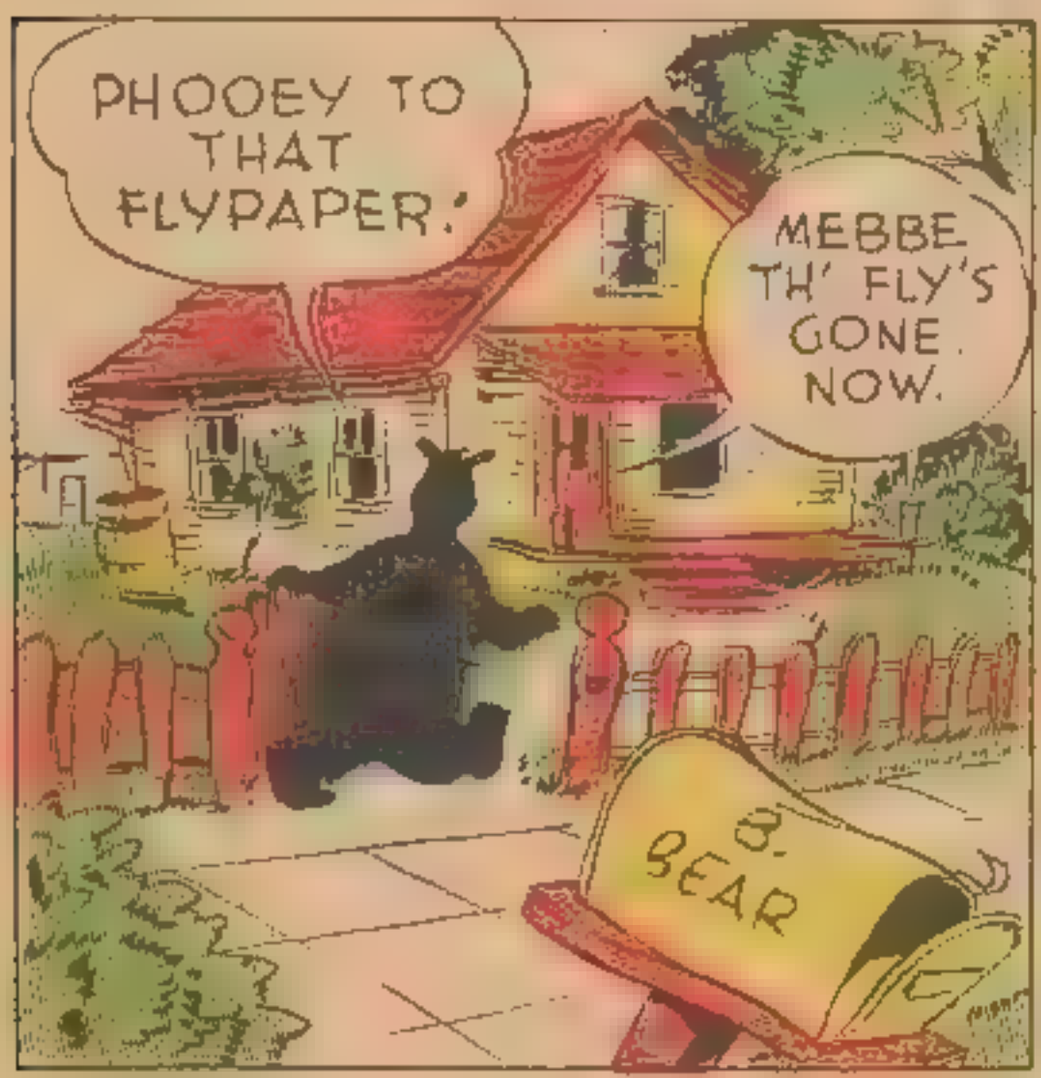

Special Today NO MEAT
GIMME A DOZEN SHEETS OF FLYPAPER.
YES, SIR!


THIS'LL FIX HIM OR MY NAME AIN'T BARNEY...
BONDS

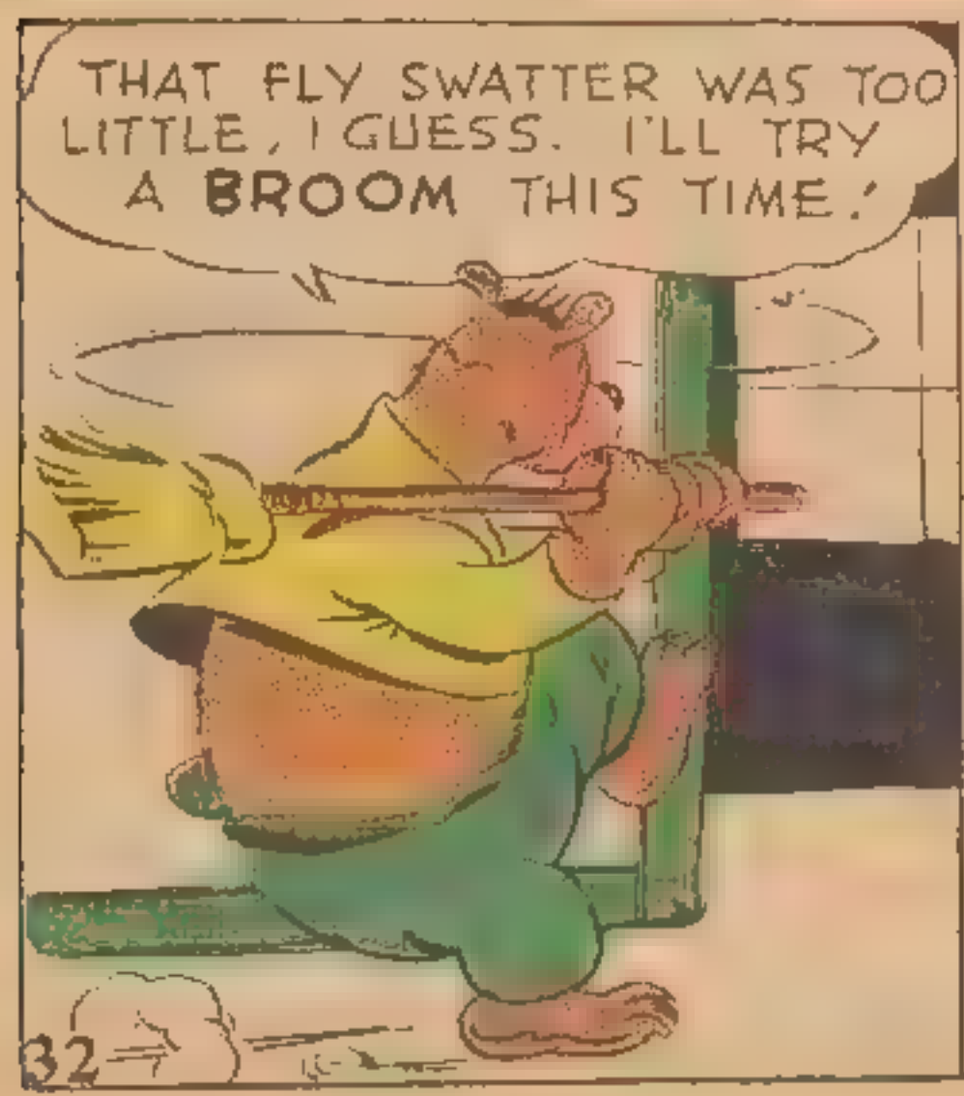

..BEAR
BONDS

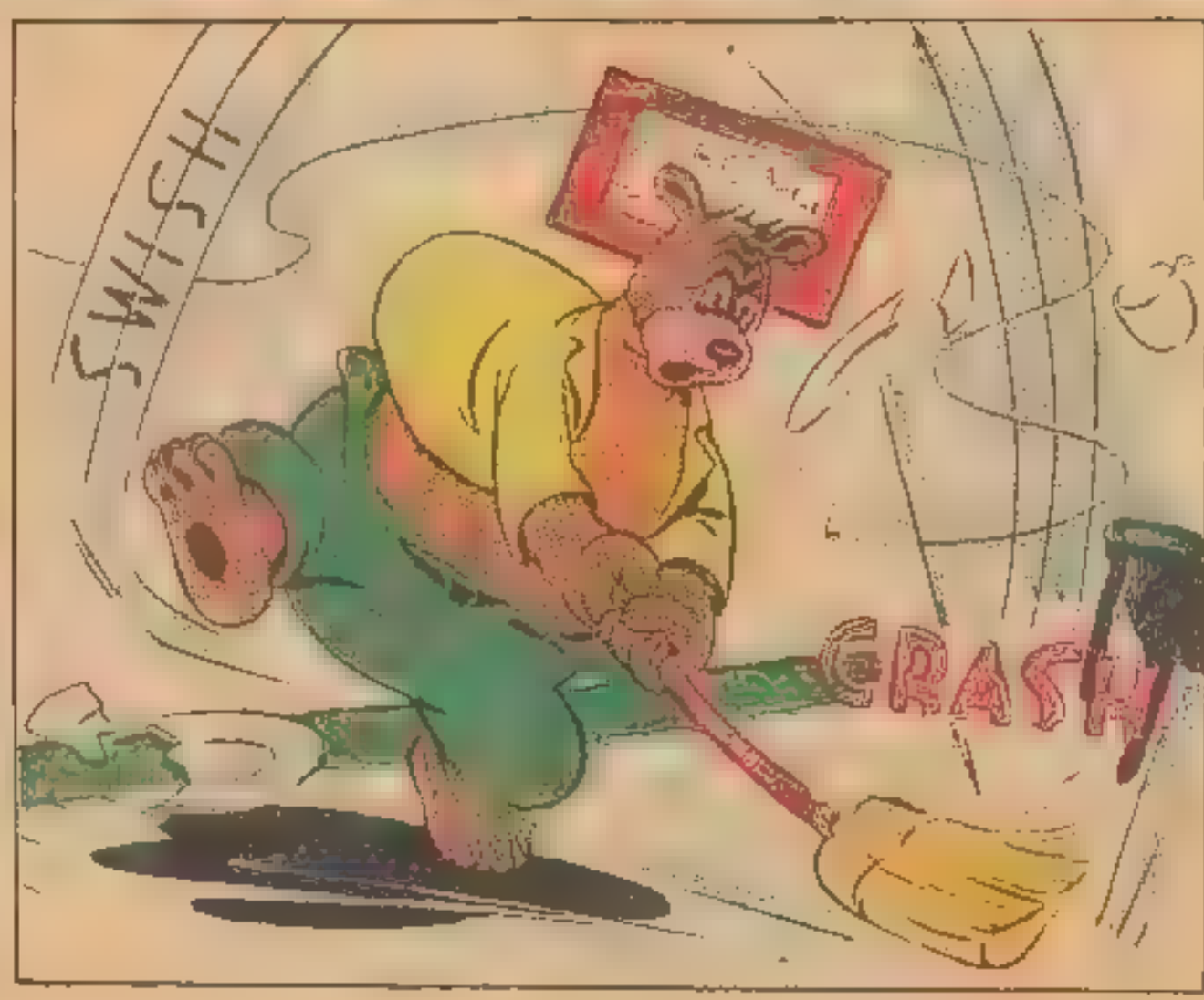
TAP
TAP

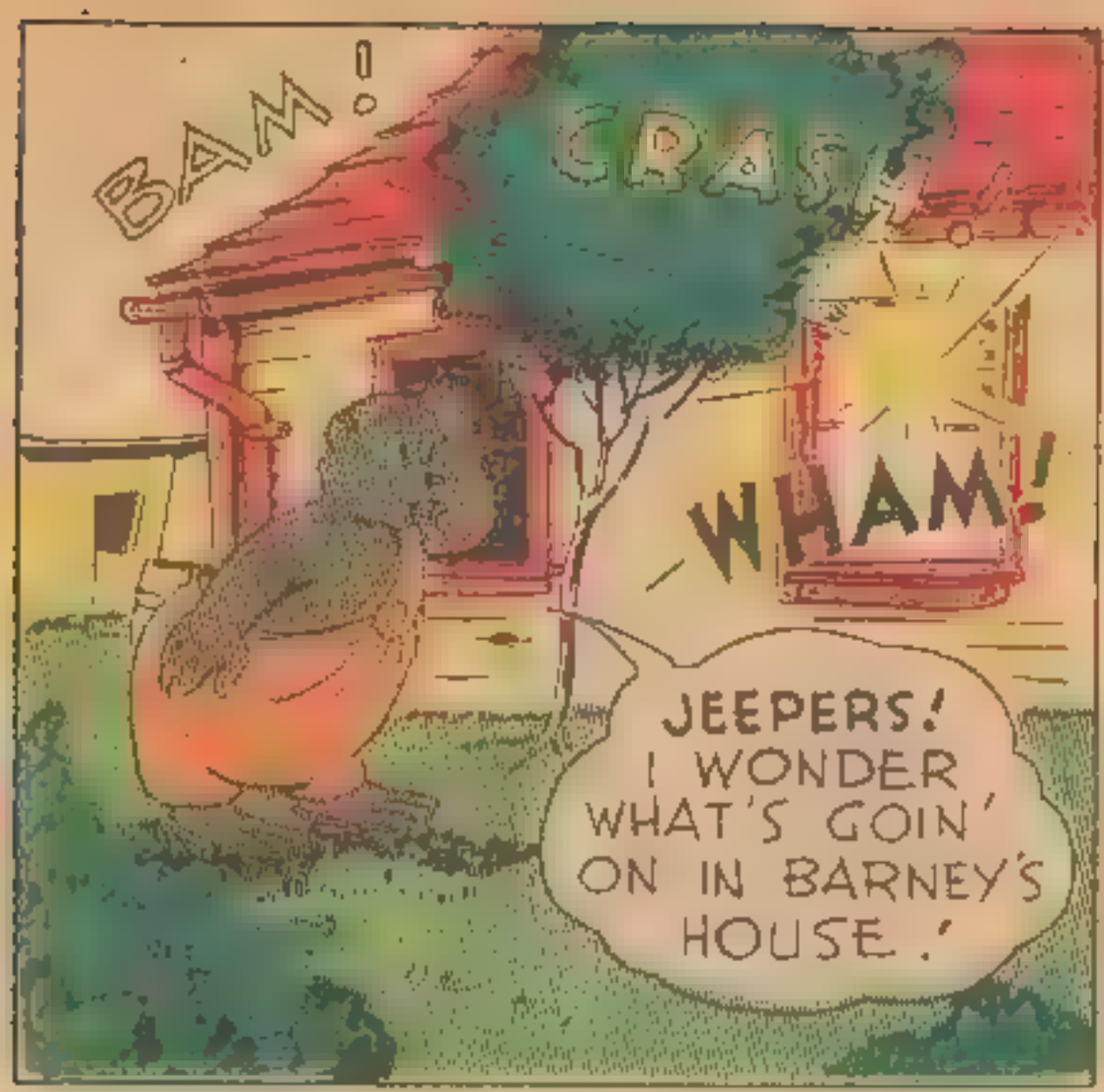
DRAT THIS STICKY STUFF!
BARNEY STRUGGLES BUT FINALLY GETS RID OF THE FLYPAPER.

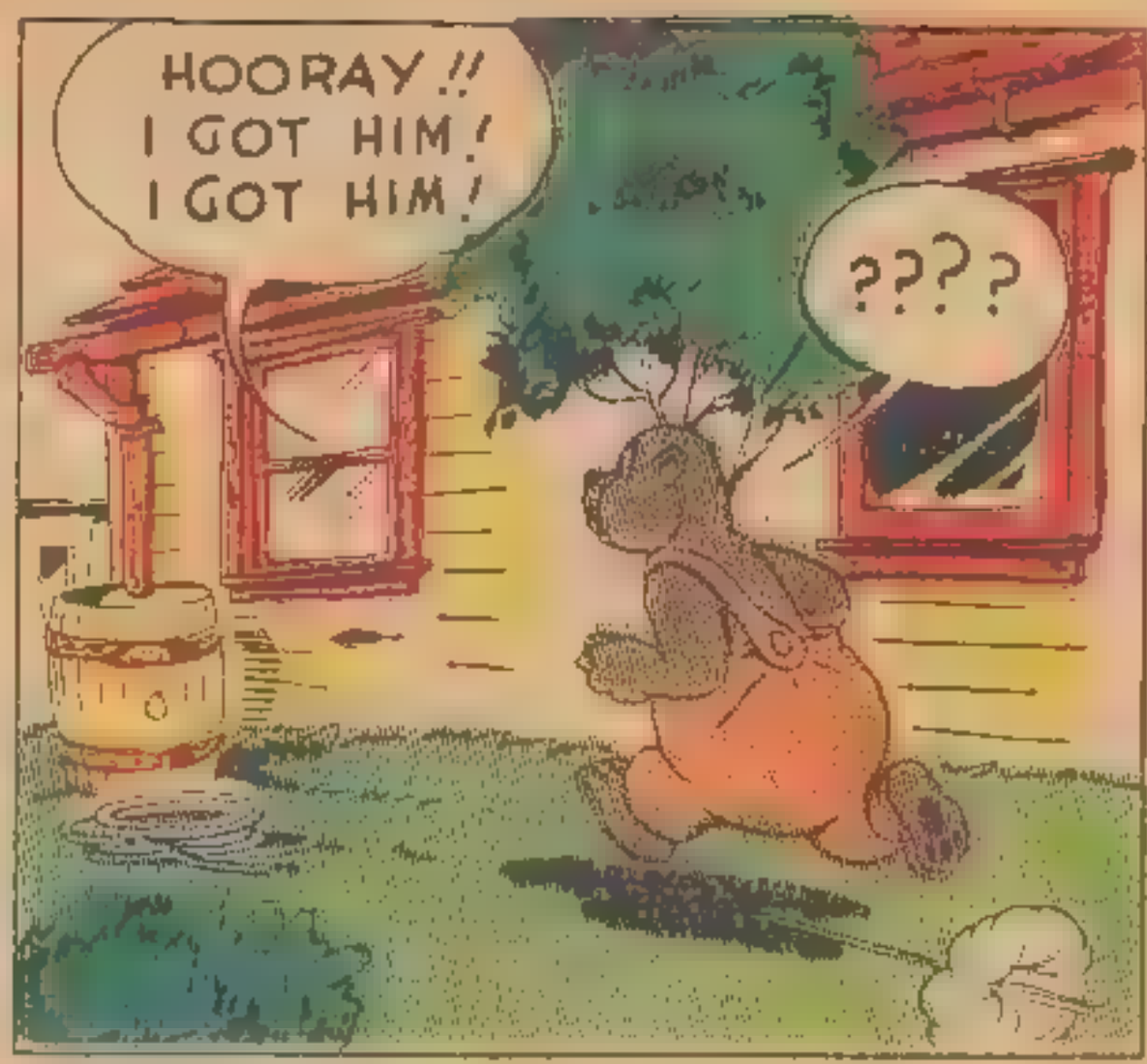

PHOOEY TO THAT FLYPAPER!
MEBBE TH' FLY'S GONE NOW.
B. BEAR

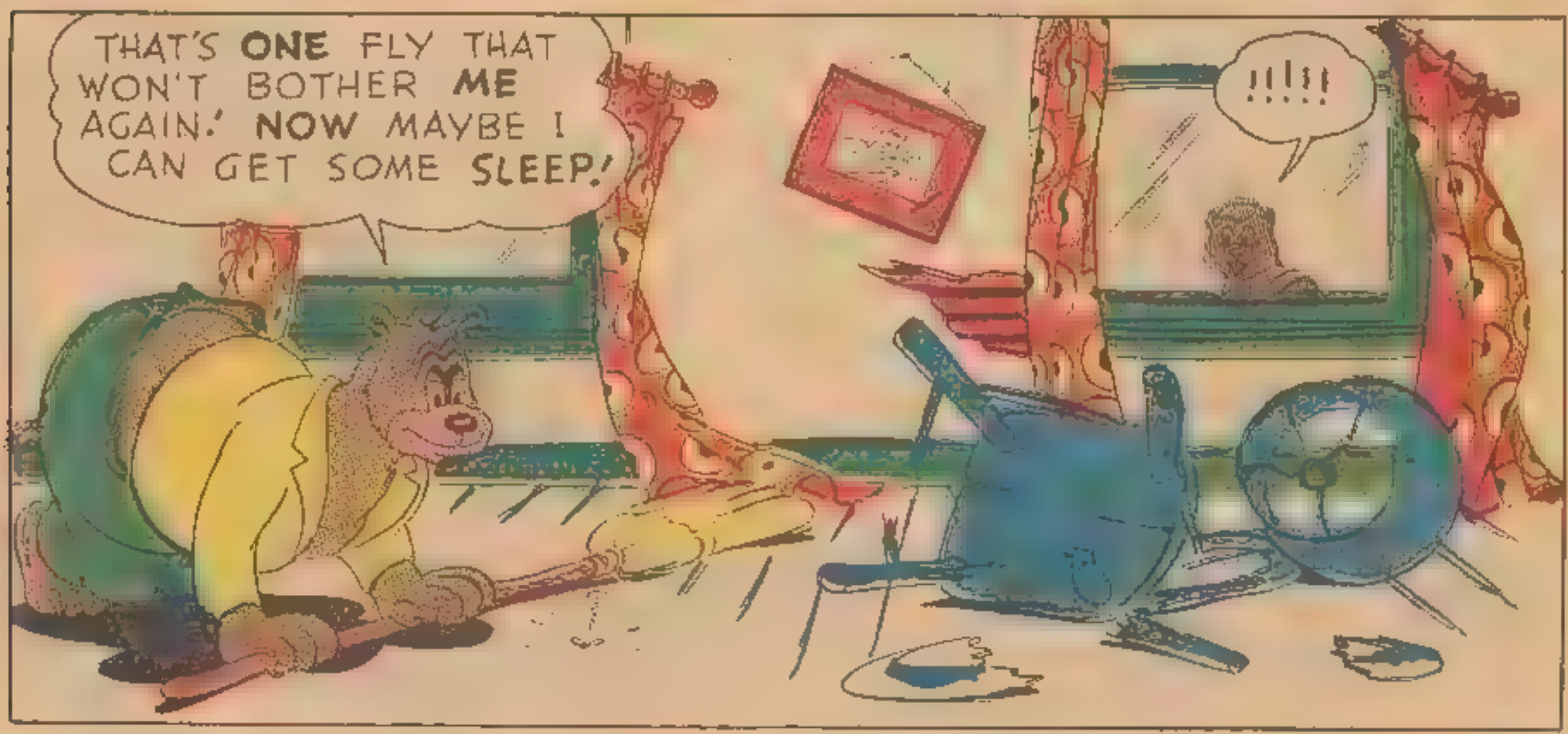
THERE IT IS AGAIN!


THAT FLY SWATTER WAS TOO LITTLE, I GUESS. I'LL TRY A BROOM THIS TIME!


WISH
CRASH

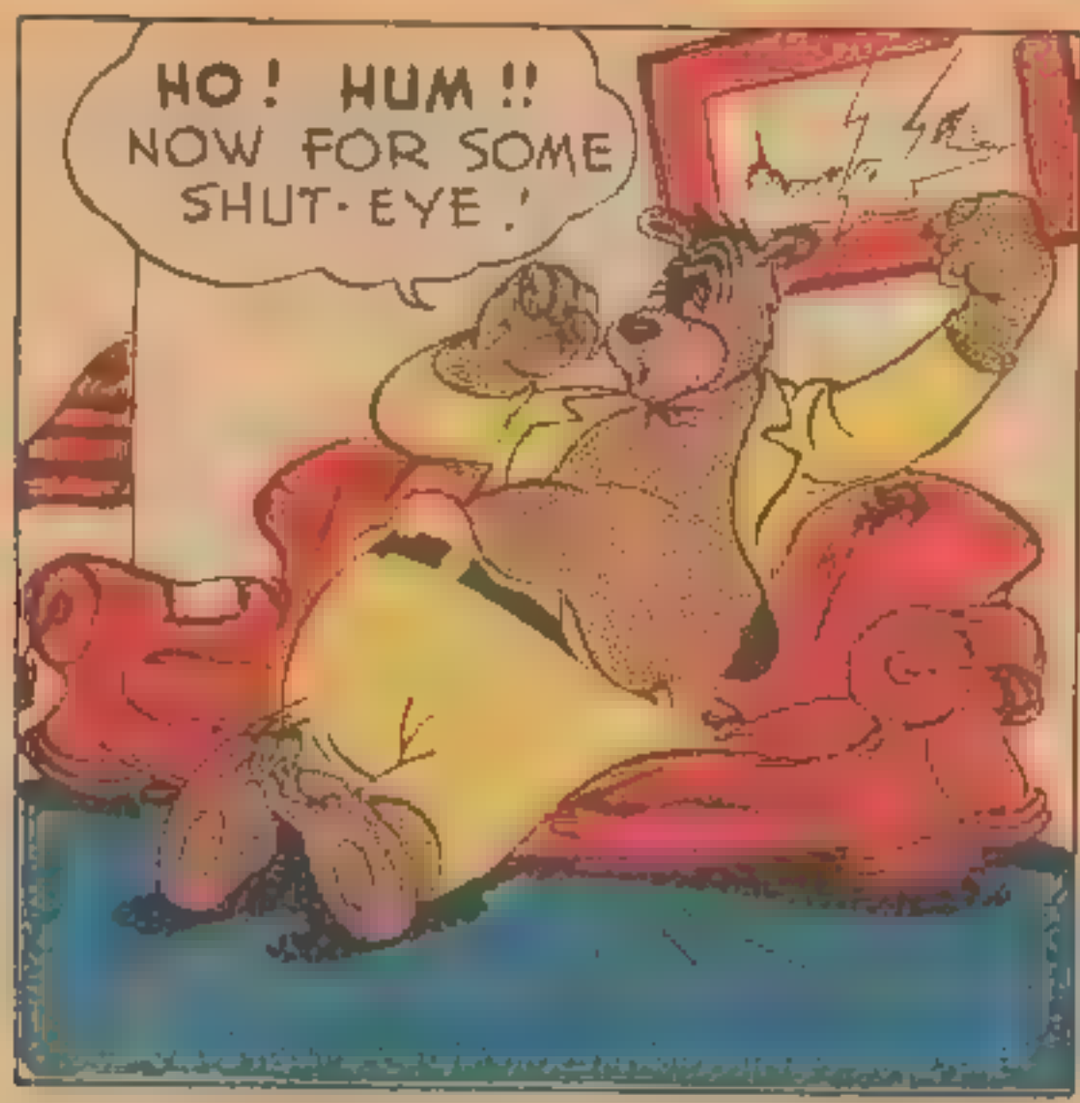

BAM!
CRASH!
WHAM!
JEEPERS! I WONDER WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN BARNEY'S HOUSE.'

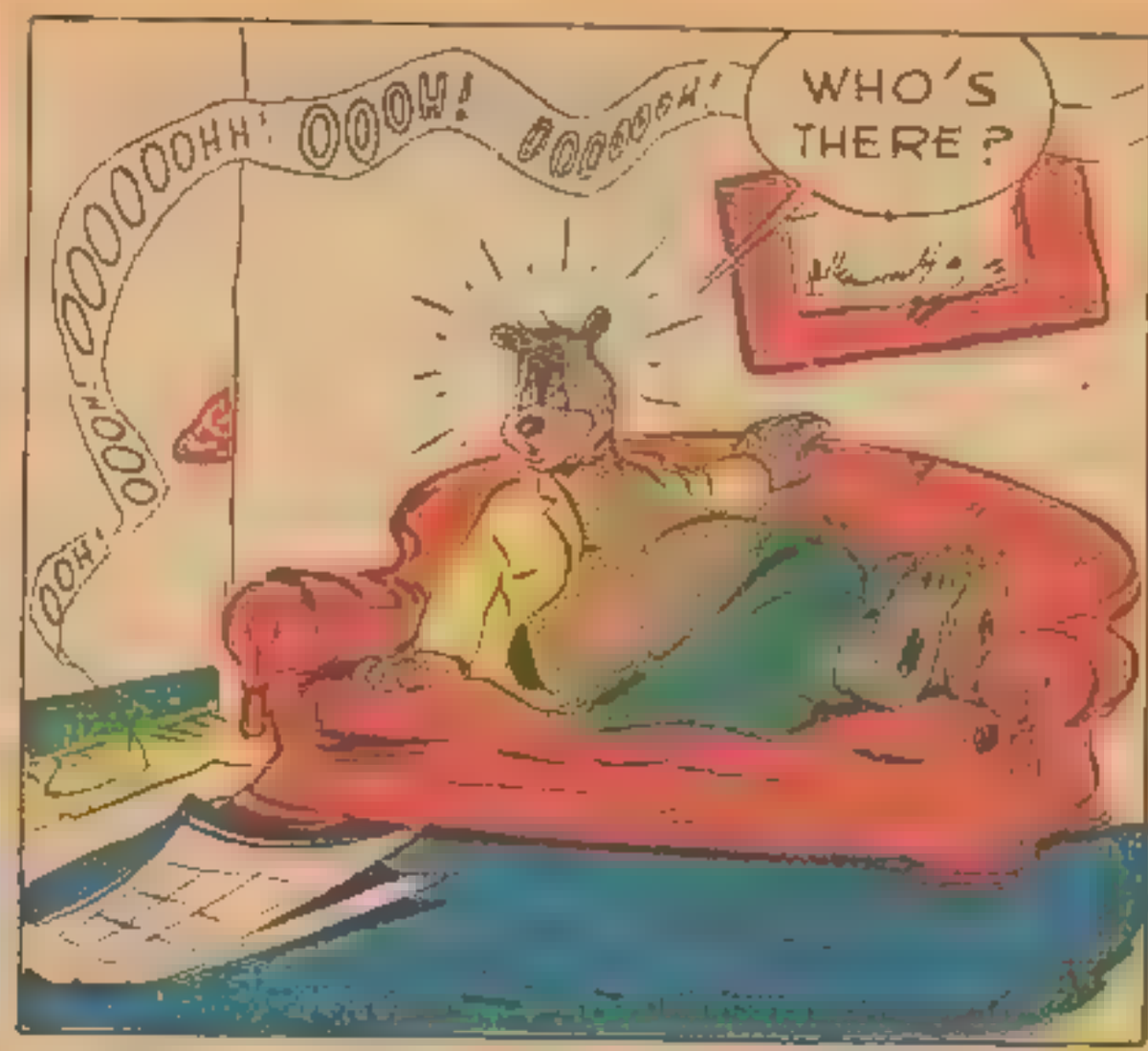

HOORAY!! I GOT HIM! I GOT HIM!
????


THAT'S ONE FLY THAT WON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN.' NOW MAYBE I CAN GET SOME SLEEP.'
!!!!!

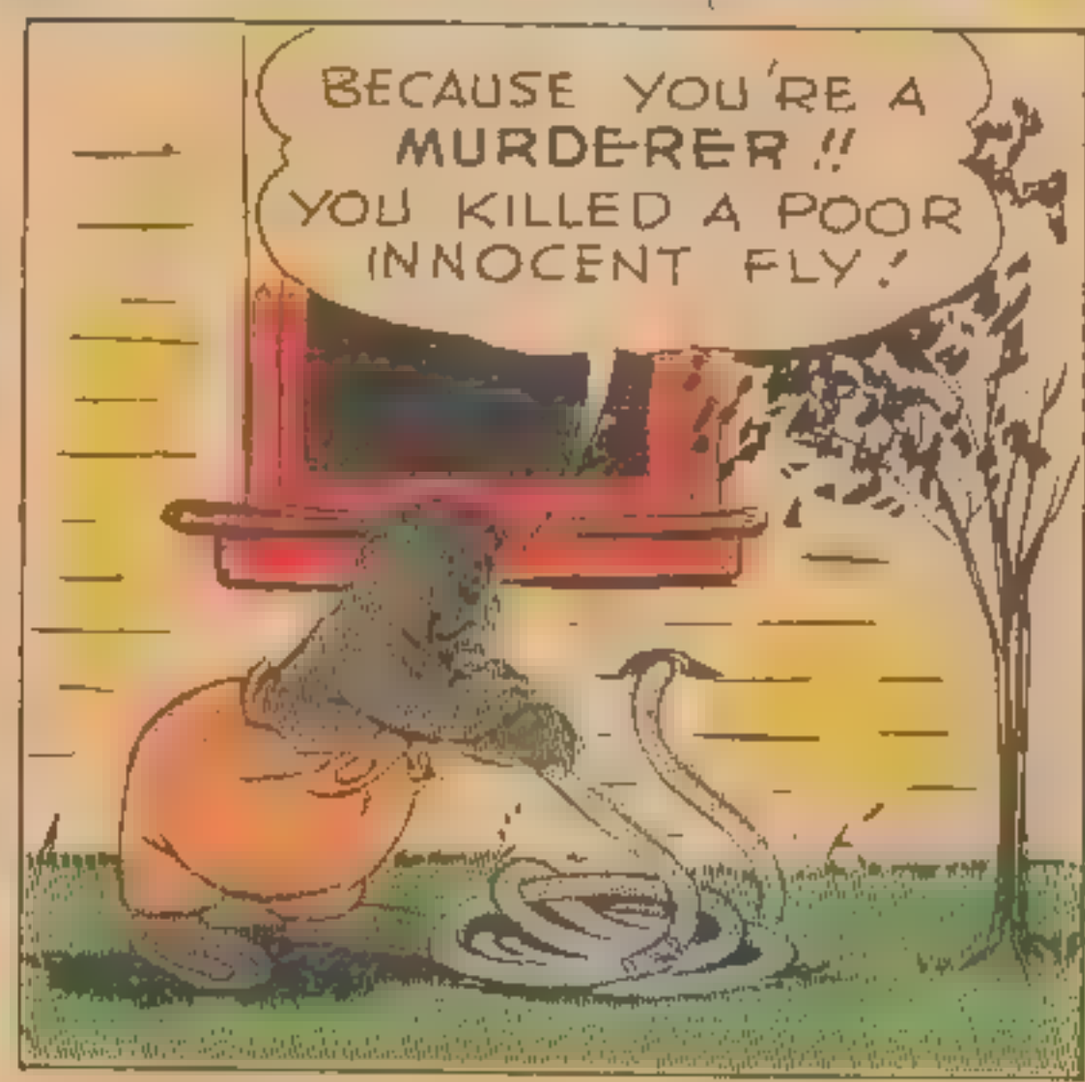
I JUST HAD A SWELL IDEA... AN' THAT GARDEN HOSE IS JUST WHAT I NEED.'

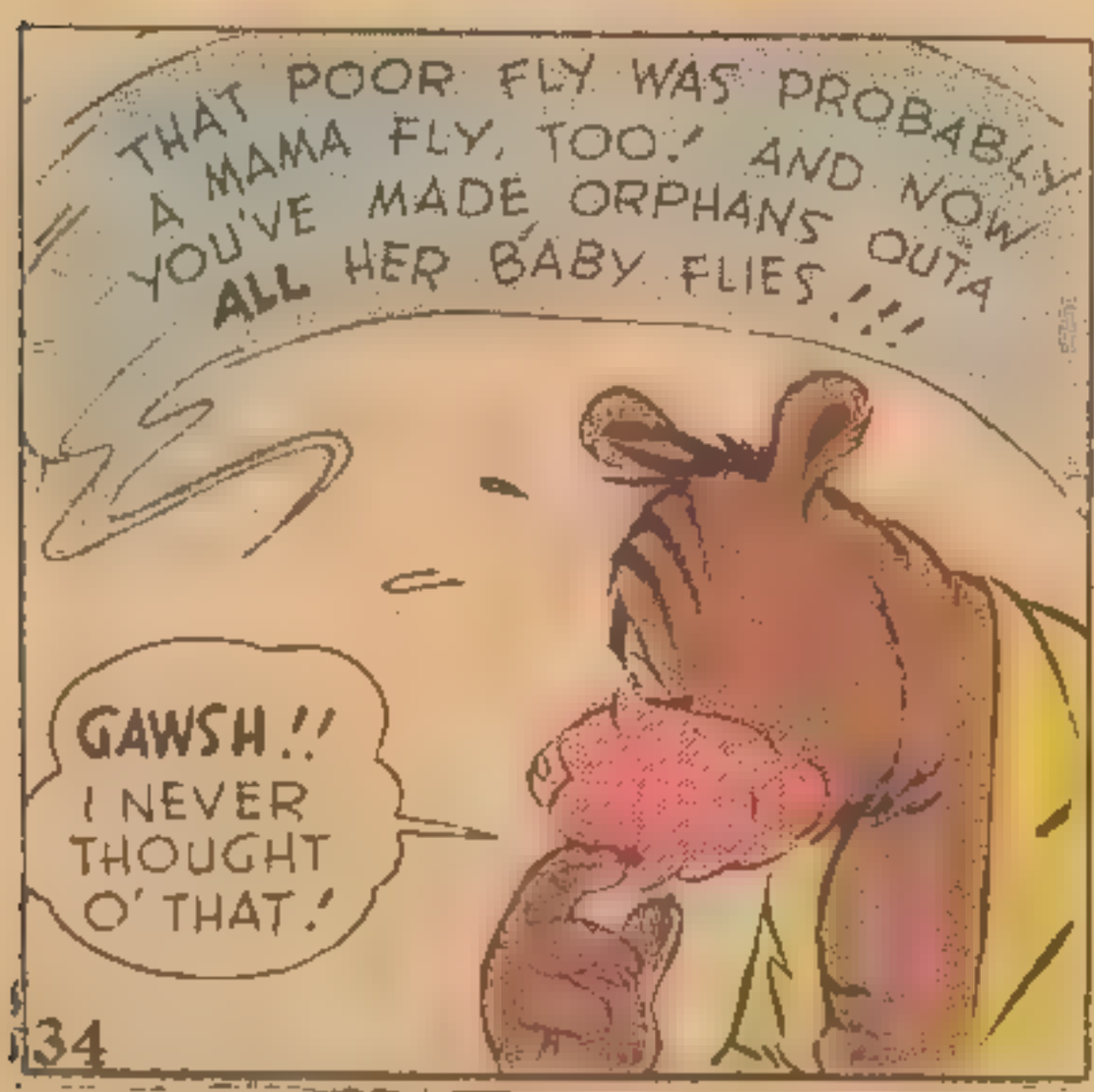
I'LL STICK ONE END OF IT IN THIS HOLE IN THE WALL AN'...

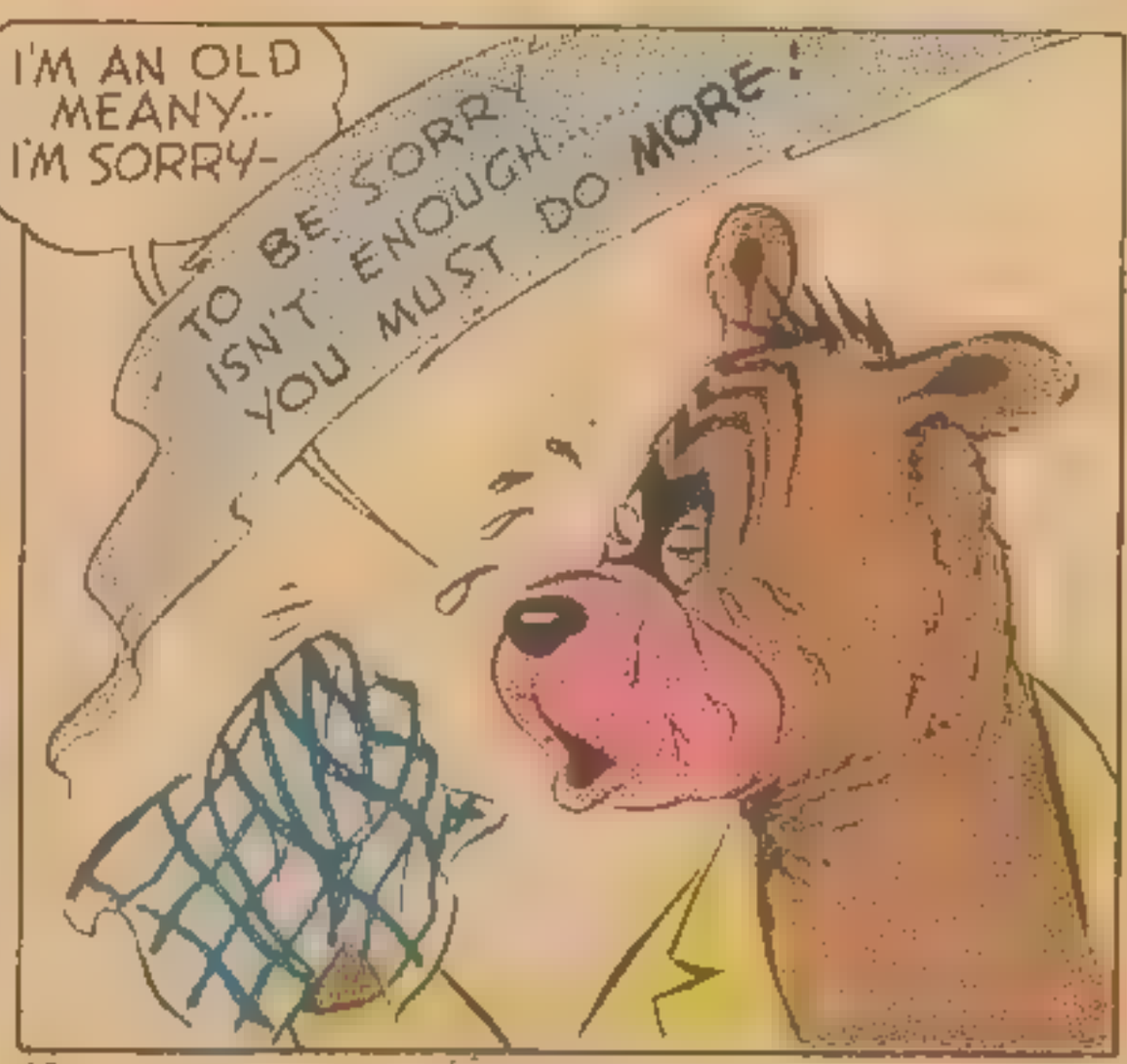

HO! HUM!! NOW FOR SOME SHUT-EYE!


OOOOOHH! OOOH! OOOOOH! OOH! OOO!
WHO'S THERE?

I AM THE VOICE OF YOUR CONSCIENCE YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SLEEP AGAIN!!!!!
OOOOOHHH!
WH-WHY N-NOT?


BECAUSE YOU'RE A MURDERER!! YOU KILLED A POOR INNOCENT FLY!

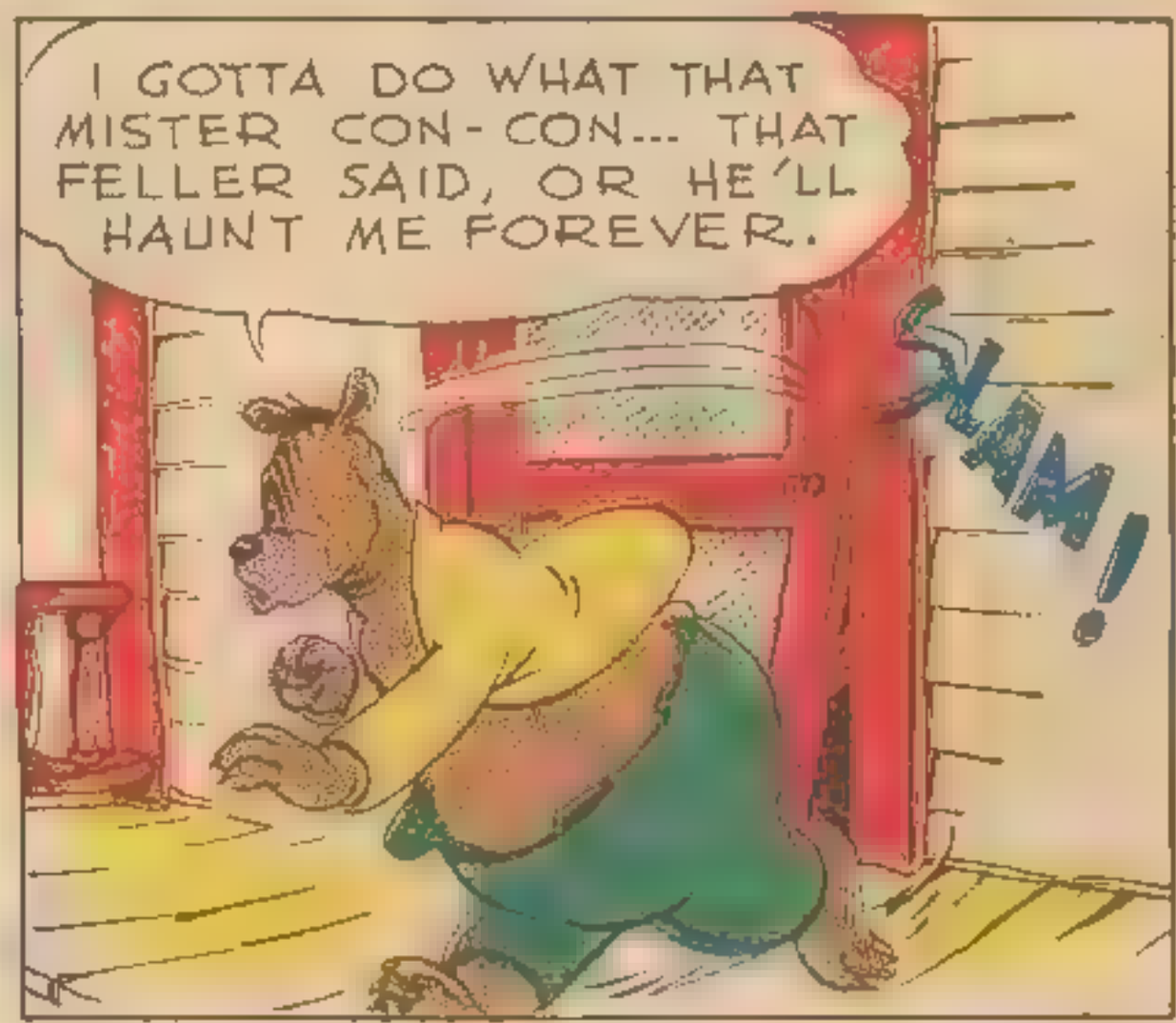

THAT POOR FLY WAS PROBABLY A MAMA FLY, TOO! AND NOW YOU'VE MADE ORPHANS OUTA ALL HER BABY FLIES!!!
GAWSH!! I NEVER THOUGHT O' THAT!

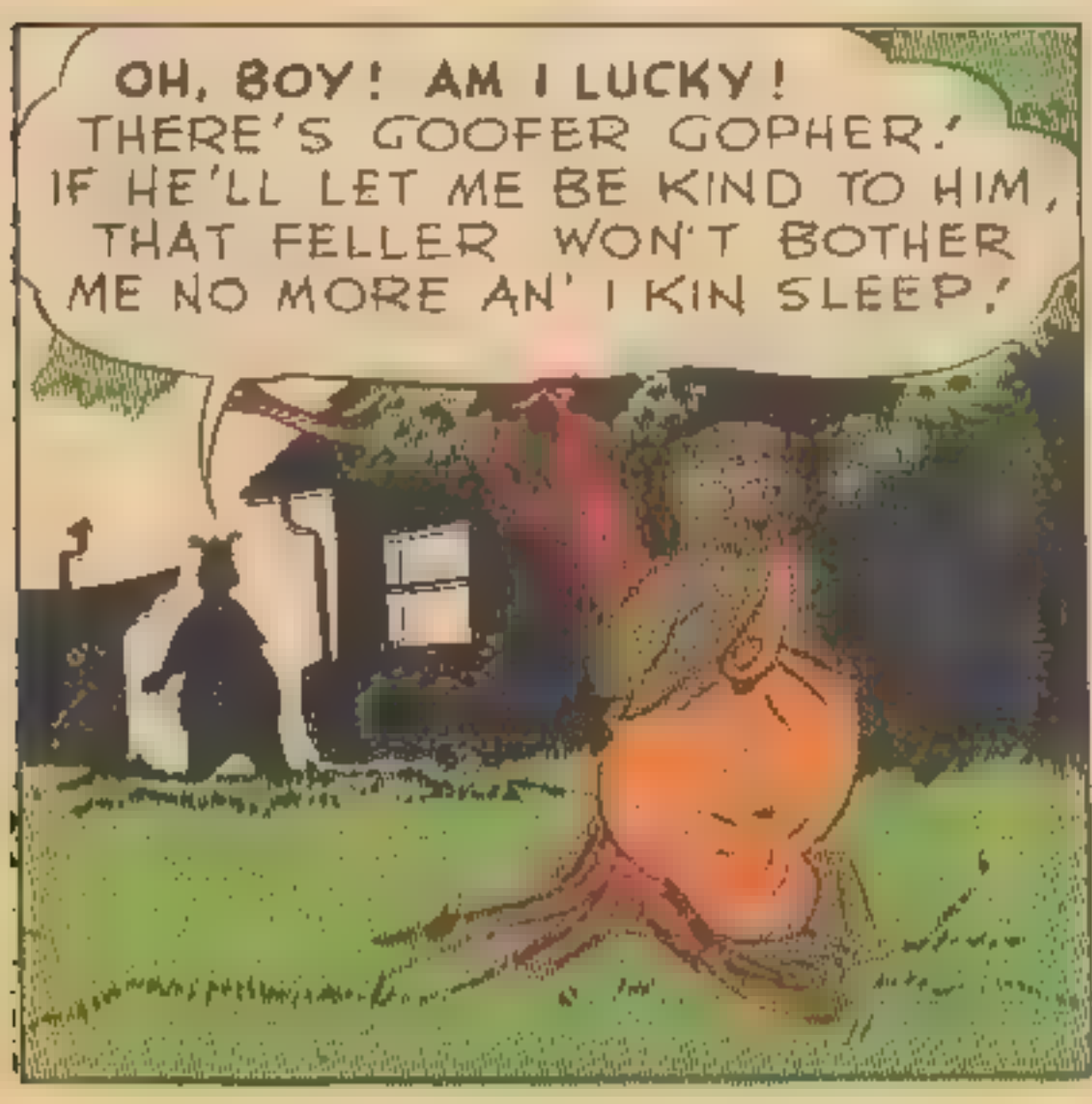

I'M AN OLD MEANY... I'M SORRY-
TO BE SORRY ISN'T ENOUGH... YOU MUST DO MORE!

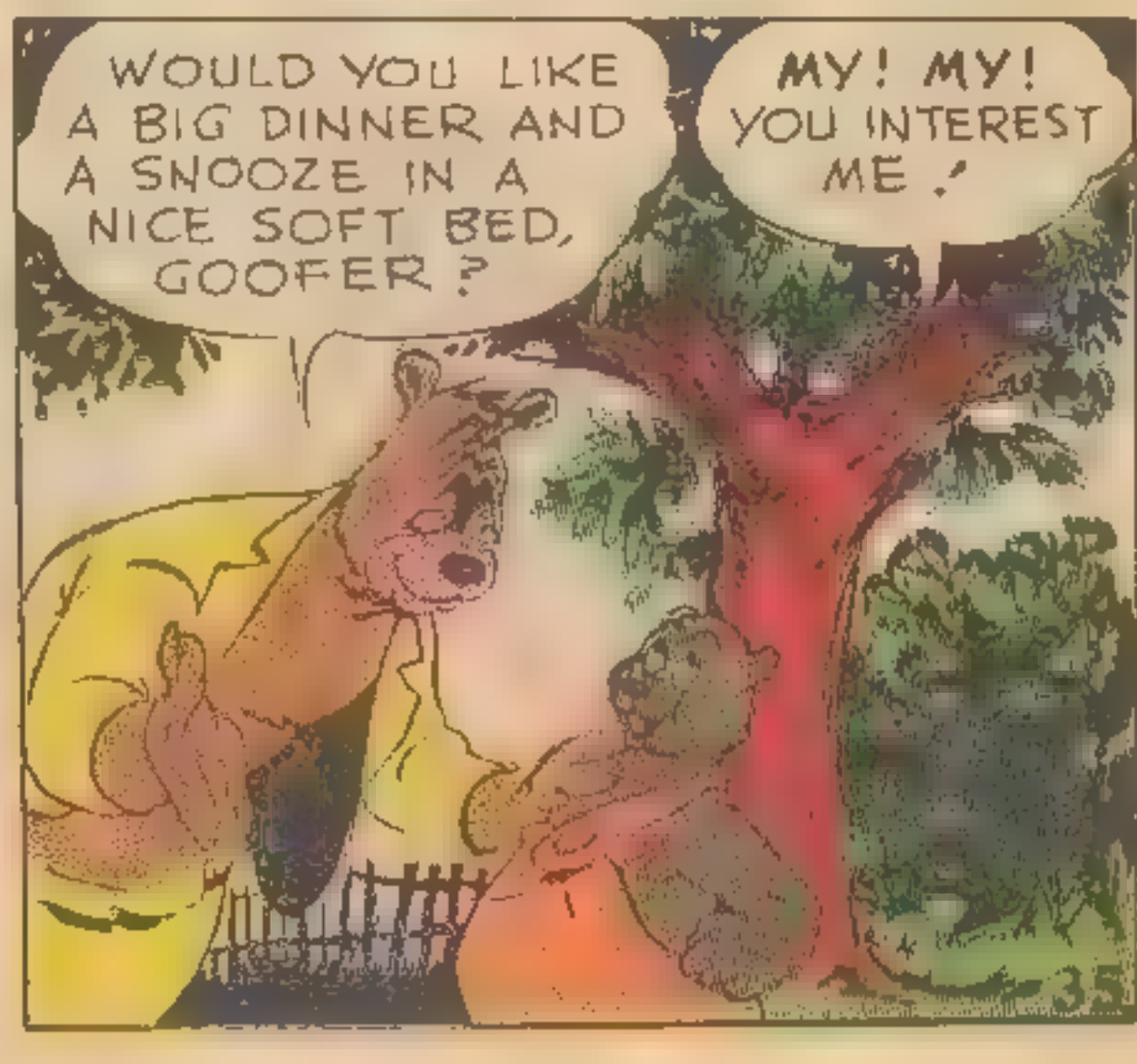
WHAT MUST I DO, MISTER ?
YOU MUST DO GOOD DEEDS! ONLY BY DOING GOOD DEEDS WILL YOU GET RID OF ME! ...

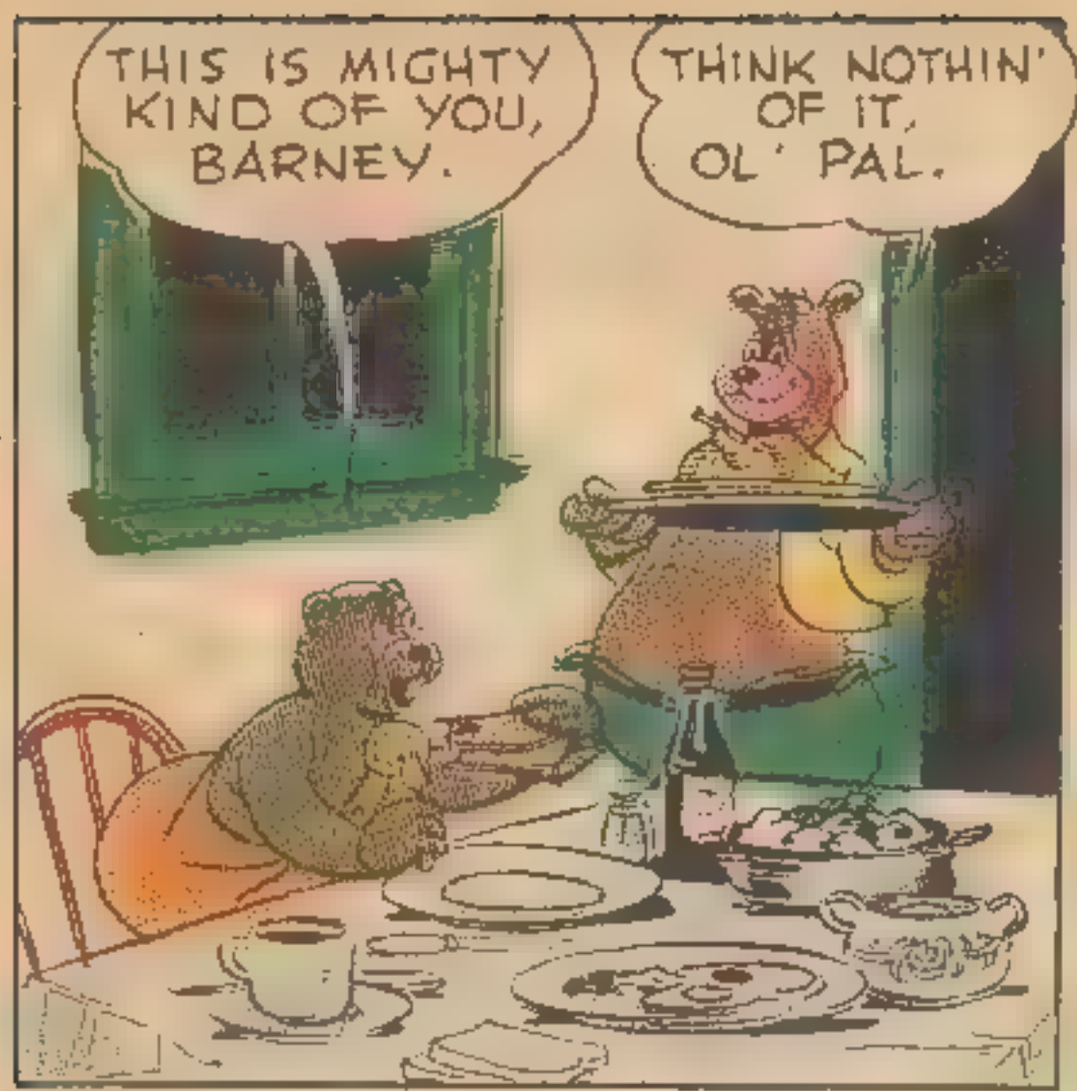
...FOR INSTANCE, IF YOU SHOULD SEE A POOR GOPHER THAT NEEDS FOOD AN' REST, IT'S YOUR DUTY TO HELP HIM.

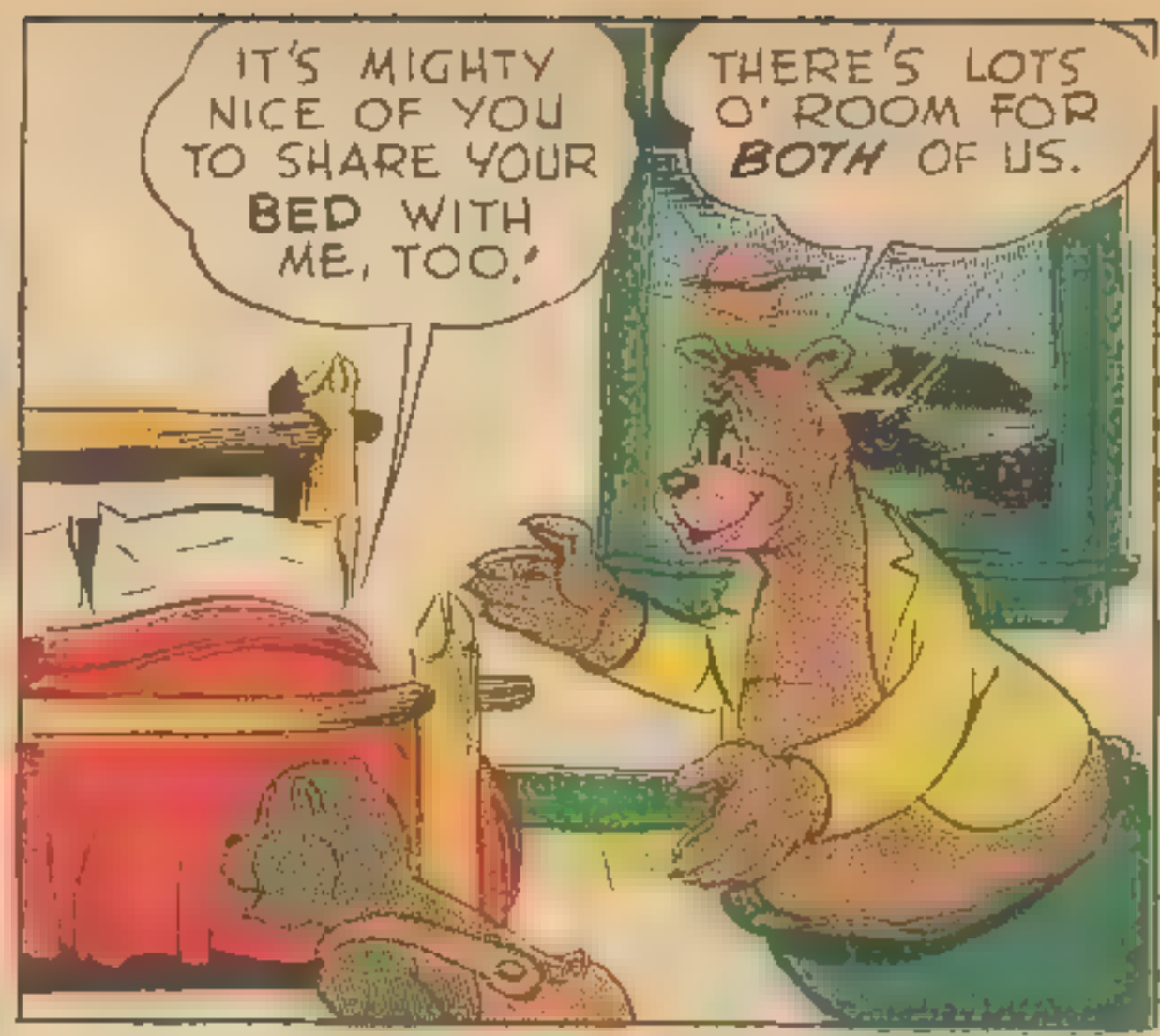
G-GAWSH! I DIDN'T KNOW KILLIN' A FLY WAS SO SERIOUS.

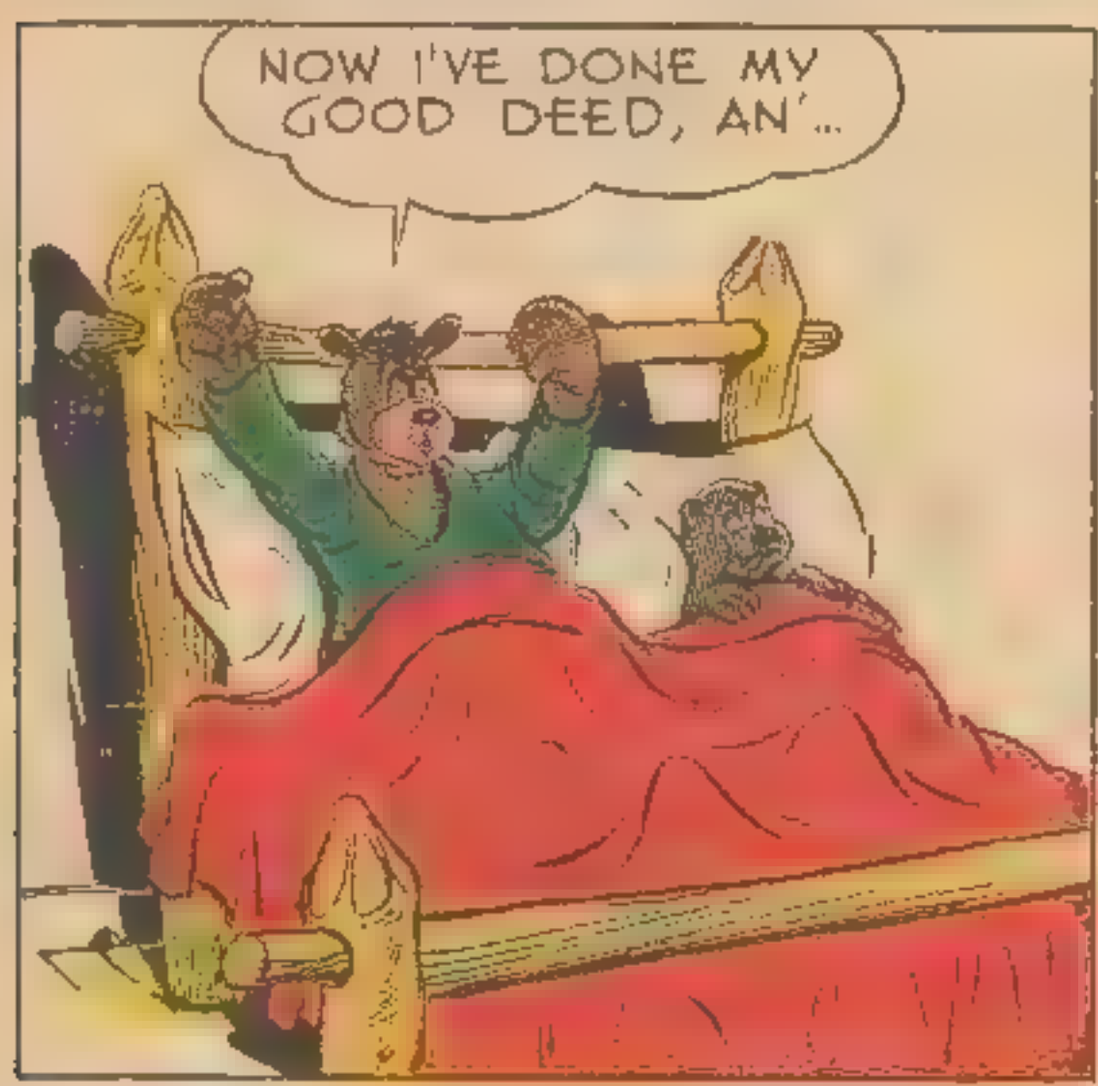

I GOTTA DO WHAT THAT MISTER CON-CON... THAT FELLER SAID, OR HE'LL HAUNT ME FOREVER.
SLAM!


OH, BOY! AM I LUCKY! THERE'S GOOFER GOPHER! IF HE'LL LET ME BE KIND TO HIM, THAT FELLER WON'T BOTHER ME NO MORE AN' I KIN SLEEP!

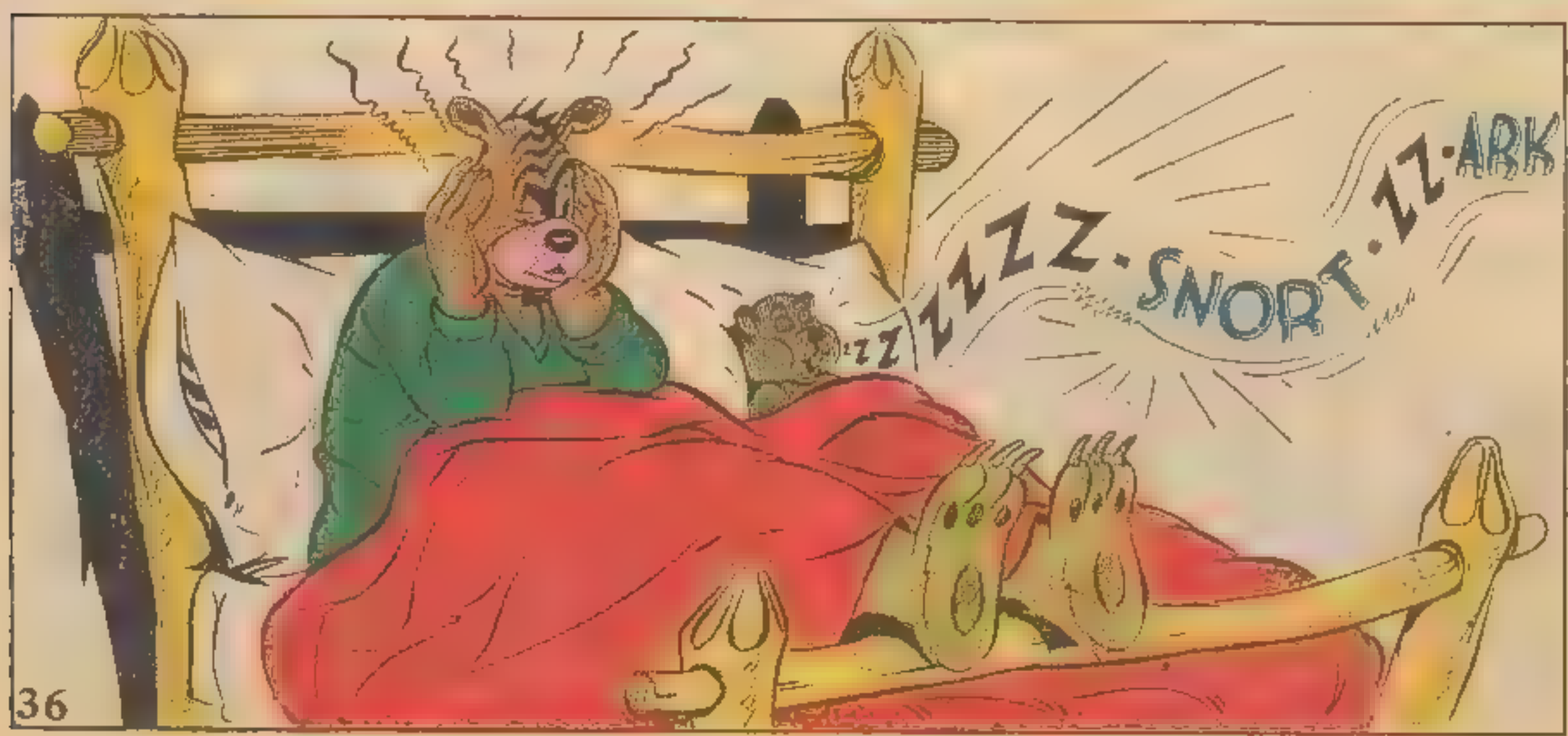

WOULD YOU LIKE A BIG DINNER AND A SNOOZE IN A NICE SOFT BED, GOOFER ?
MY! MY! YOU INTEREST ME!

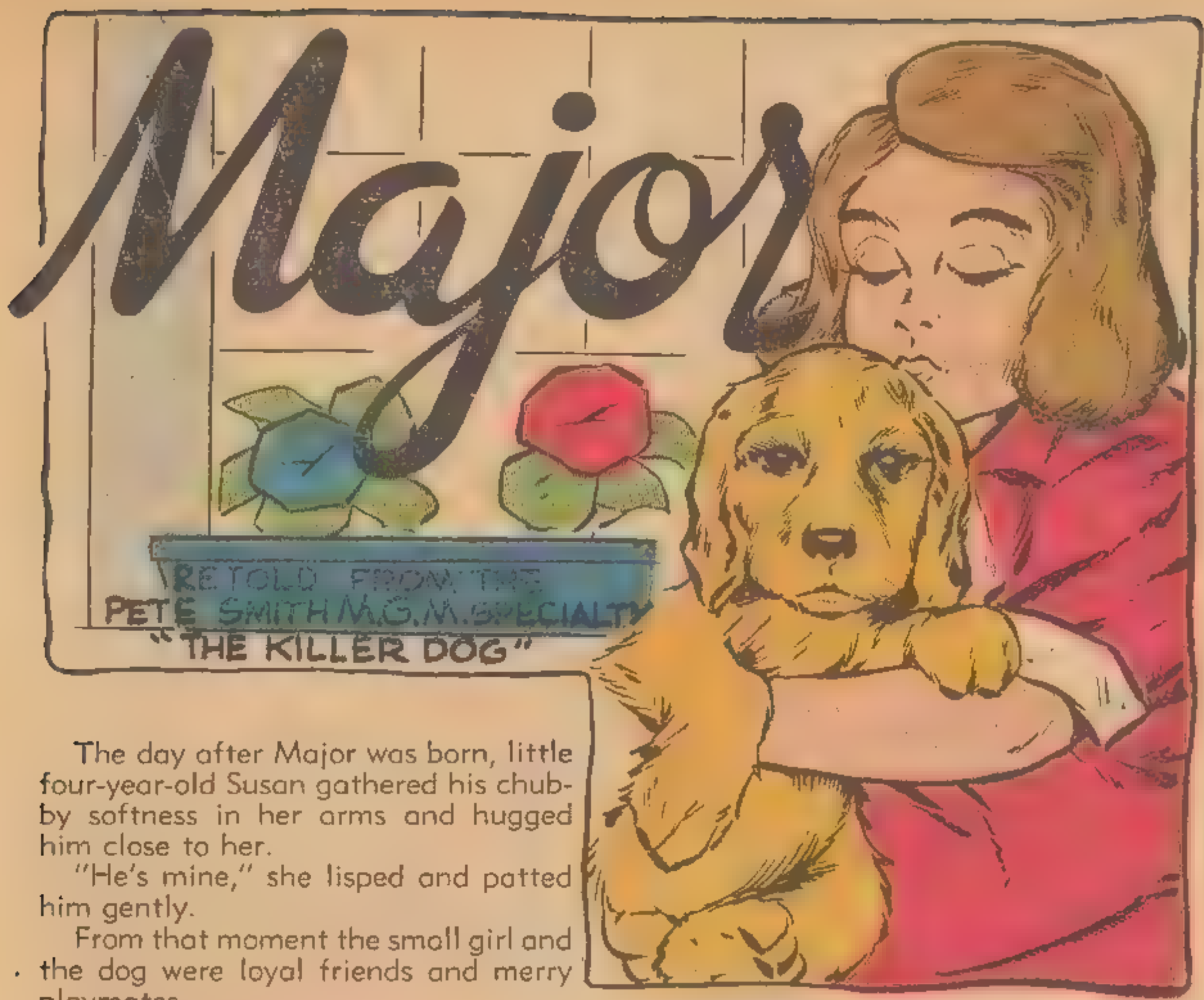

THIS IS MIGHTY KIND OF YOU, BARNEY.
THINK NOTHIN' OF IT, OL' PAL.


IT'S MIGHTY NICE OF YOU TO SHARE YOUR BED WITH ME, TOO.
THERE'S LOTS O' ROOM FOR BOTH OF US.


NOW I'VE DONE MY GOOD DEED, AN'...

...THERE'S NOTHIN' TO STOP ME FROM HAVING MY NICE, LONG SNOOZE!


ZZZZZ·SNORT·ZZ·ARK



The day after Major was born, little four-year-old Susan gathered his chubby softness in her arms and hugged him close to her.

"He's mine," she lisped and patted him gently.

From that moment the small girl and the dog were loyal friends and merry playmates.

They lived on a farm in the rolling, western sheep country, where only dogs who were friendly to the baa-ing, woolly animals were allowed to roam the plains. There was an unwritten law among the ranchers that any dog found guilty of harming sheep must be killed immediately.

When Major was a small puppy, his father, a handsome police dog, met the doom of the killers. He was found guilty of the killing of the sheep of a neighboring rancher. Susan's father watched in tight-lipped silence as the rancher's shotgun blazed and the magnificent dog crumpled to the ground. There was nothing he could do Killer dogs must die!

The rancher turned toward the roly-poly Major, romping with Susan, and said, "You'd better put him outa the way, too. He'll grow up to be a killer like his Pa."

Susan's father shook his head. "Maybe not, Sam," he said quietly. "He might turn out like his mother," and he pointed to the gentle, docile dog, lying in the sun, lazily watching her baby at play.

"Well, it'll pay you to keep an eye on him, anyway," Sam scowled. "He's got killer blood in him, don't forget that!"

But as Major grew from a plump puppy into a magnificent young dog, he showed no signs of the killer instincts of his father. He played gently with little Susan. He was obedient and loyal, trustworthy and affectionate. To Susan, living far from other children,

he was friend, guardian, and playmate. They were never separated, not even at night, because Major slept in a corner of Susan's bedroom, where he wakened instantly at the slightest sound from her small, white bed.

One day, when they were playing their favorite game, throw-the-rag-doll, Major saved Susan from a tragic death. The little girl tossed the rag doll into the driveway beside the farm house, then ran to pick it up before Major could reach it. Suddenly she tripped and sprawled headlong in the driveway, directly in the path of the automobile which her mother, who was unaware of what had happened and unable to see the child, was backing down the driveway.

But Major saw. When the wheels of the car were a scant two inches from little Susan's body, he dashed forward, grabbed her dress in his strong teeth and dragged her to safety. A second later the car wheels rolled over the doll and over the spot where Susan had been lying.

After that Major was even more deeply entrenched in the affections of Susan and her grateful family. The weeks and months passed happily. Major stayed close to the farm and Susan most of the time, but, when he did roam the neighborhood and the plains, he paid no attention to the sheep.

Then, one night, when Susan and Major were sleeping and all the moonlit world was quiet and peaceful, Major awakened with a start. Through the open window drifted the far-off cry of a coyote.

Swiftly Major rose to his feet, slipped across the room and leaped through the open window into the moonlight.

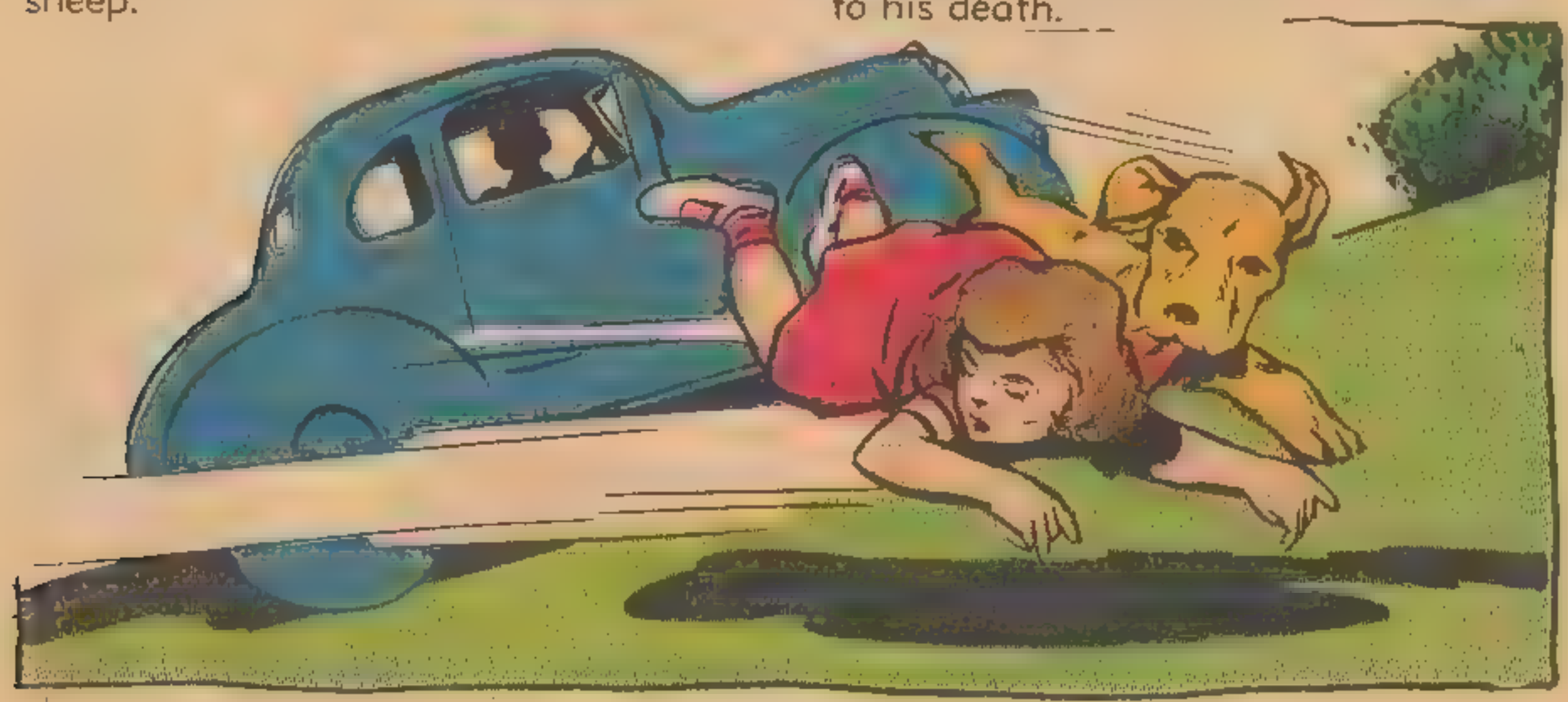
He did not return that night.

The next morning he came home, slinking across the farmyard to little Susan, who was anxiously watching and waiting for him. His once-glossy coat was covered with mud, and the matted hair of his back was furrowed with long, deep scratches.

Susan and her father led him to the pump and washed his mud-caked coat. The father's eyes narrowed with worry when he saw the scratches. He was still examining them when a shadow fell across the pump and he looked up to see Sam, the neighboring rancher, standing beside him.

"Well, it's happened," Sam said briefly. "The dog turned killer, as I said he would. I found six dead sheep in the corral this morning. And there was blood on the fence where the killer got away. It's a dog's work and your dog's the only one around here. So he's got to die!"

But Susan's father refused to permit the angry rancher to lead Major away to his death.



"You'll have to have more proof than that," he insisted. "I don't believe Major's a killer."

Finally the irate Sam turned on his heel and strode out of the yard. "I'll get the Sheriff," he called back over his shoulder. "That dog's going to pay for murderin' those sheep!"

A short time later a truck from the County Dog Pound arrived with the Sheriff, a Pound official, and the rancher in the driver's seat. Susan's father tried to protest, but his pleas were in vain. Major was dragged into the truck and driven away. Through tear-dimmed eyes the sobbing Susan watched him go.

"Don't cry, honey," her father comforted her. "We'll fight for his life."

Major was brought to trial in a real courtroom. He was pulled, heavily muzzled and drooping, into the crowded room. As the attendant dragged him past Susan, who was sitting with her mother and father, the little girl bent over him and threw her arms around his neck. Major tried to lick her tear-wet face, but the heavy muzzle was in his way. Then the deputy yanked the dog forward and chained him to a heavy chair near the Judge's desk.

The trial began. The rancher described his killed sheep, the blood stains on the wire fence, and the trail that led directly to Major.

"His father was a killer and he's inherited the bad strain," he concluded.

Susan's father, who acted as the dog's lawyer, told of Major's loyalty and devotion to the little girl, of his gentleness and bravery, of his heroic saving of Susan's life.

"Major wouldn't kill sheep," he said finally and firmly.

The Judge listened thoughtfully. Then he proposed a test to determine Major's guilt.

That night a small group of people

gathered in the shadows outside the rancher's sheep corral. They waited unseen in tense silence. Susan, her father and mother sat wordlessly in their car. The rancher and the Sheriff, with high-powered rifles, waited in the darkness. A Pound official stood with Major at the corral fence.

At a signal from the Sheriff, the Pound official released his hold on Major. The dog slunk away from the man and prowled restlessly around the ranch yard. Susan and the others held their breaths in taut anxiety, waiting to see whether the dog would leap into the unguarded corral.

Slowly Major crept closer to the corral. The rancher raised his rifle, ready to fire. But the Sheriff stopped him and pointed

Another shape, gray and lean, had suddenly slipped into view on the other side of the corral. A coyote! Like a ghostly shadow in the moonlight, the coyote leaped over the fence and into the corral among the huddled sheep.

Instantly Major sprang into action. He cleared the fence with one bound. Then, with bared, gleaming teeth, he hurled himself on the sheep-killing coyote. As the frightened sheep bleated and milled about them, the dog and the coyote battled savagely.

The hidden men rushed from their shadows, but, before they could go to the aid of the dog, he finished the fight. With a last shake, he dropped the dead coyote to the ground and stood silently over him.

Instantly the men surrounded the victor and the vanquished, while Susan hugged the battered Major. The rancher examined the coyote and discovered the scars of former battles.

"You've got your killer now," Susan's father said quietly. "That other time Major was fighting this marauder to save your sheep, instead of killing them himself."

So Major was completely cleared of the charges and returned home with the happy Susan.

WHAT AN AWFUL, AWFUL LONELY PLACE! TSK! TSK!

METRO·GOLDWYN-MAYER CARTOONS *present*

BENNY

"THE LONESOME BURRO"

I BET THERE ISN'T A SOUL IN SIXTY MILES! AND I'M SO LONESOME! SIGH!

HI, THERE, BIG EARS! WOULDJA LIKE TO STOP AN' PLAY WITH ME A WHILE?

CAN YOU BEAT THAT? WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE YOU!

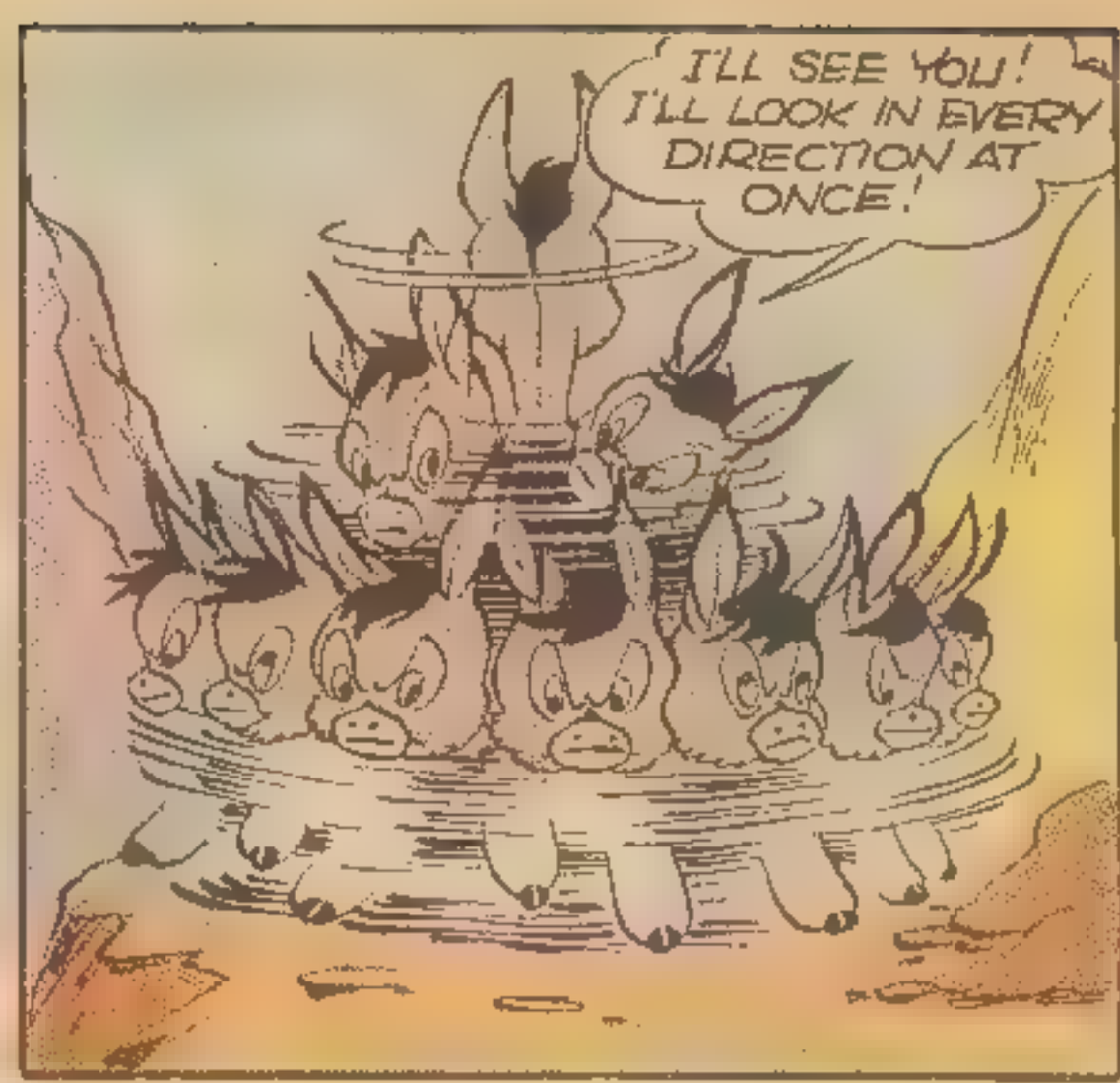
HERE I AM — OVER HERE!

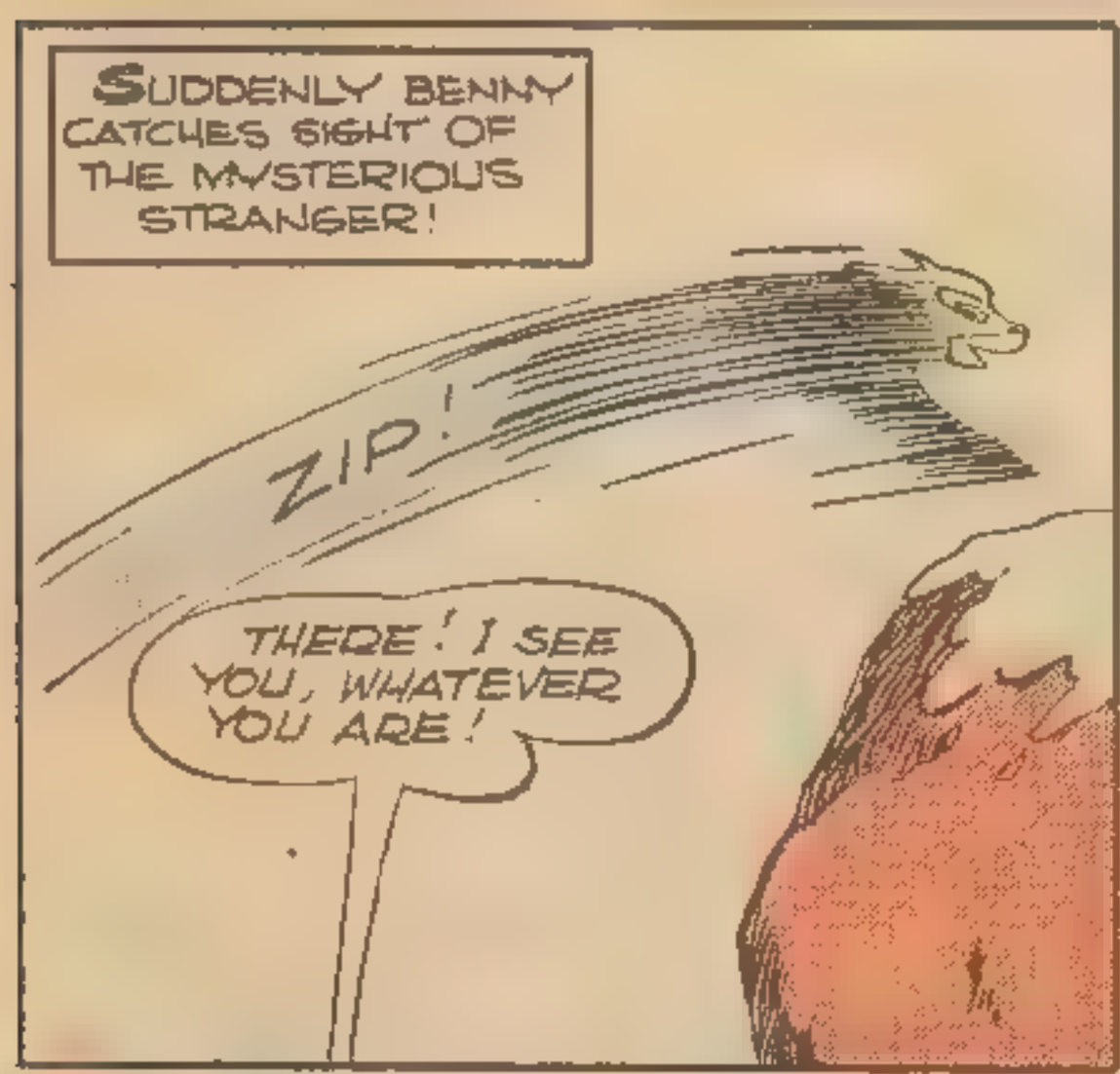
WH-WHERE?

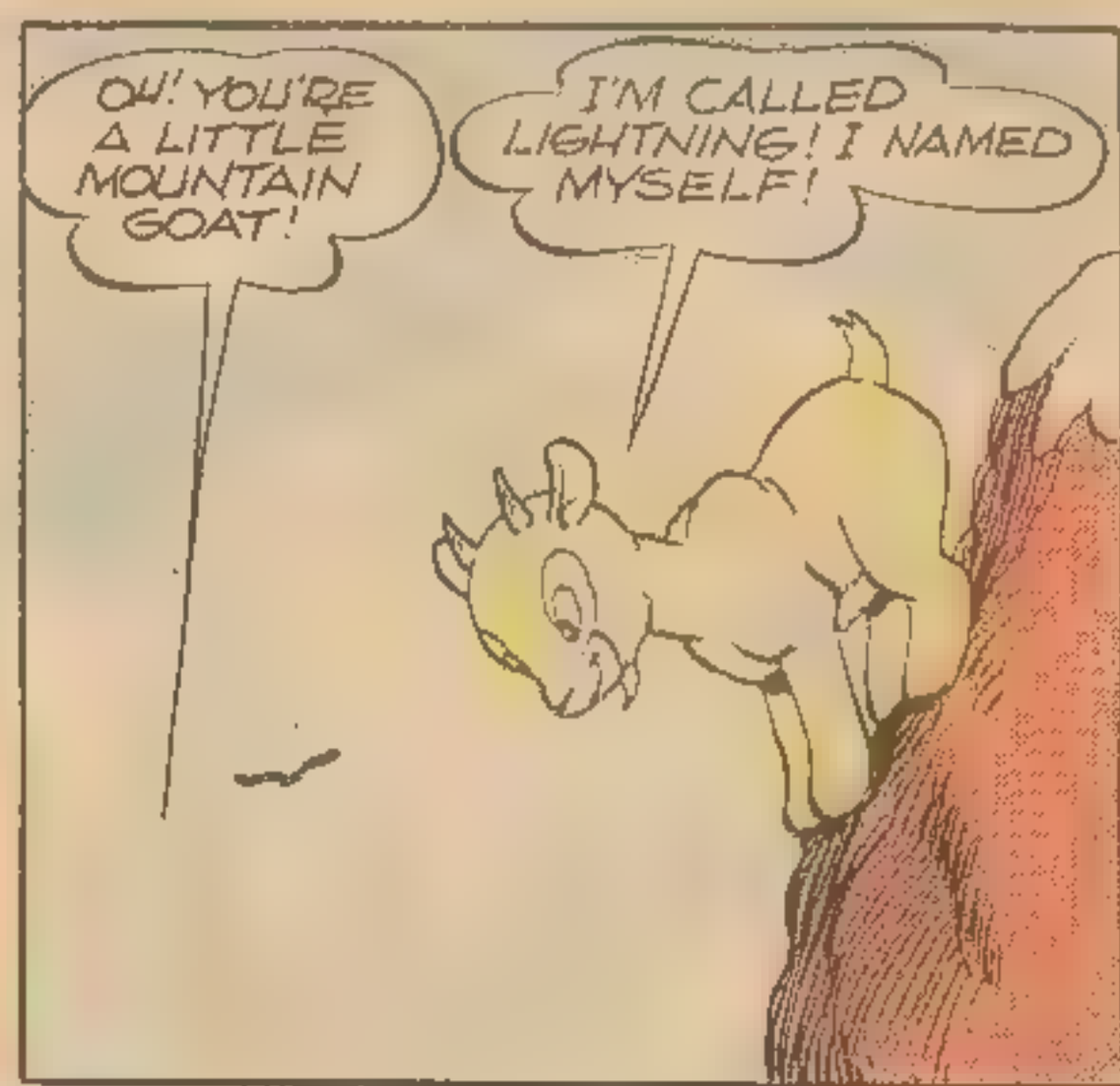
UP HERE!

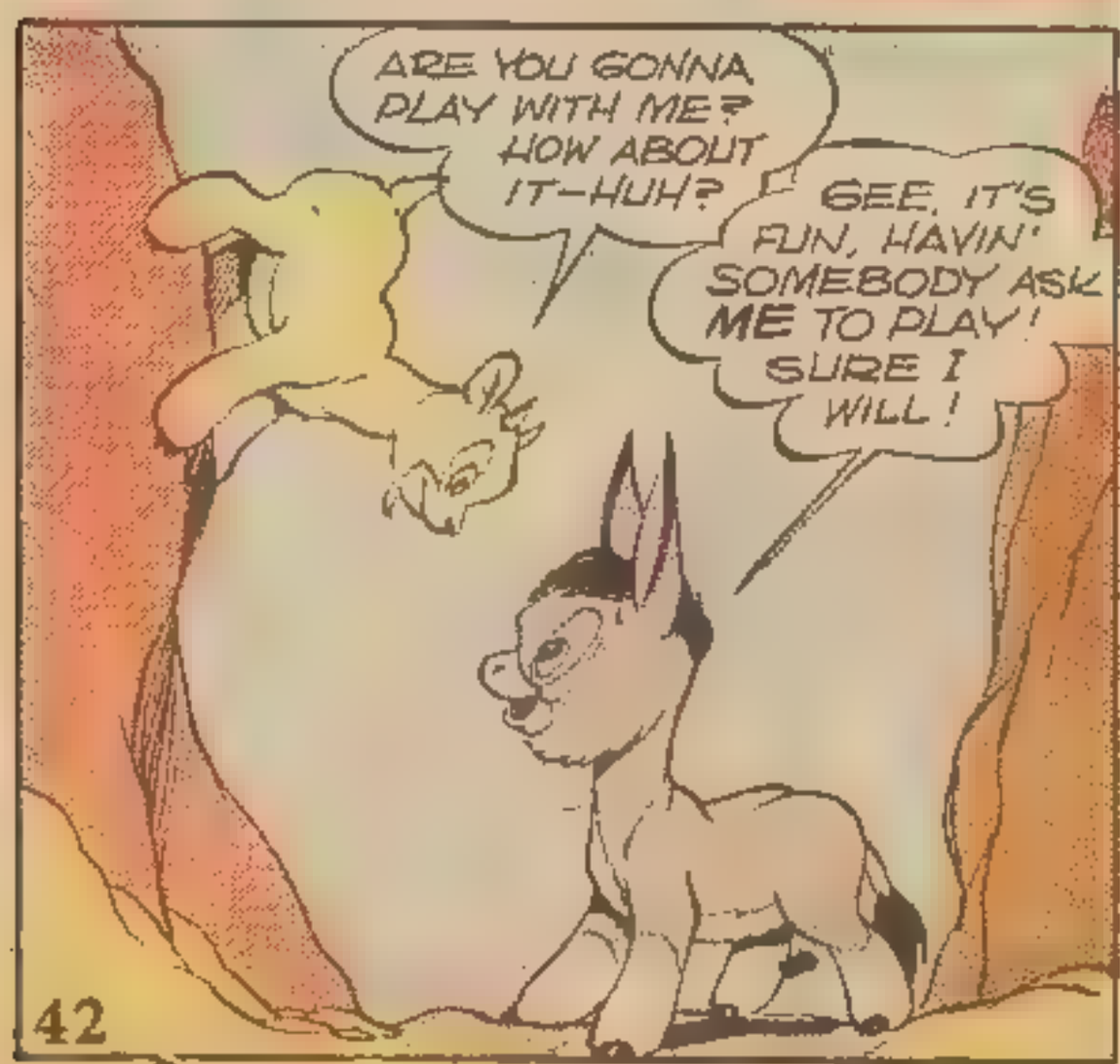
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

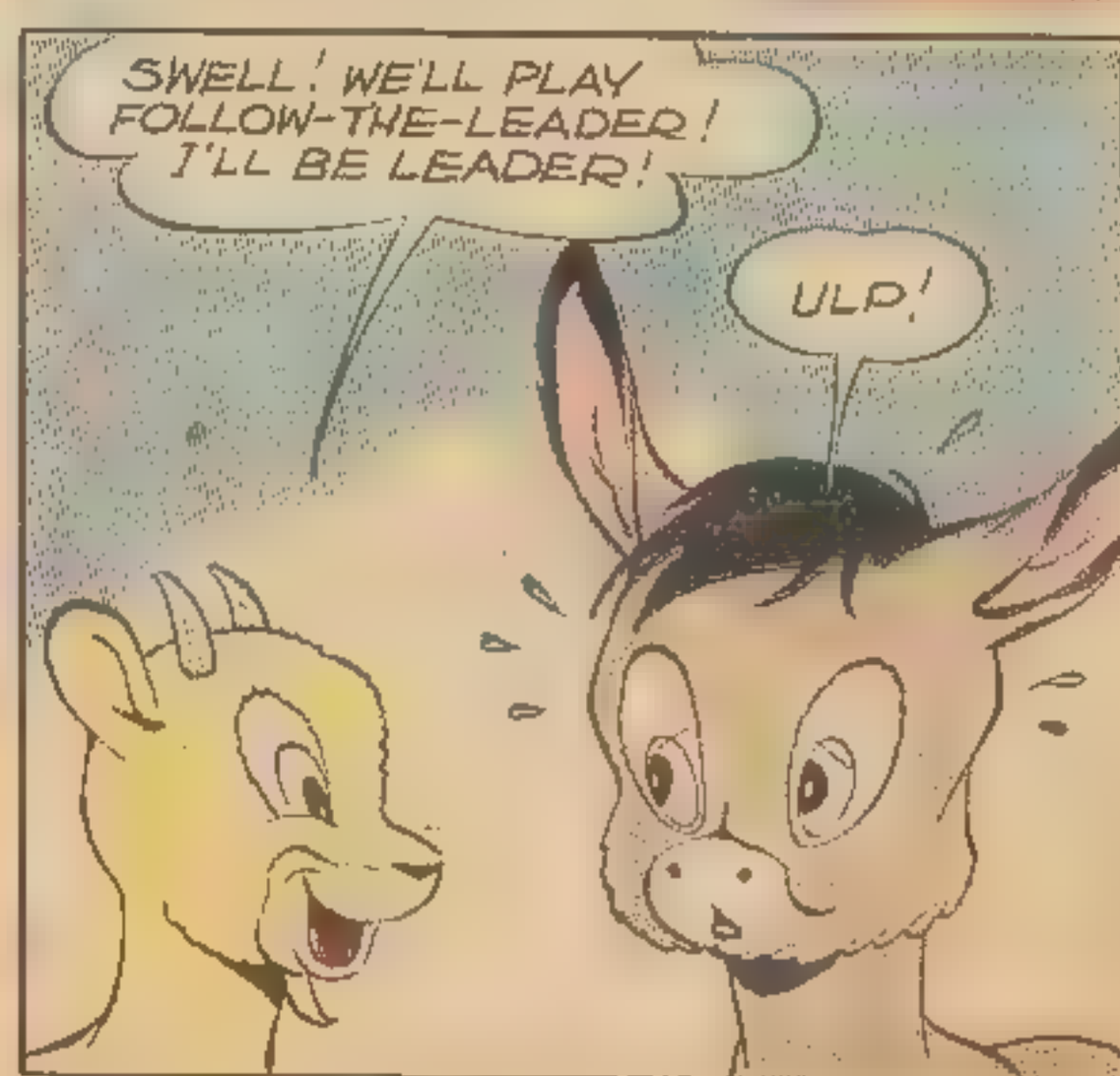
I DON'T SEE ANYBODY! HOW MANY OF YOU ARE THERE?
THERE'S ONLY ME! GEE, YOU'RE BLIND!

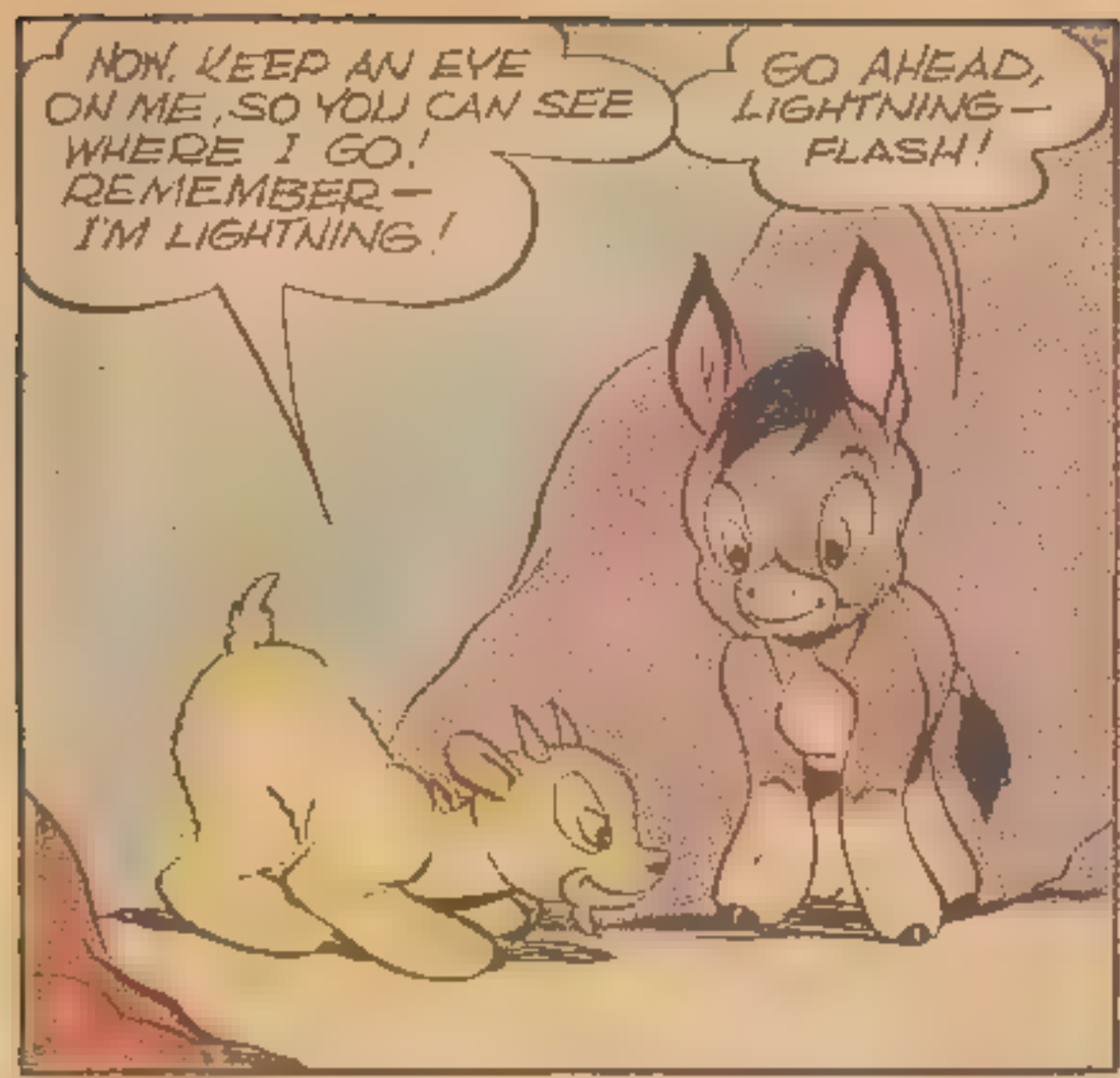

I'LL SEE YOU! I'LL LOOK IN EVERY DIRECTION AT ONCE!

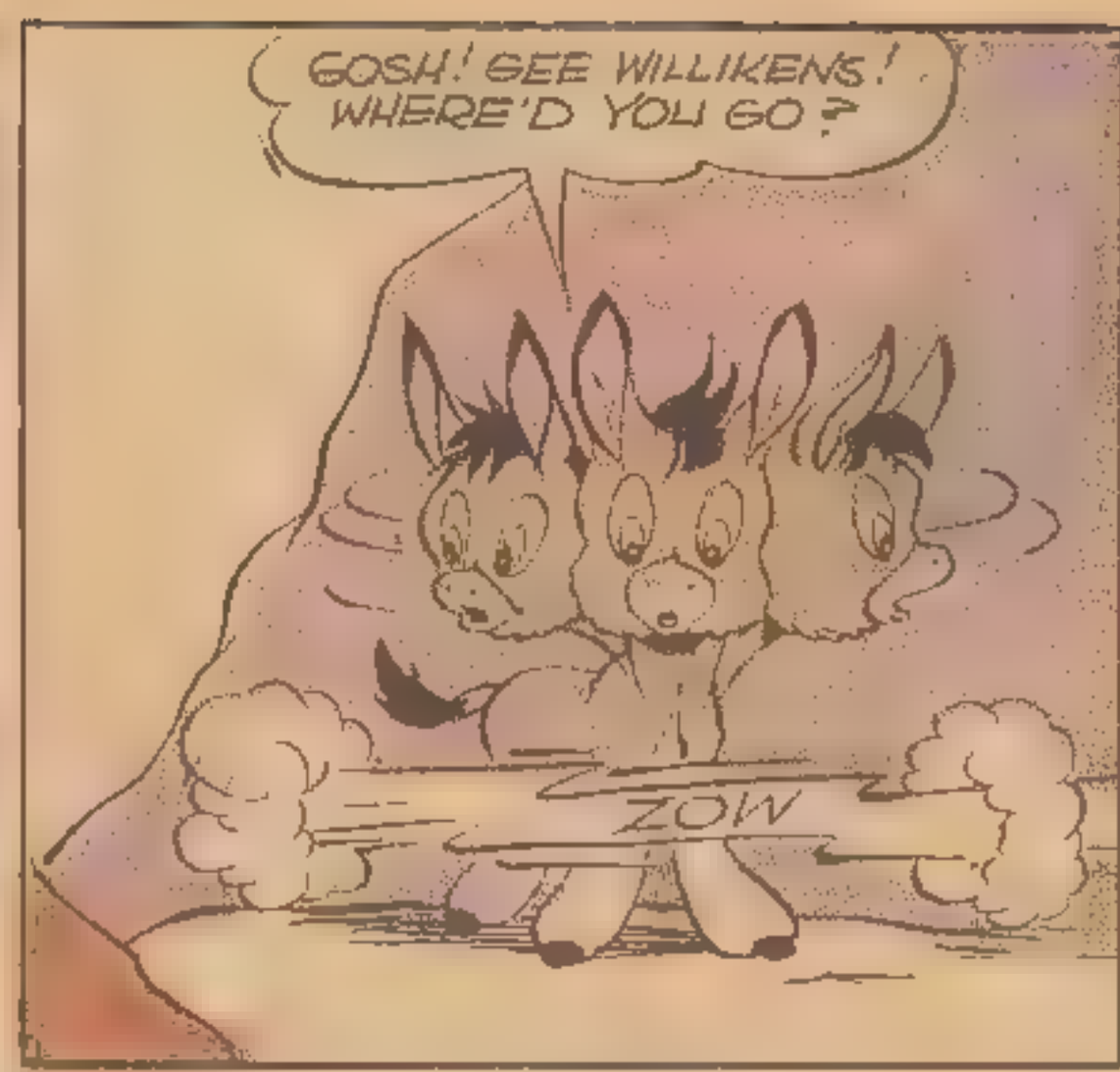

SUDDENLY BENNY CATCHES SIGHT OF THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER!
ZIP!
THERE! I SEE YOU, WHATEVER YOU ARE!

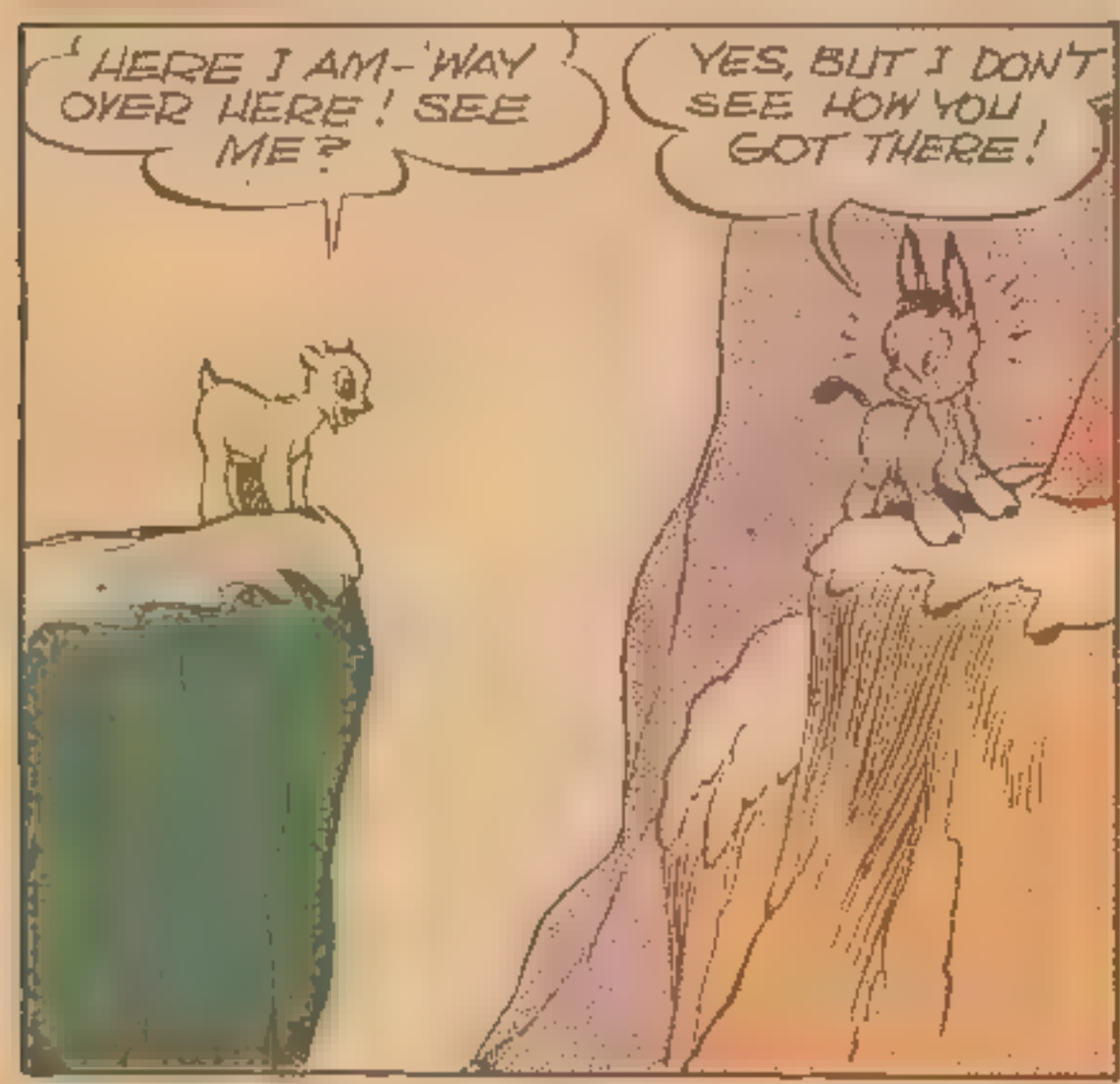

OH! YOU'RE A LITTLE MOUNTAIN GOAT!
I'M CALLED LIGHTNING! I NAMED MYSELF!


ARE YOU GONNA PLAY WITH ME? HOW ABOUT IT-HUH?
GEE, IT'S FUN, HAVIN' SOMEBODY ASK ME TO PLAY! SURE I WILL!

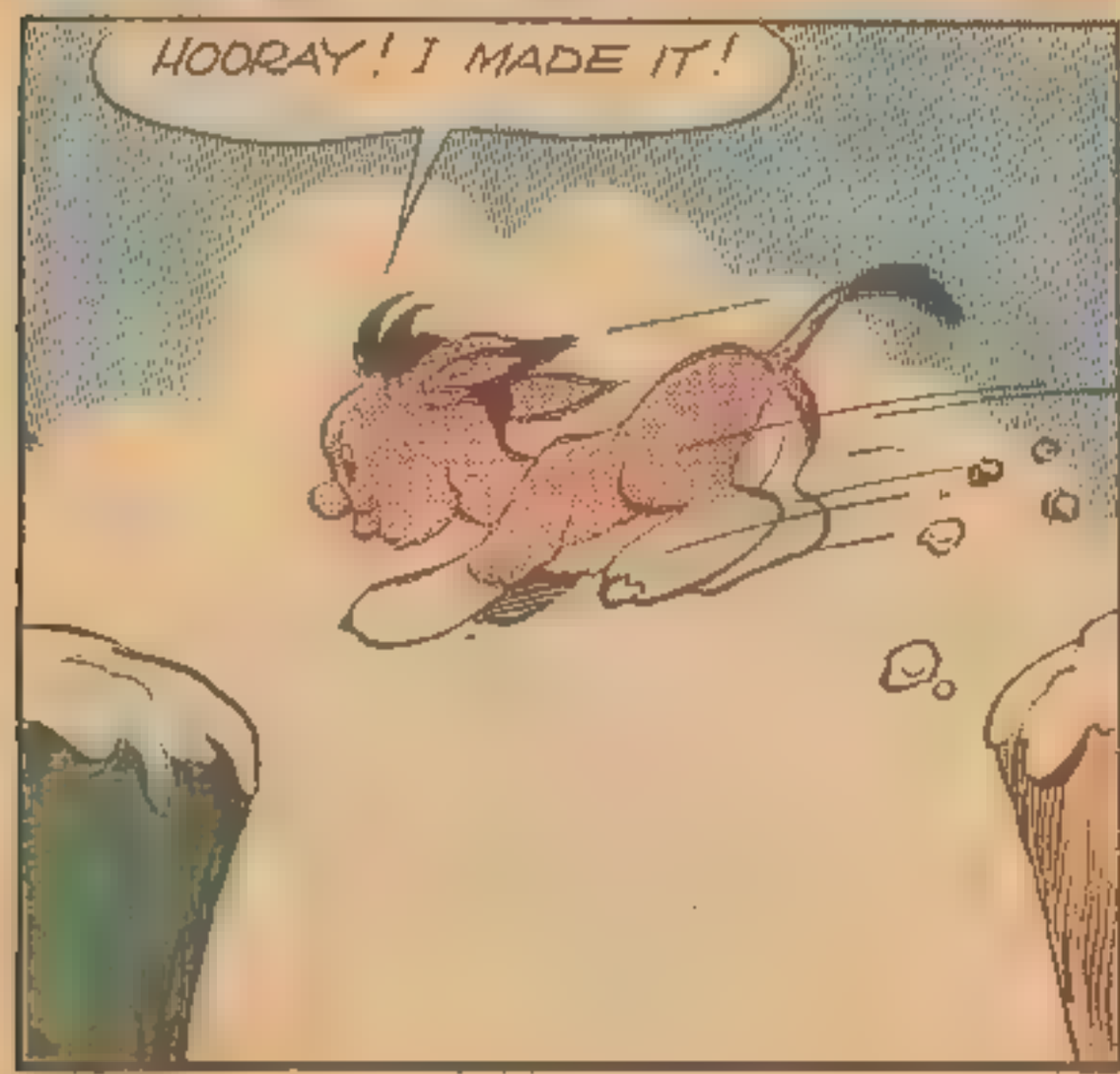

SWELL! WE'LL PLAY FOLLOW-THE-LEADER! I'LL BE LEADER!
ULP!

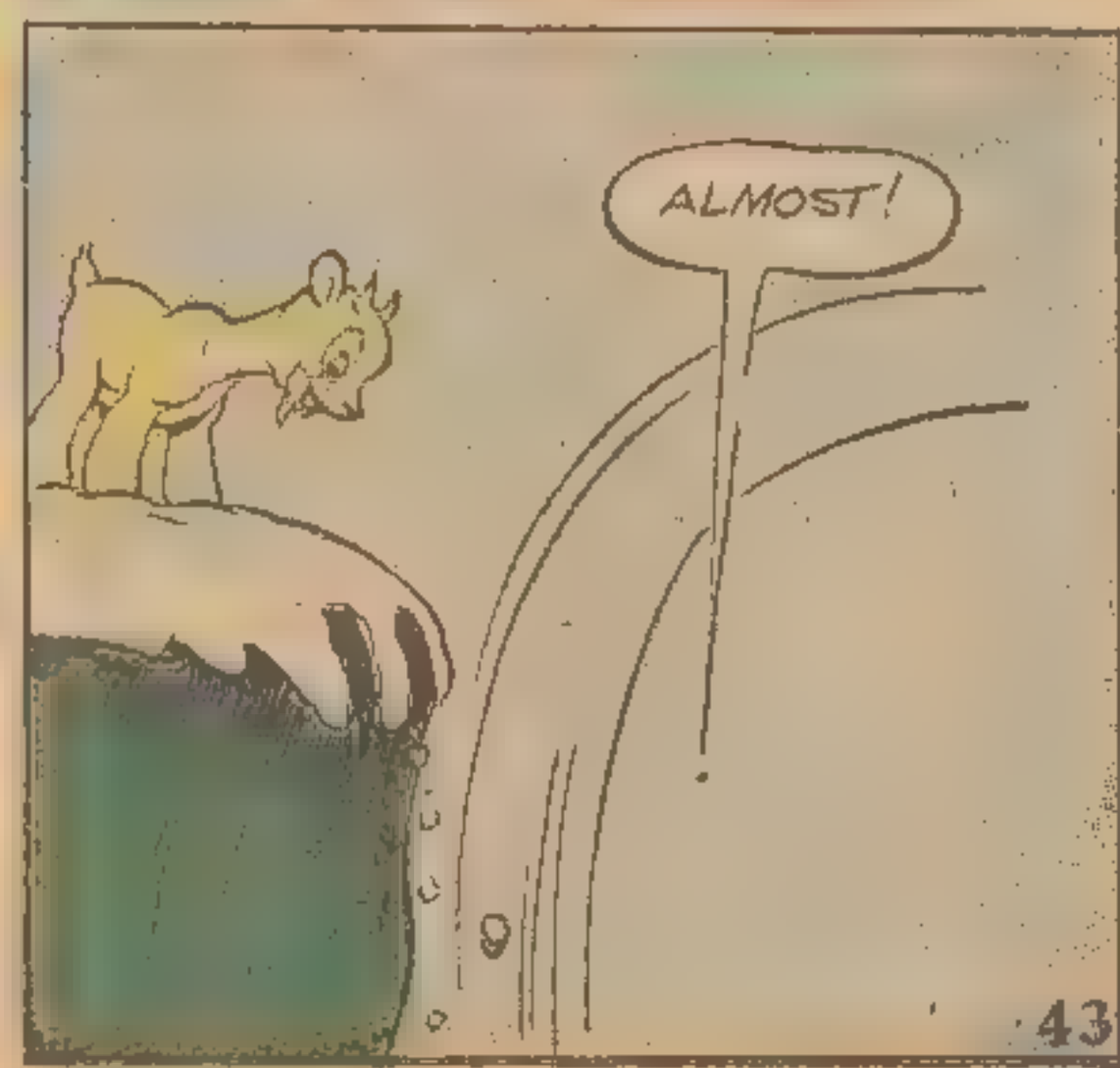

NOW, KEEP AN EYE ON ME, SO YOU CAN SEE WHERE I GO! REMEMBER— I'M LIGHTNING!
GO AHEAD, LIGHTNING— FLASH!

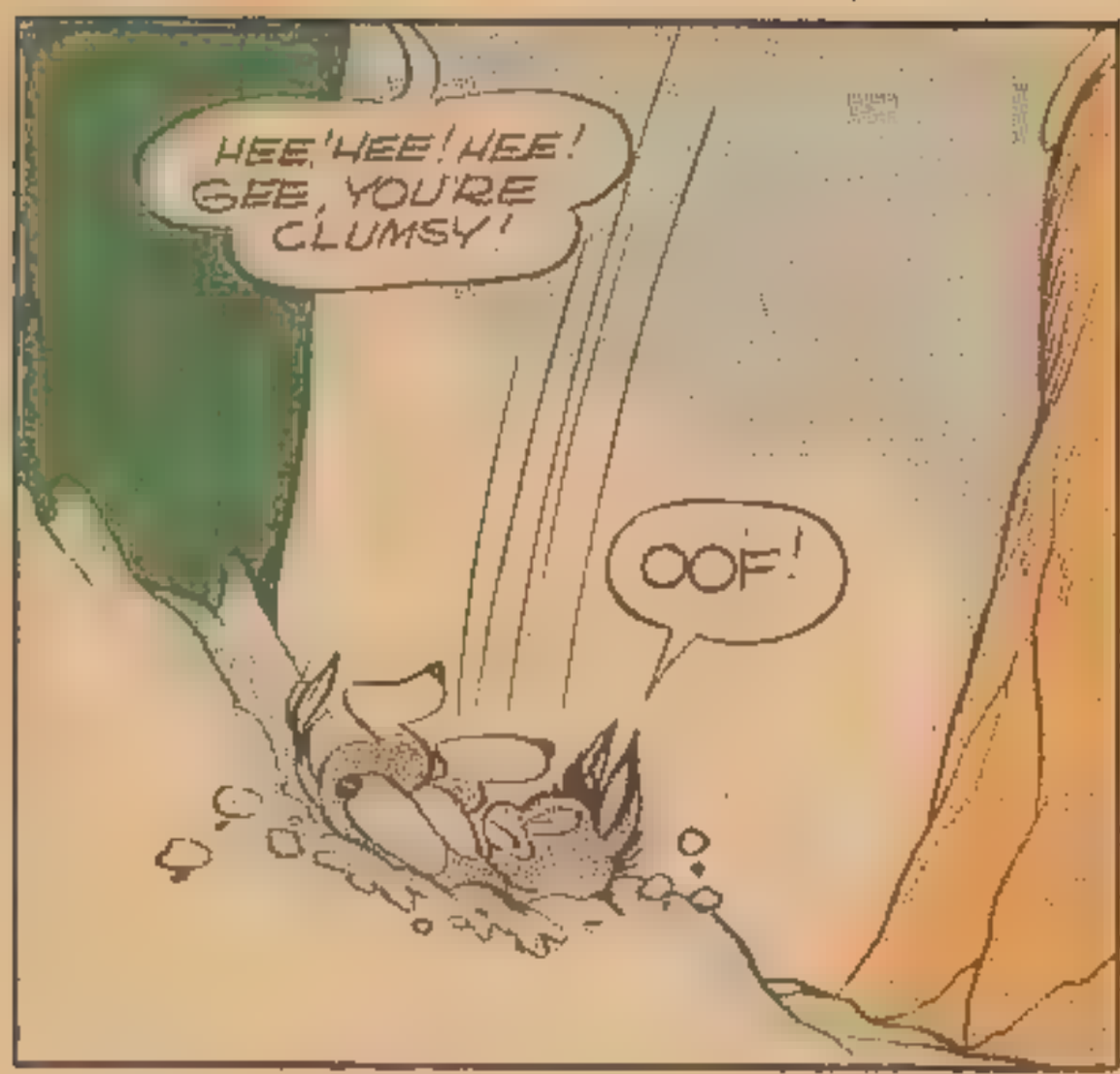

GOSH! GEE WILLIKENS! WHERE'D YOU GO?
ZOW


HERE I AM—'WAY OVER HERE! SEE ME?
YES, BUT I DON'T SEE HOW YOU GOT THERE!

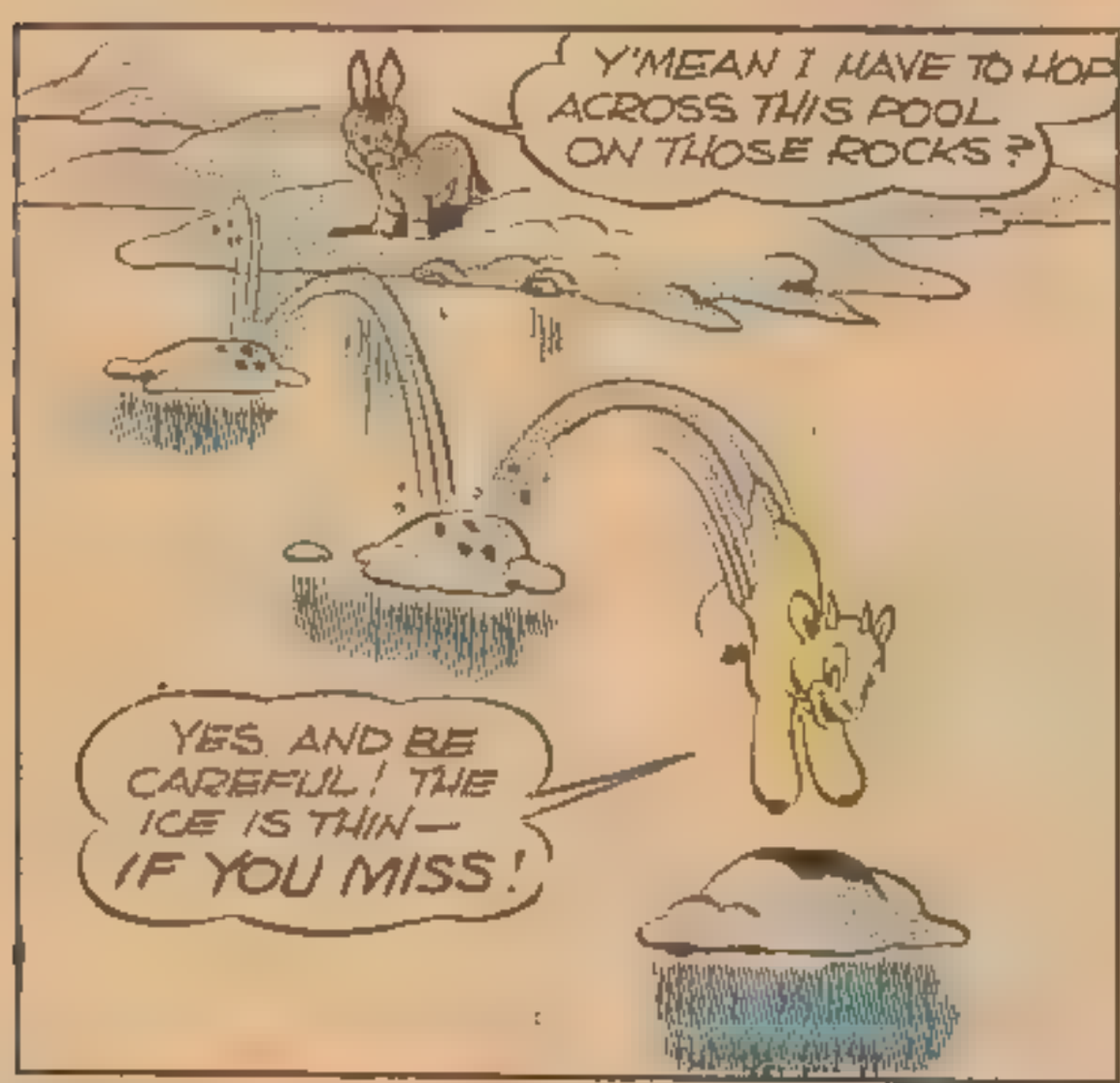
COME ON, ARE YOU GONNA FOLLOW ME?
SURE—JUST WATCH THIS!
I CAN'T LET THAT GOAT LAUGH AT ME!

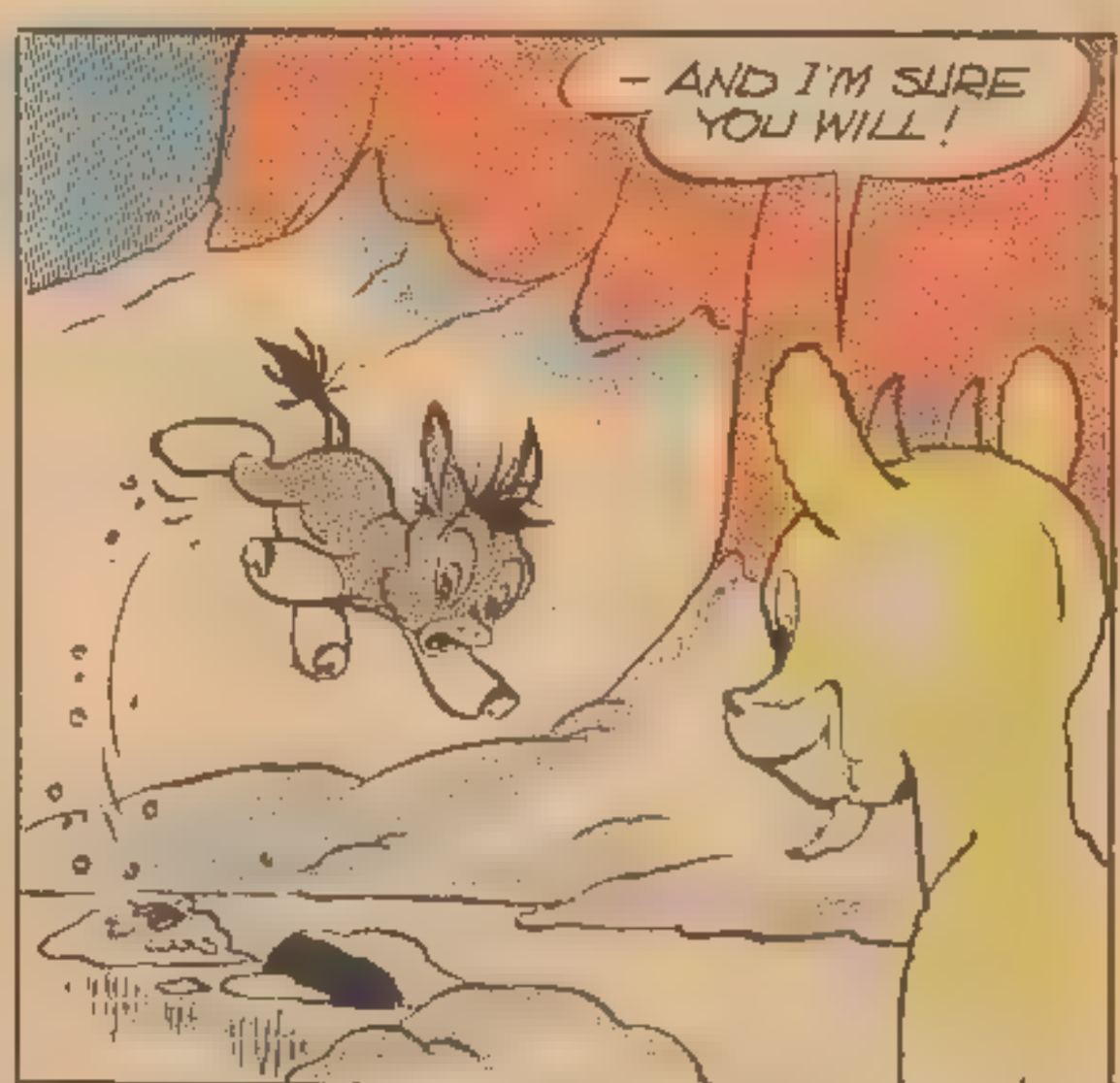

HOORAY! I MADE IT!

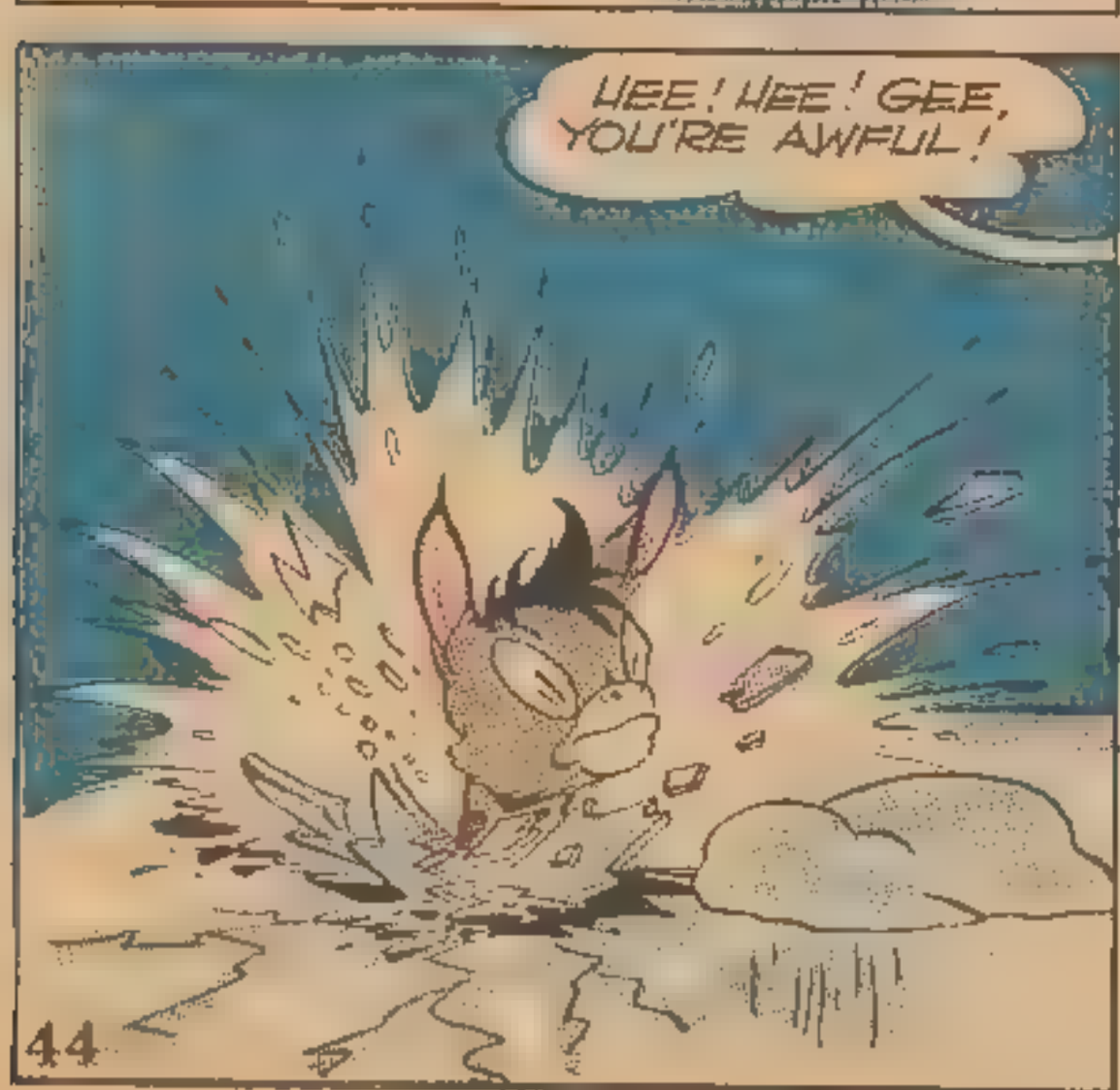

ALMOST!

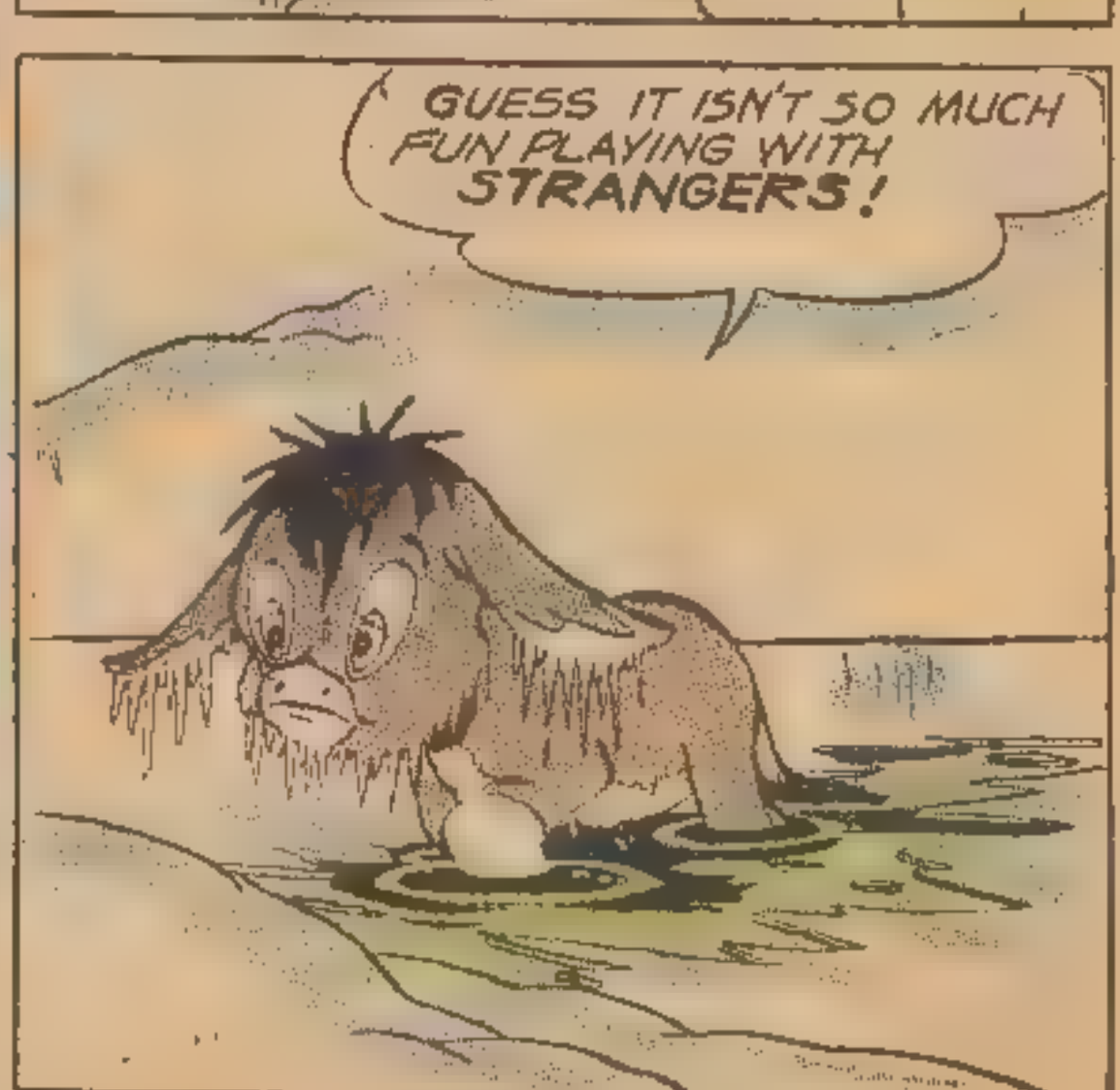

HEE HEE! HEE! GEE, YOU'RE CLUMSY!
OOF!

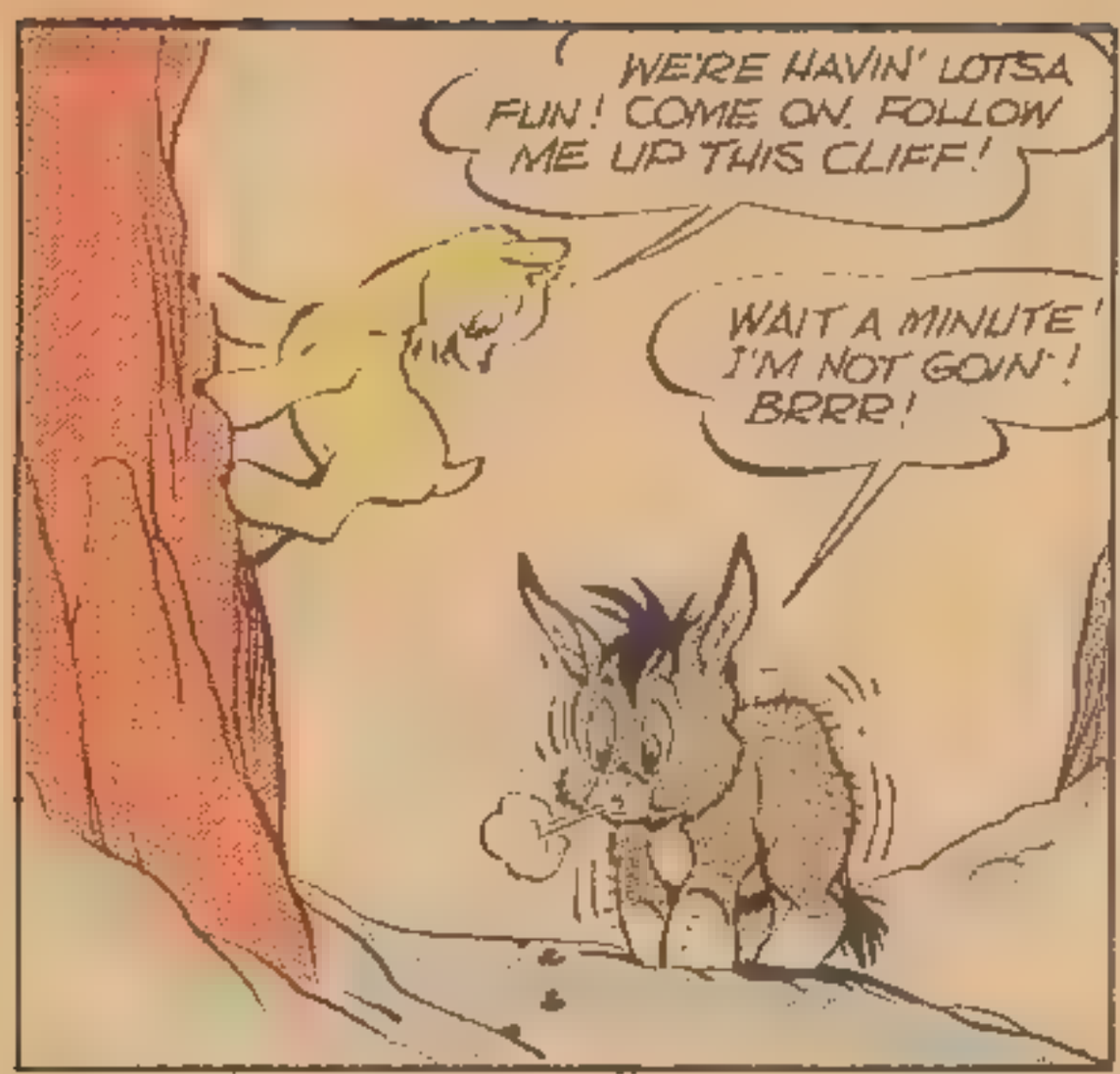
I'LL HAVE TO TRY EASIER TRICKS! COME ON. SEE IF YOU CAN FOLLOW MY FOOTSTEPS!

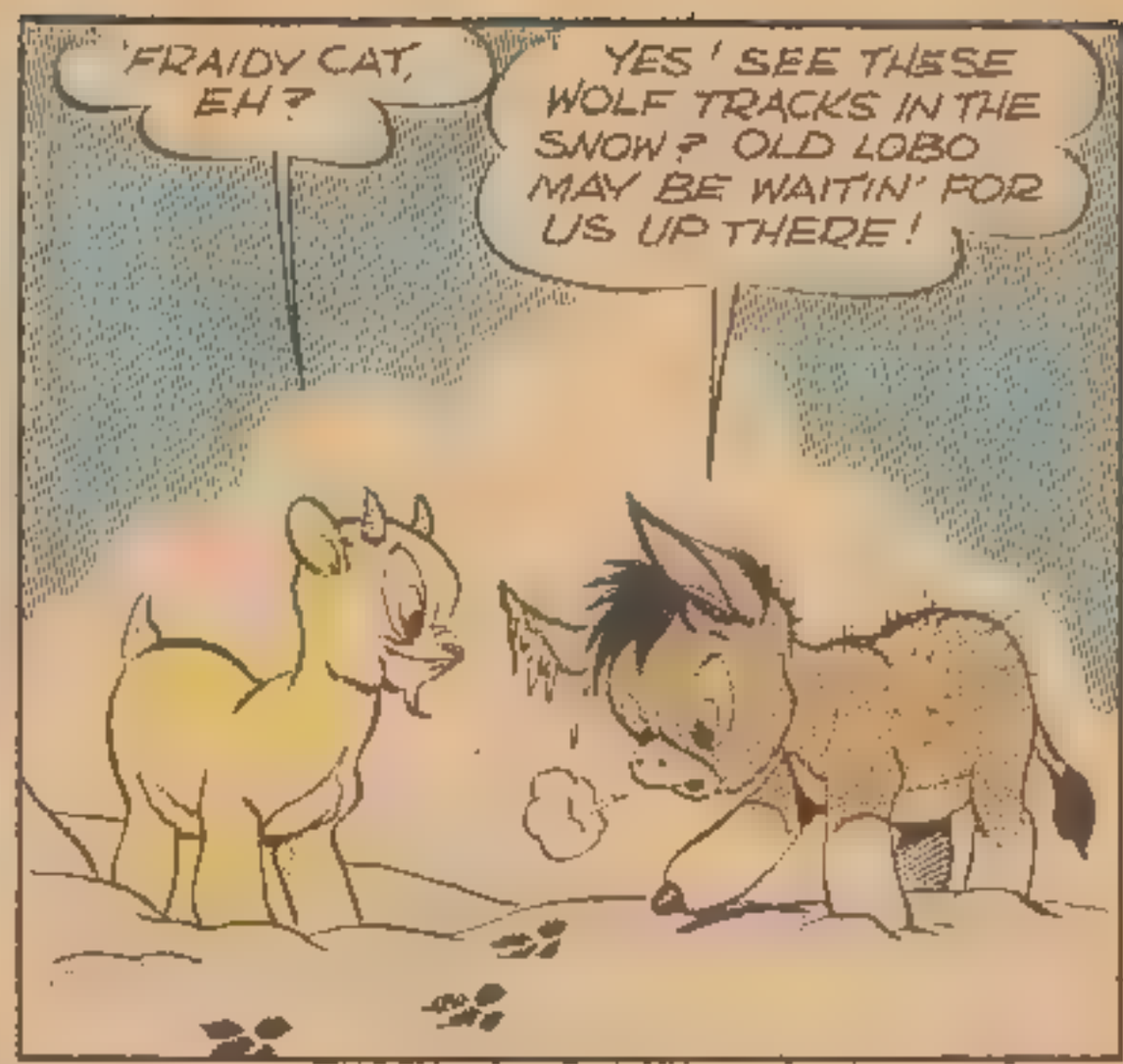

Y'MEAN I HAVE TO HOP ACROSS THIS POOL ON THOSE ROCKS?
YES. AND BE CAREFUL! THE ICE IS THIN— IF YOU MISS!

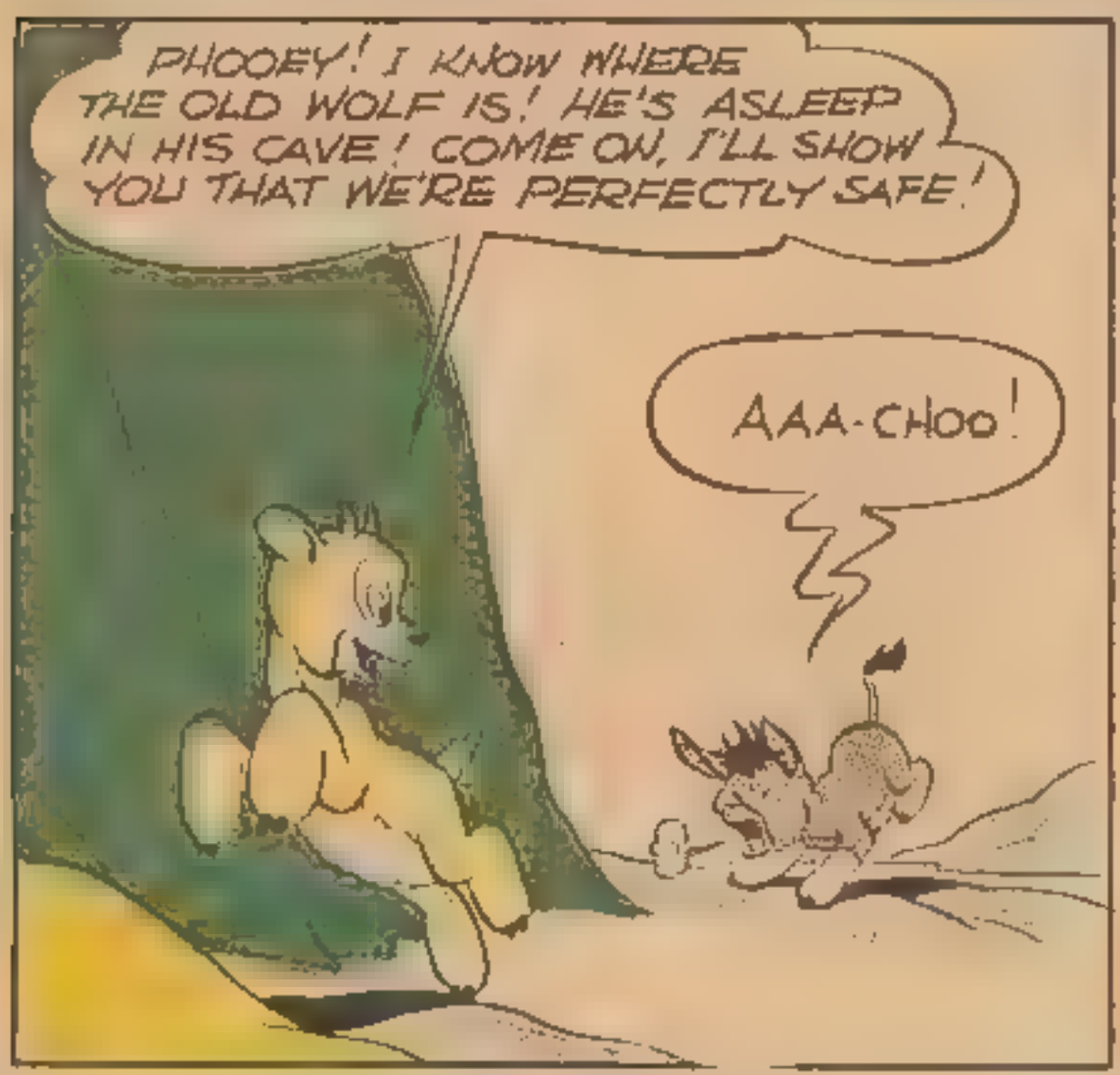

— AND I'M SURE YOU WILL!

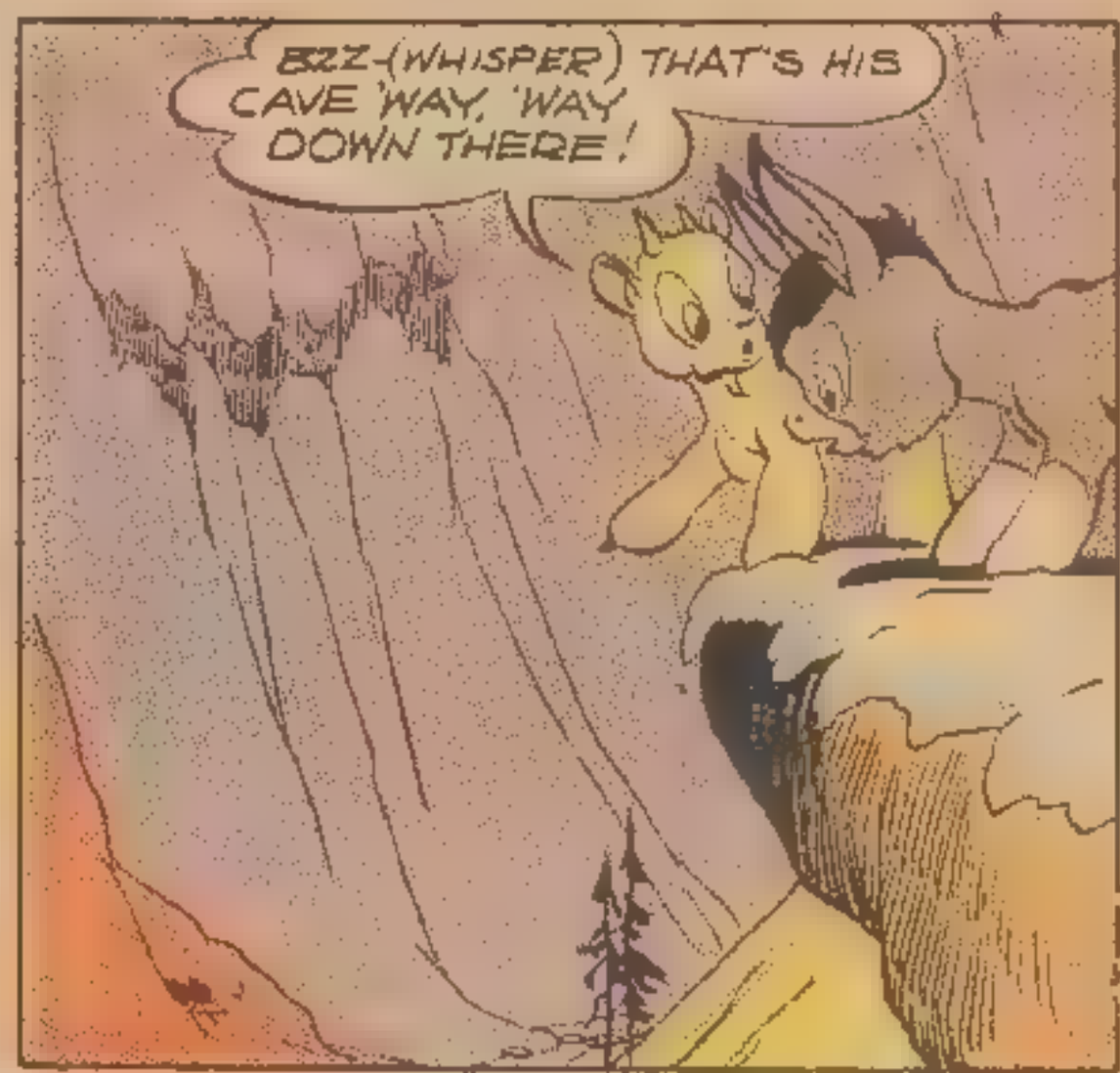

HEE! HEE! GEE, YOU'RE AWFUL!

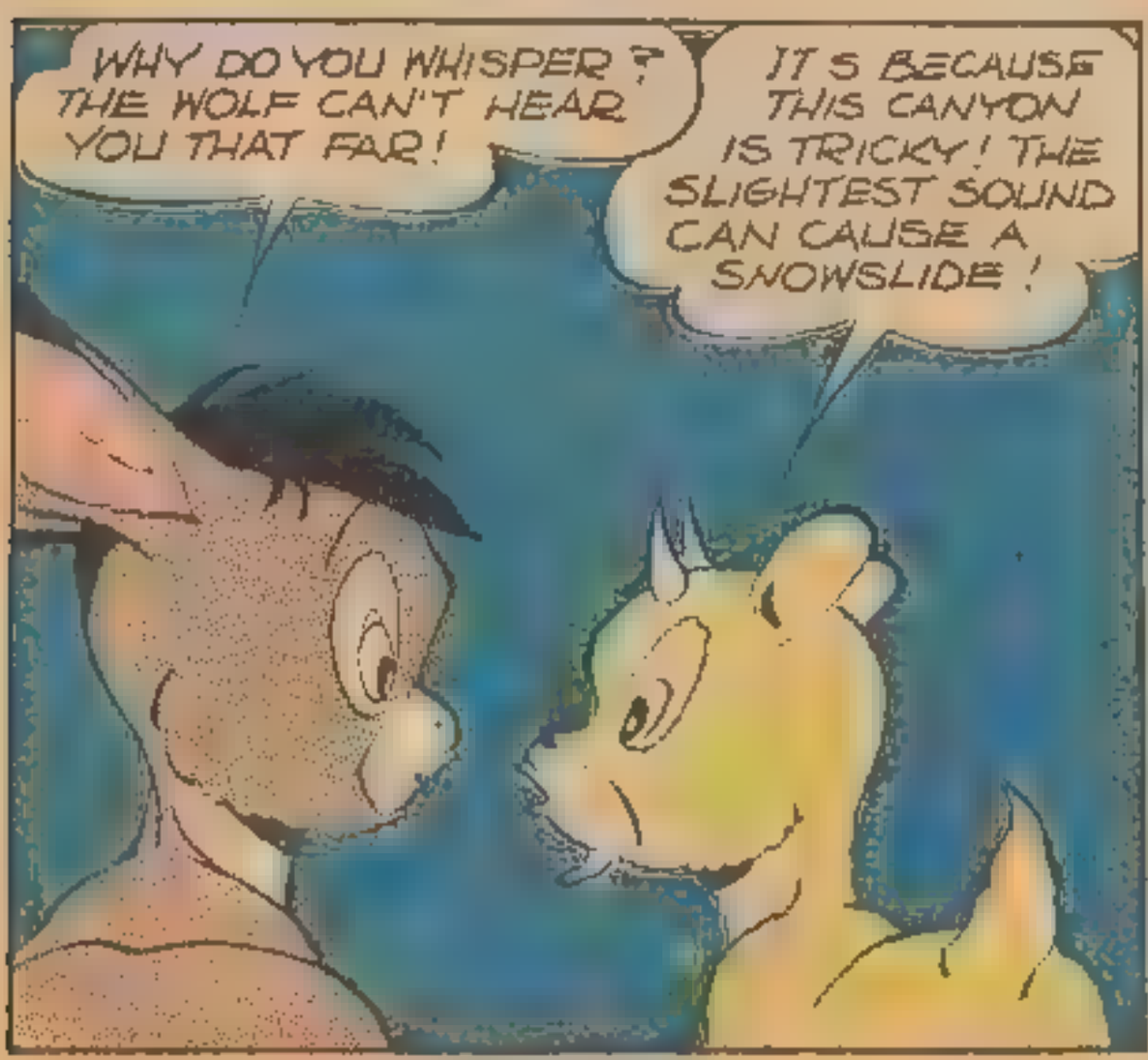

GUESS IT ISN'T SO MUCH FUN PLAYING WITH STRANGERS!

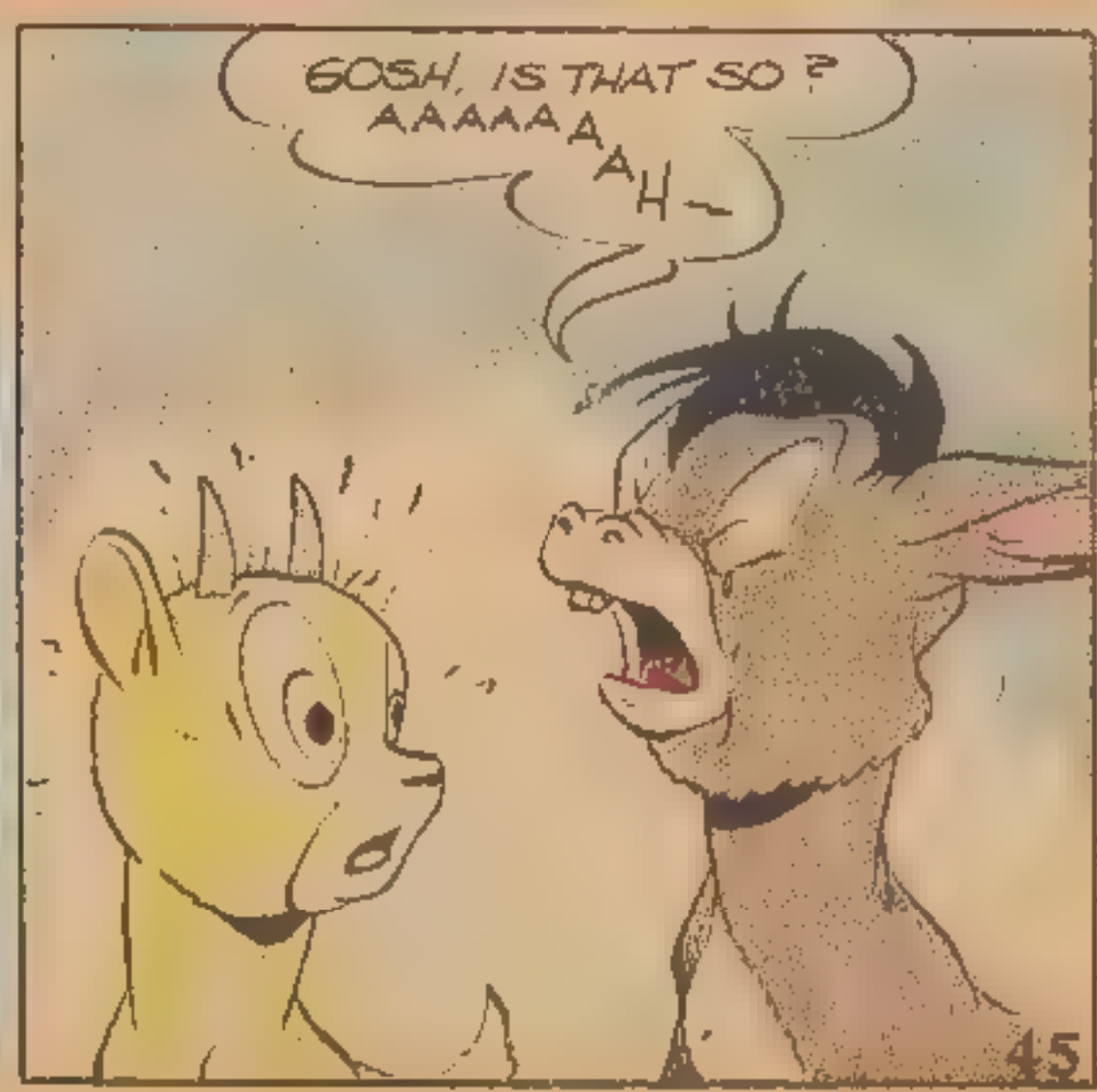

WE'RE HAVIN' LOTSA FUN! COME ON. FOLLOW ME UP THIS CLIFF!
WAIT A MINUTE! I'M NOT GOIN'! BRRR!

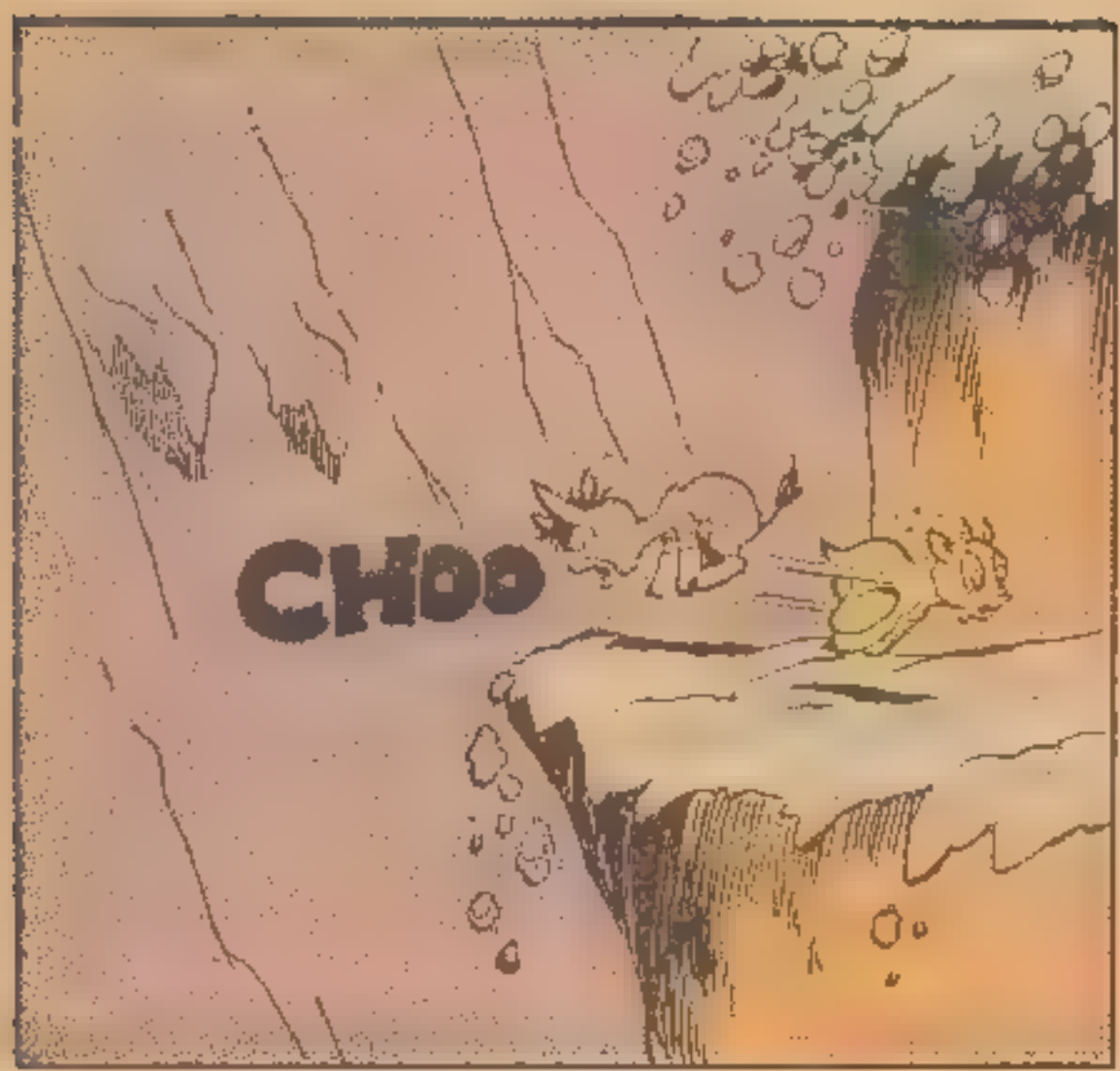

'FRAIDY CAT, EH?
YES! SEE THESE WOLF TRACKS IN THE SNOW? OLD LOBO MAY BE WAITIN' FOR US UP THERE!

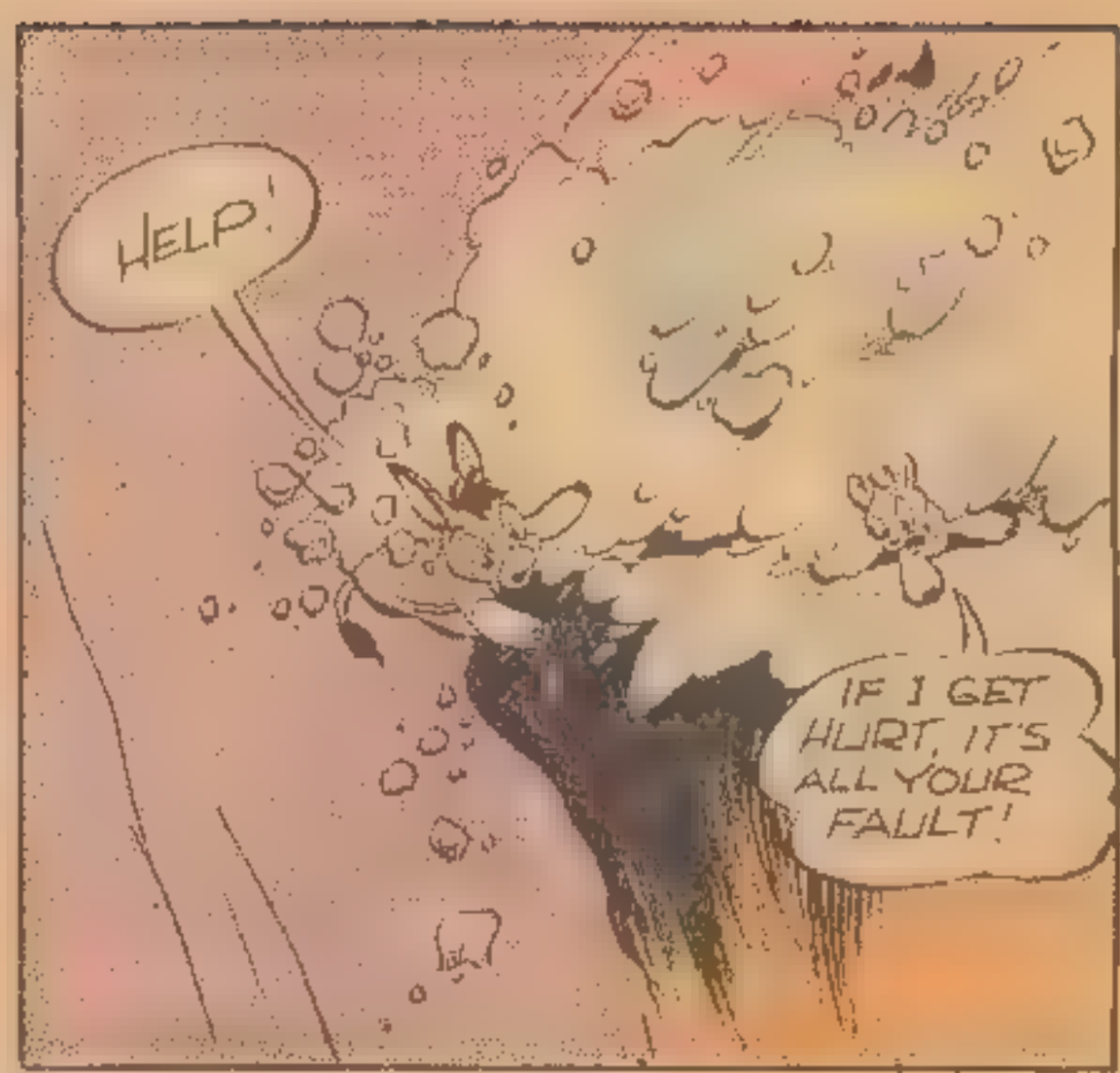

PHOOEY! I KNOW WHERE THE OLD WOLF IS! HE'S ASLEEP IN HIS CAVE! COME ON, I'LL SHOW YOU THAT WE'RE PERFECTLY SAFE!
AAA-CHOO!

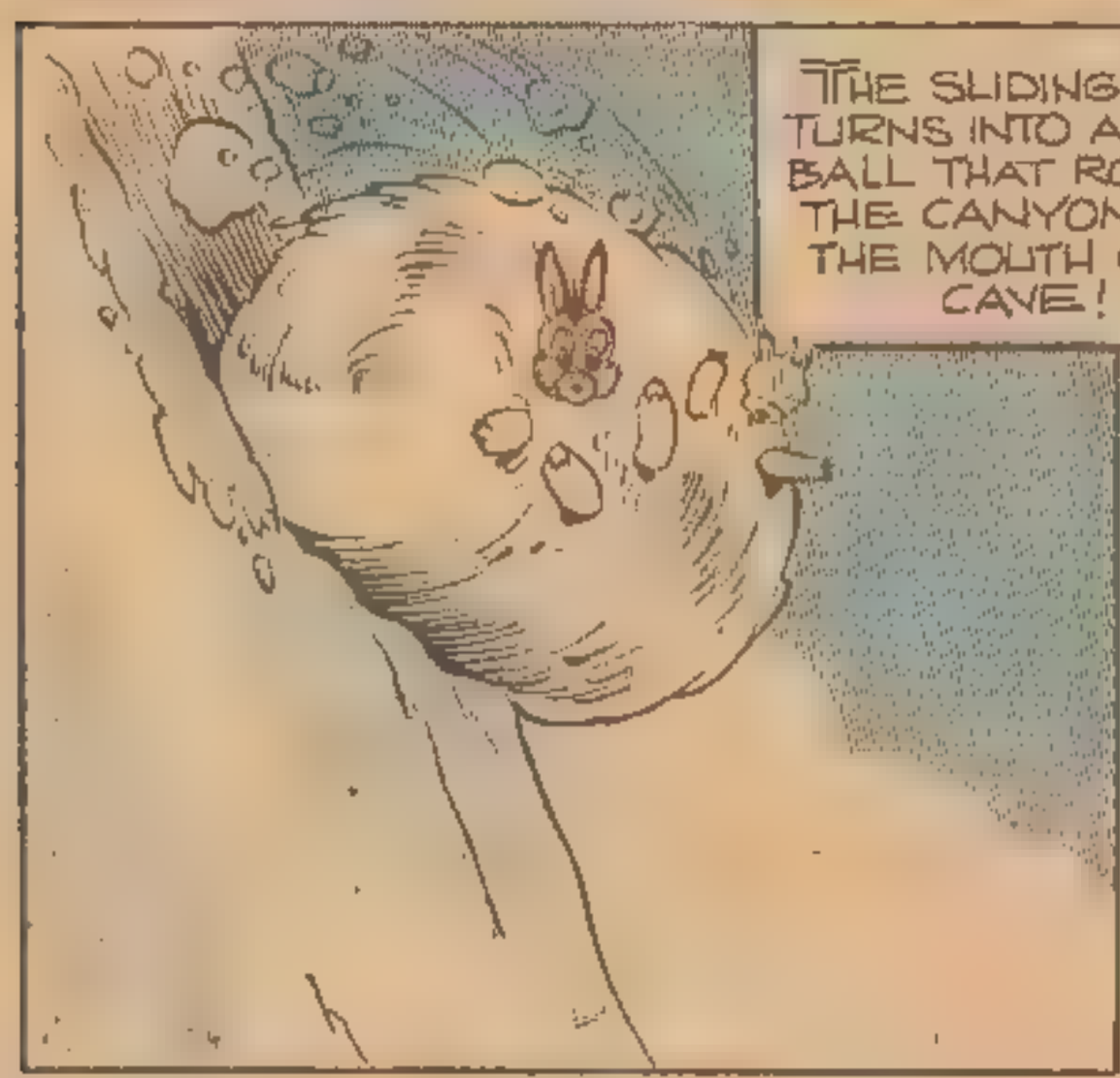

BZZ-(WHISPER) THAT'S HIS CAVE 'WAY, 'WAY DOWN THERE!

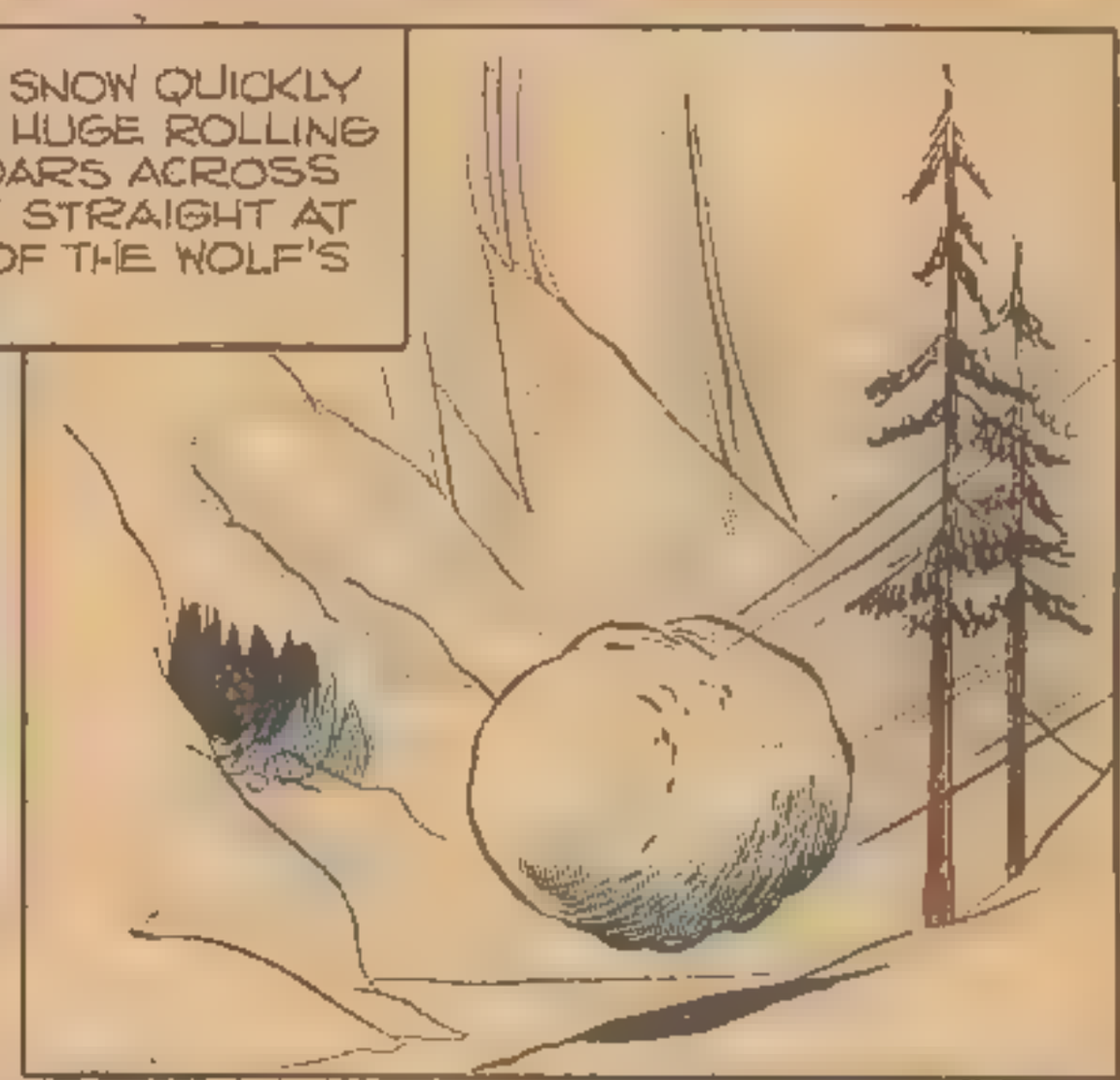

WHY DO YOU WHISPER? THE WOLF CAN'T HEAR YOU THAT FAR!
IT'S BECAUSE THIS CANYON IS TRICKY! THE SLIGHTEST SOUND CAN CAUSE A SNOWSLIDE!


GOSH, IS THAT SO? AAAAAAAH-


CHOO

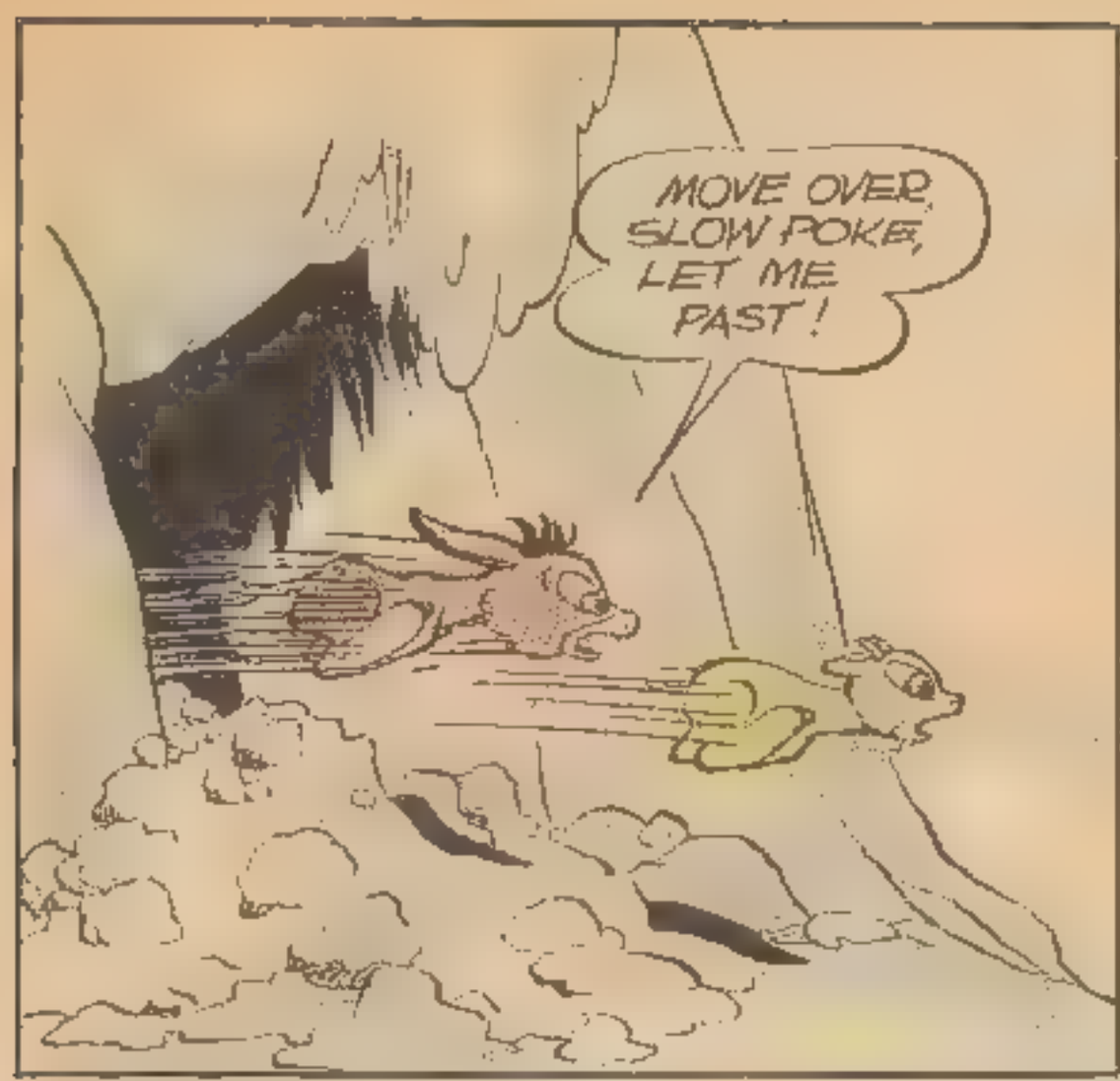

HELP!
IF I GET HURT, IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

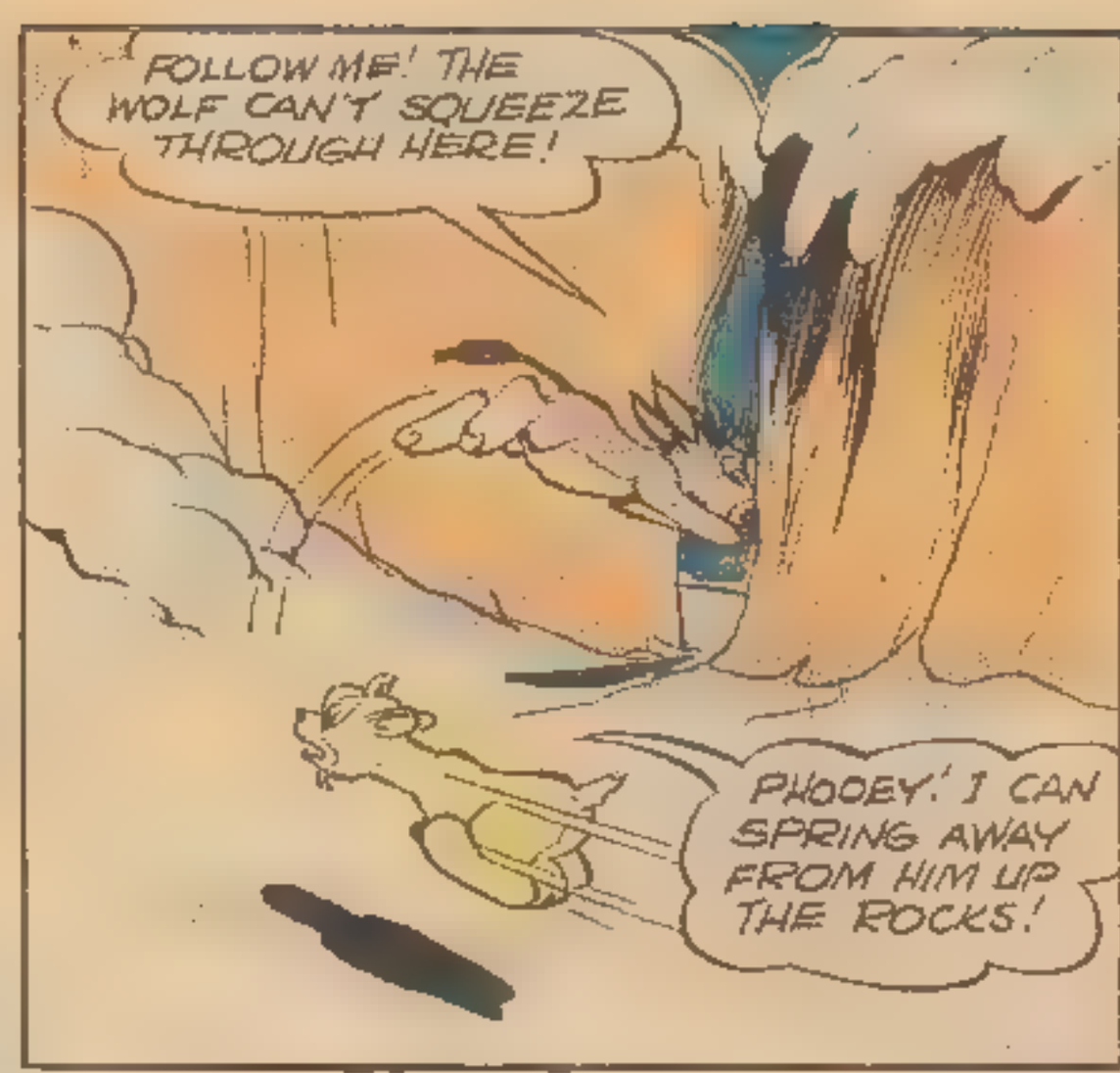

THE SLIDING SNOW QUICKLY TURNS INTO A HUGE ROLLING BALL THAT ROARS ACROSS THE CANYON STRAIGHT AT THE MOUTH OF THE WOLF'S CAVE!



THUD

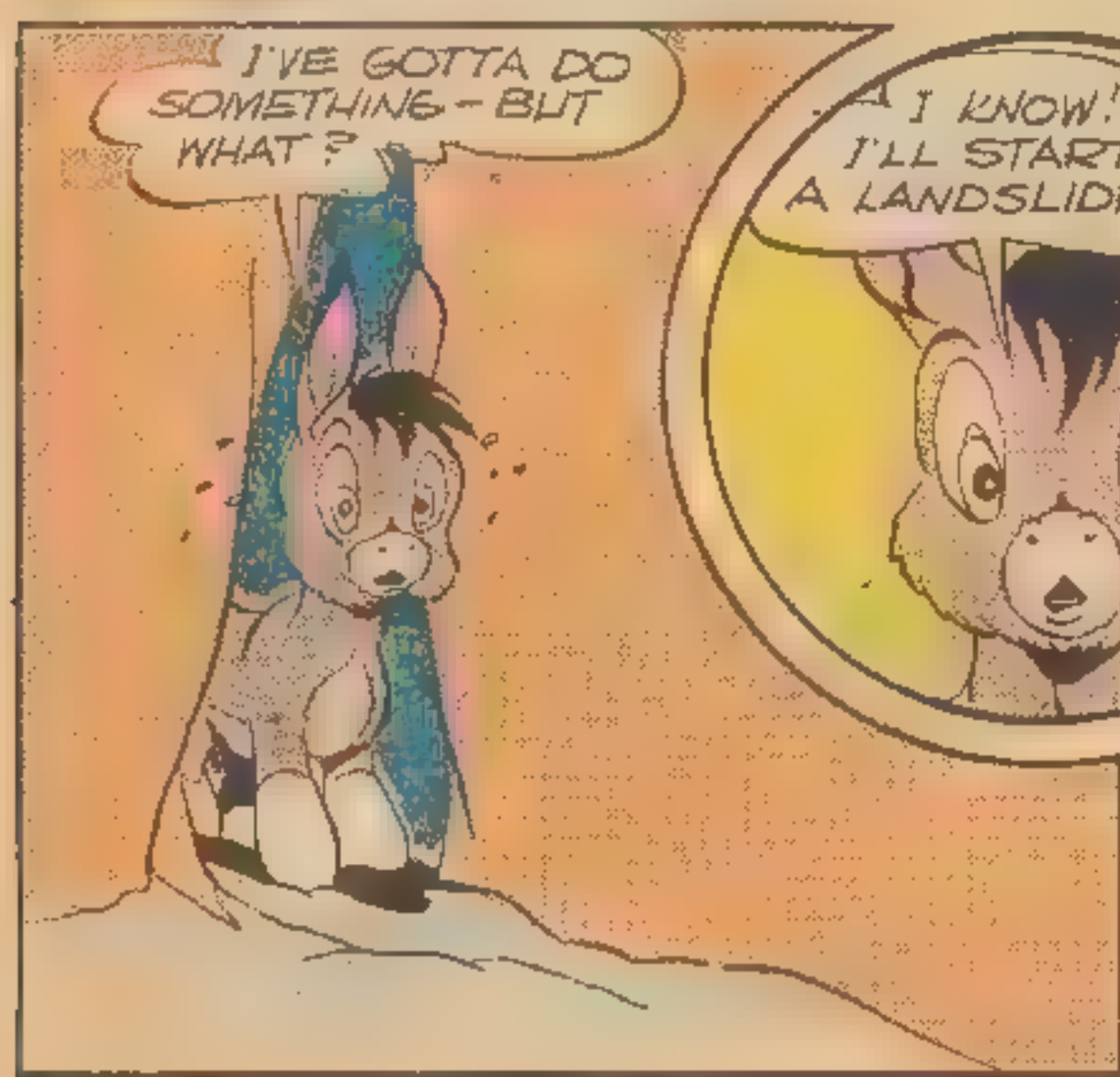
THE WOLF!

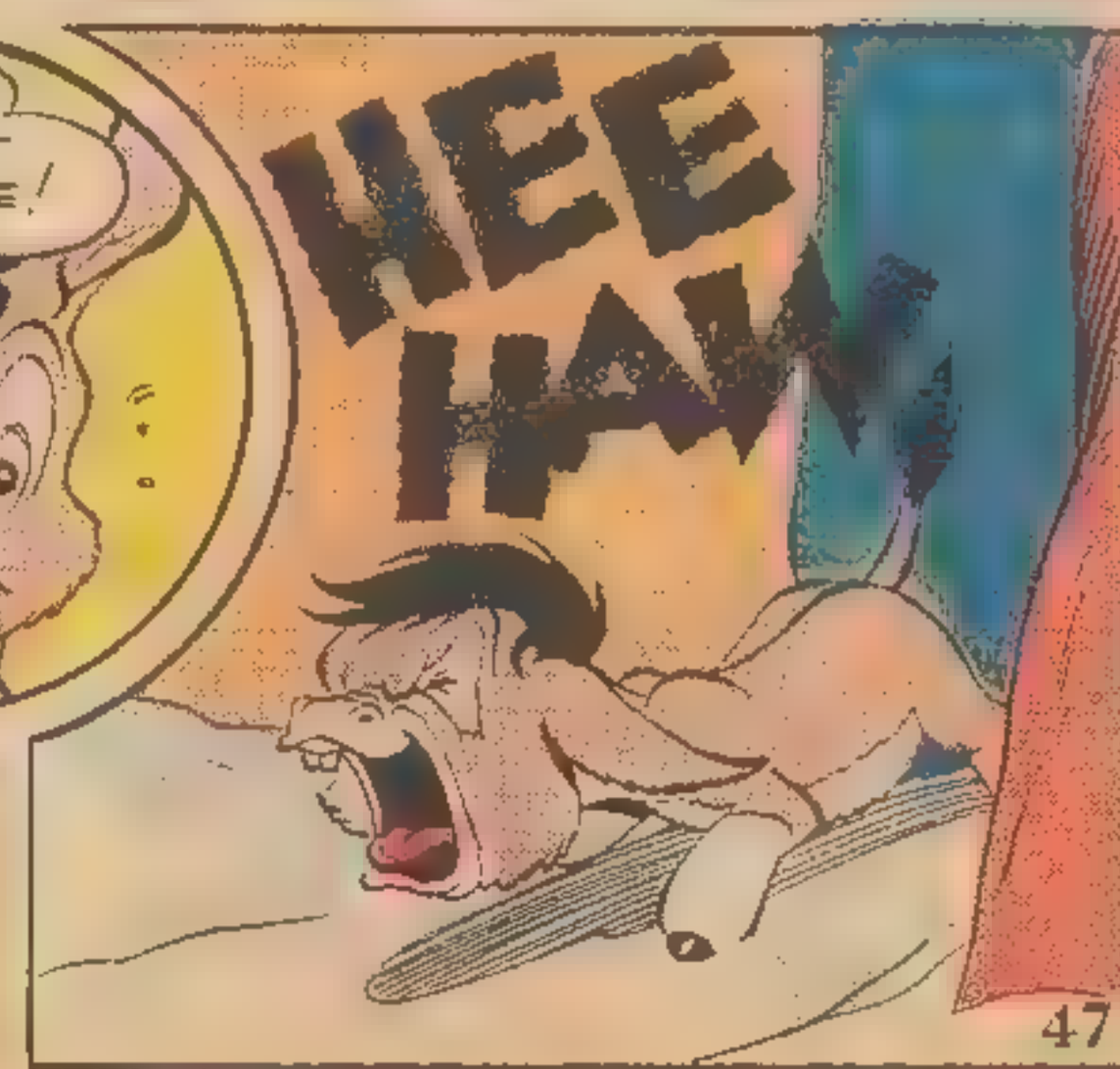

MOVE OVER, SLOW POKE, LET ME PAST!

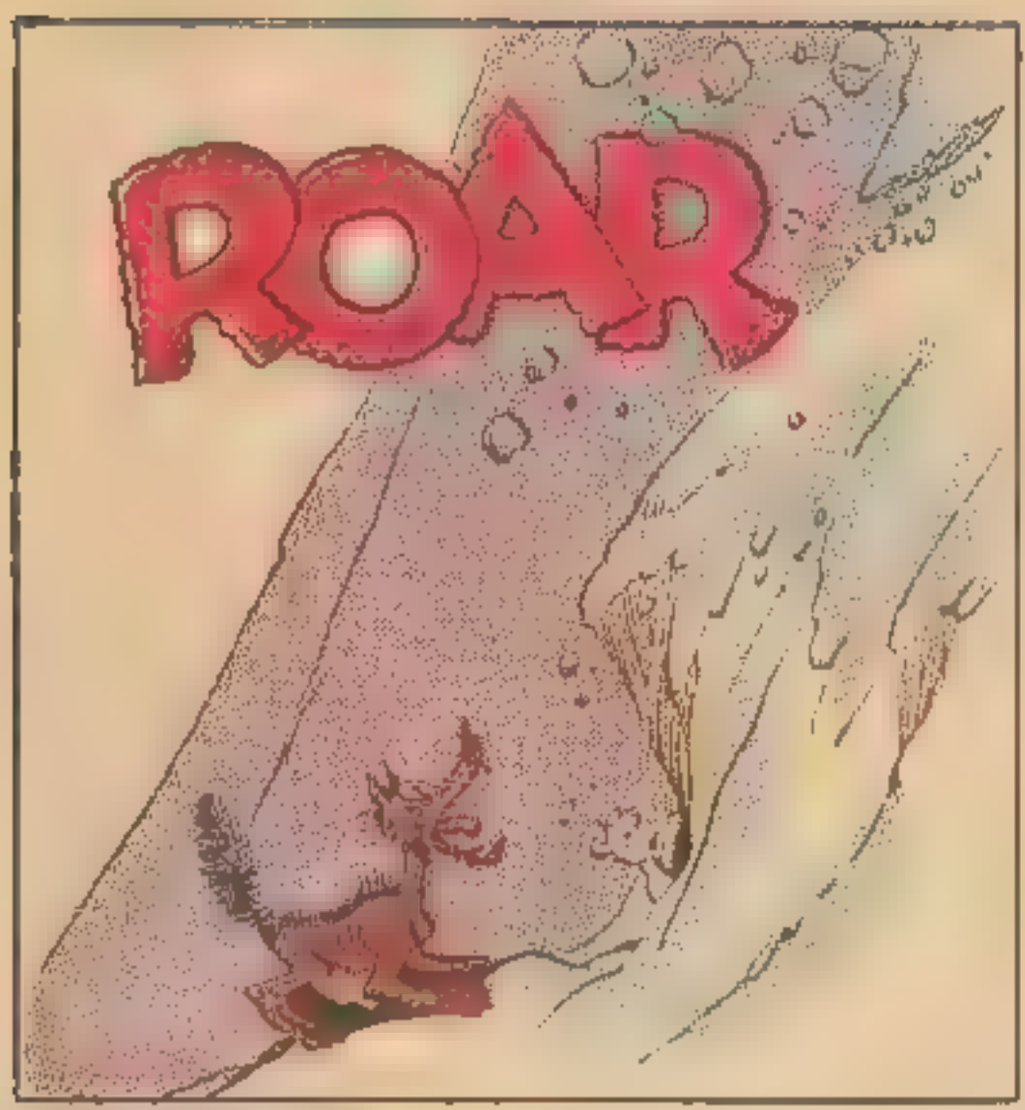

FOLLOW ME! THE WOLF CAN'T SQUEEZE THROUGH HERE!
PHOOEY! I CAN SPRING AWAY FROM HIM UP THE ROCKS!

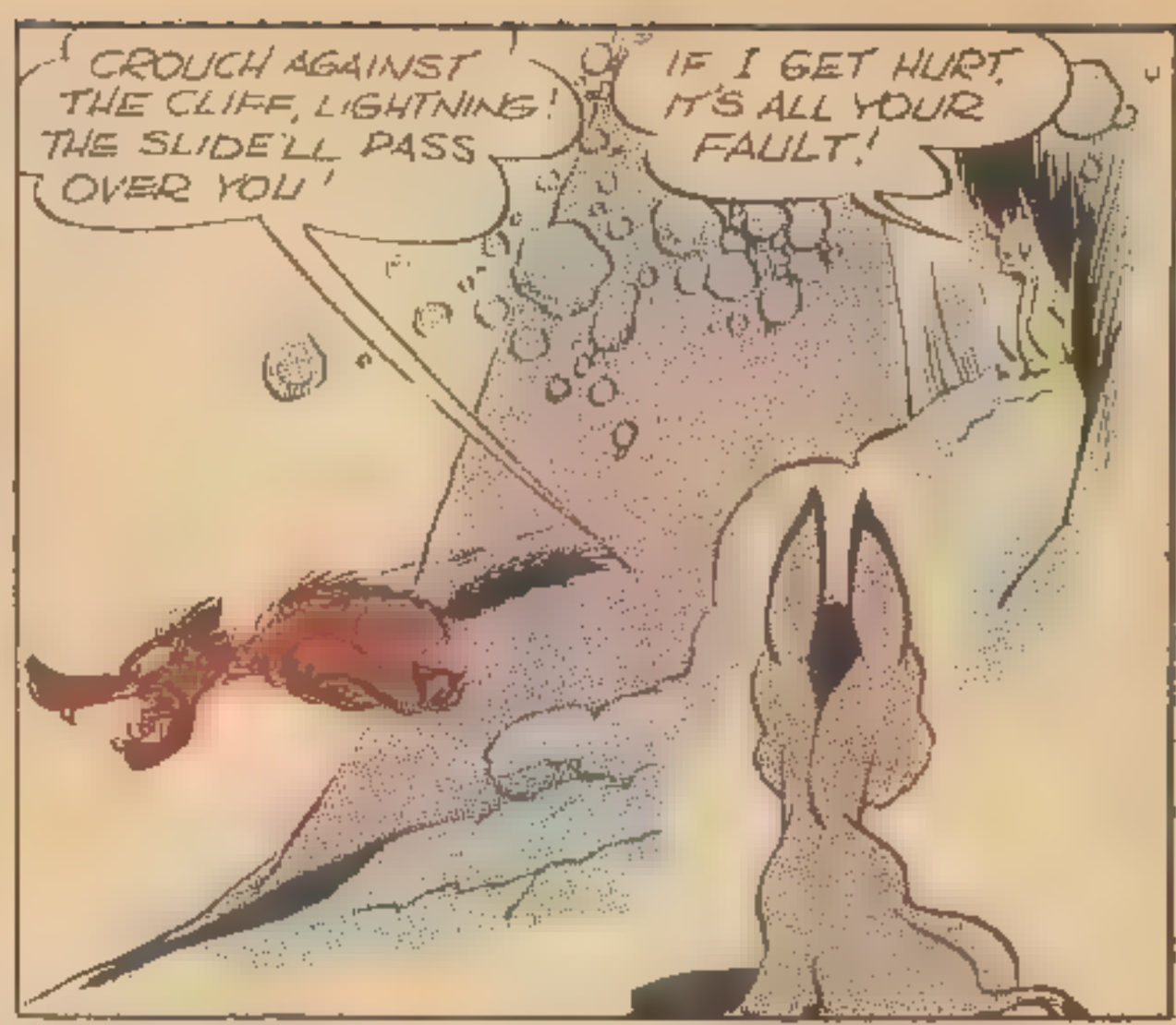
BUT THE WOLF CAN SPRING, TOO!

HE'S GOT ME CORNERED! HELP! HELP! SAVE ME!

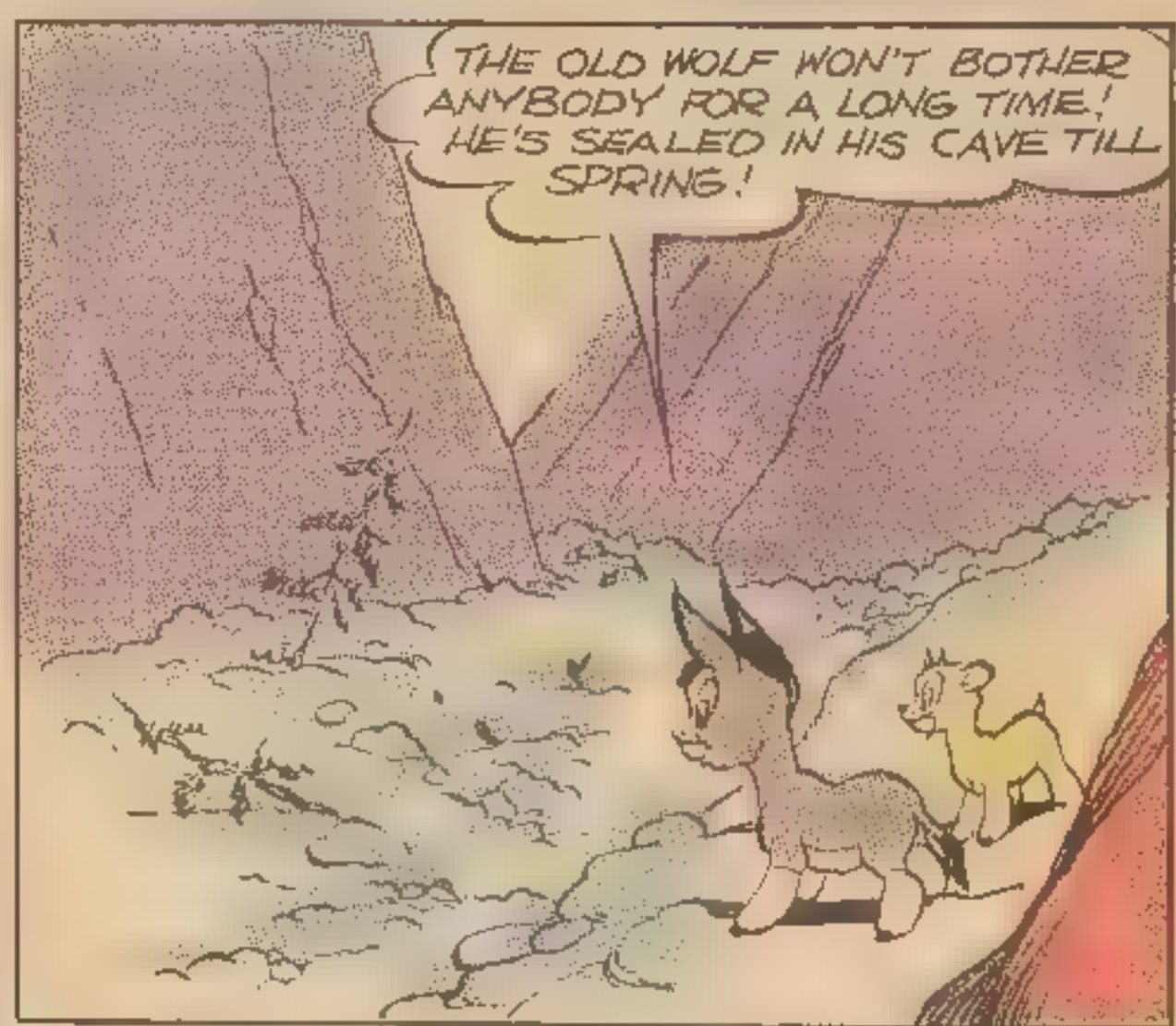

I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING - BUT WHAT?
I KNOW! I'LL START A LANDSLIDE!

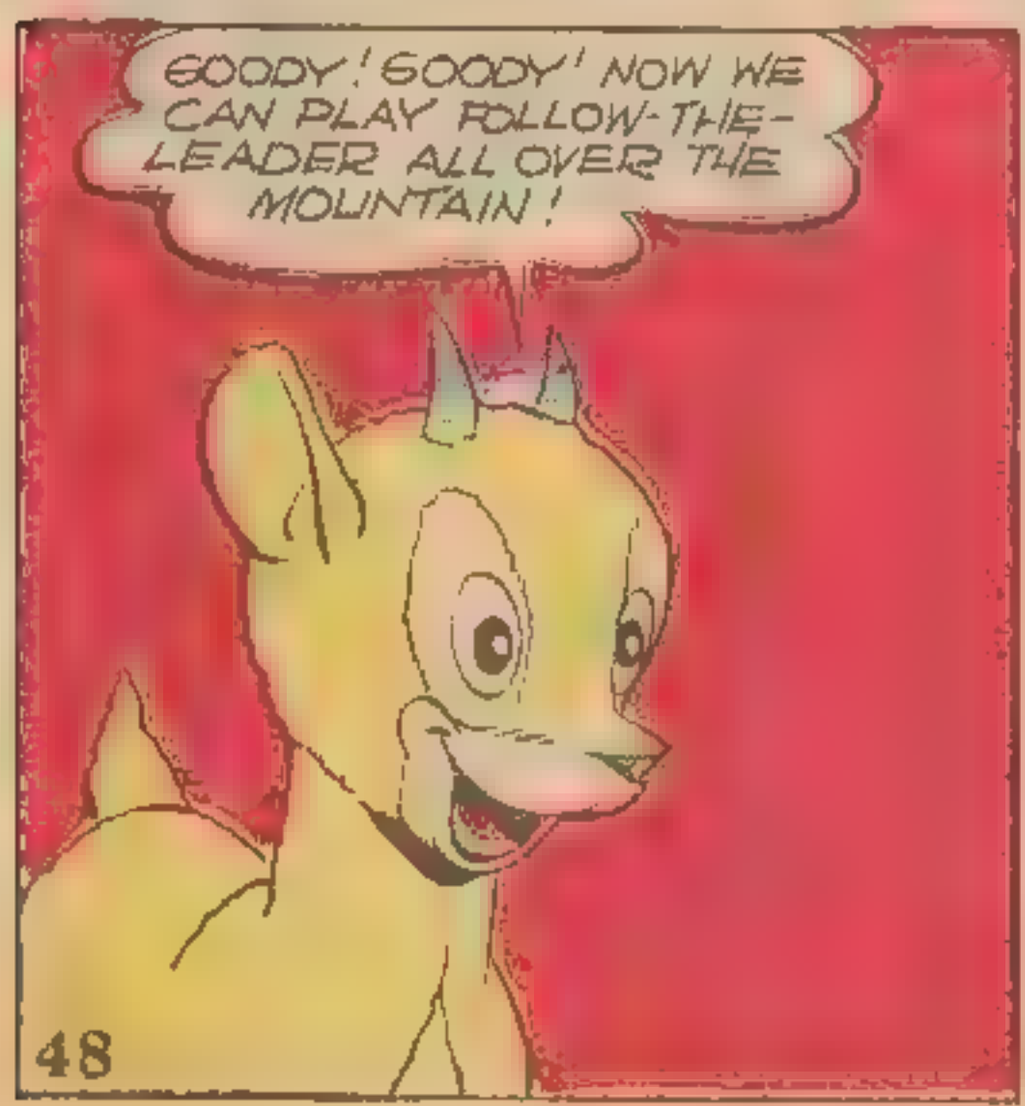

WEE HAW

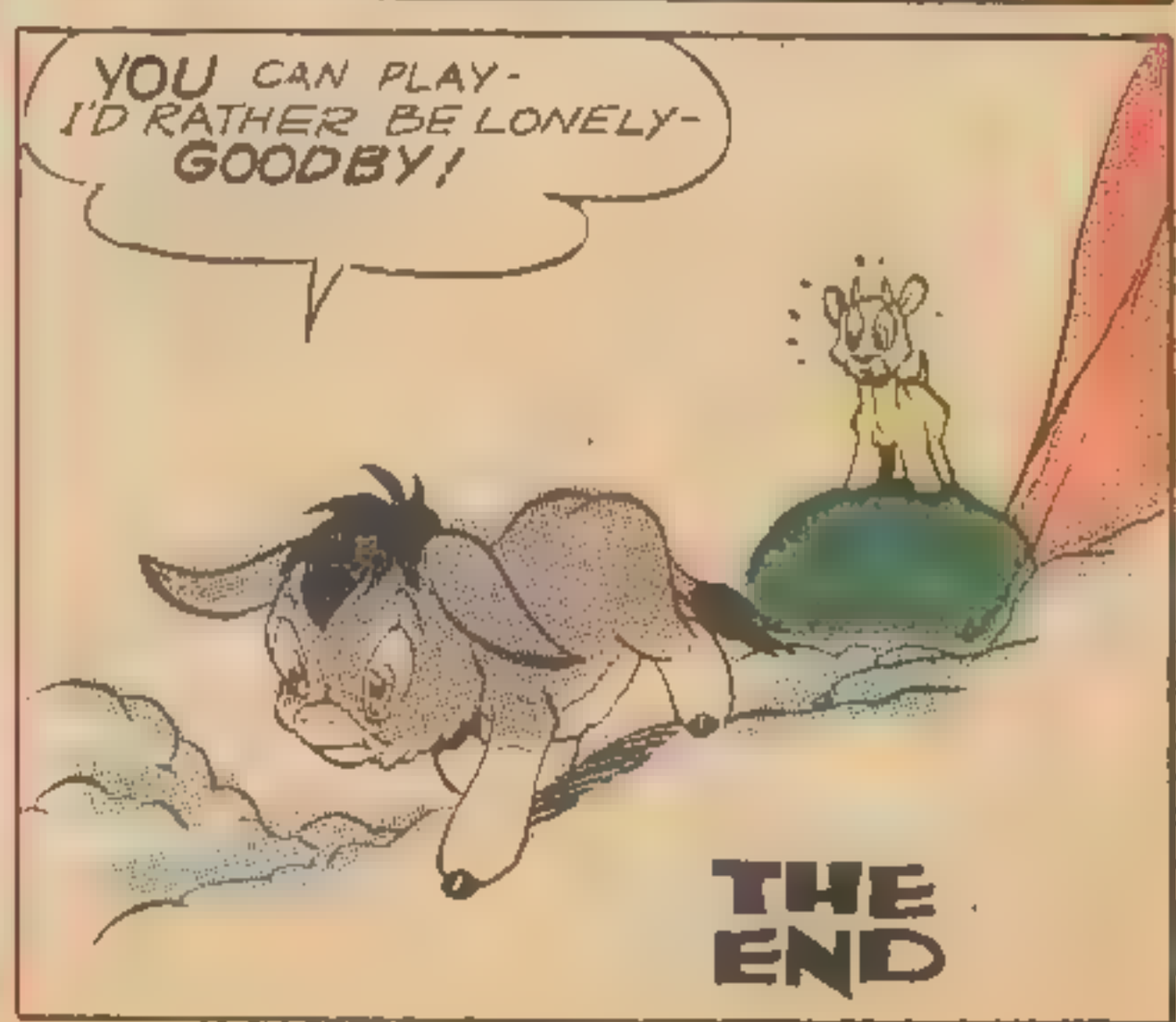

ROAR


CROUCH AGAINST THE CLIFF, LIGHTNING! THE SLIDE'LL PASS OVER YOU!
IF I GET HURT, IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

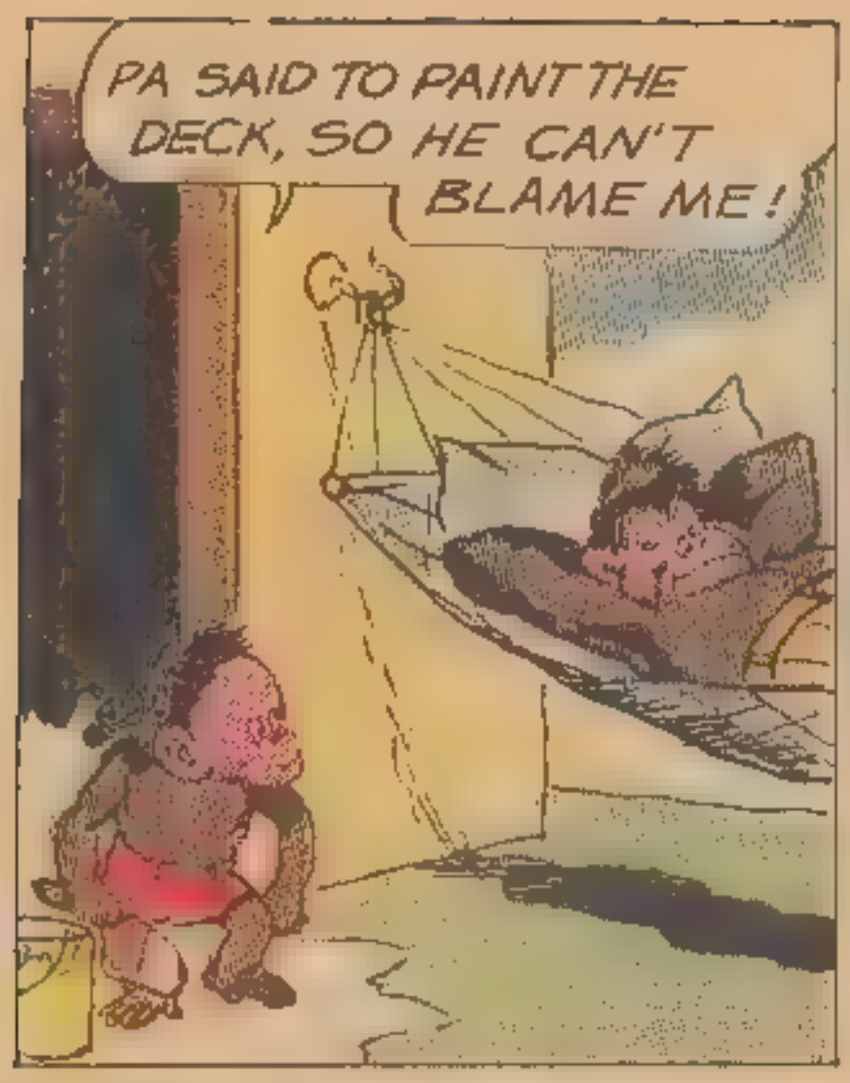
MUST BE A MILLION TONS OF SNOW GOIN' PAST!


THE OLD WOLF WON'T BOTHER ANYBODY FOR A LONG TIME! HE'S SEALED IN HIS CAVE TILL SPRING!

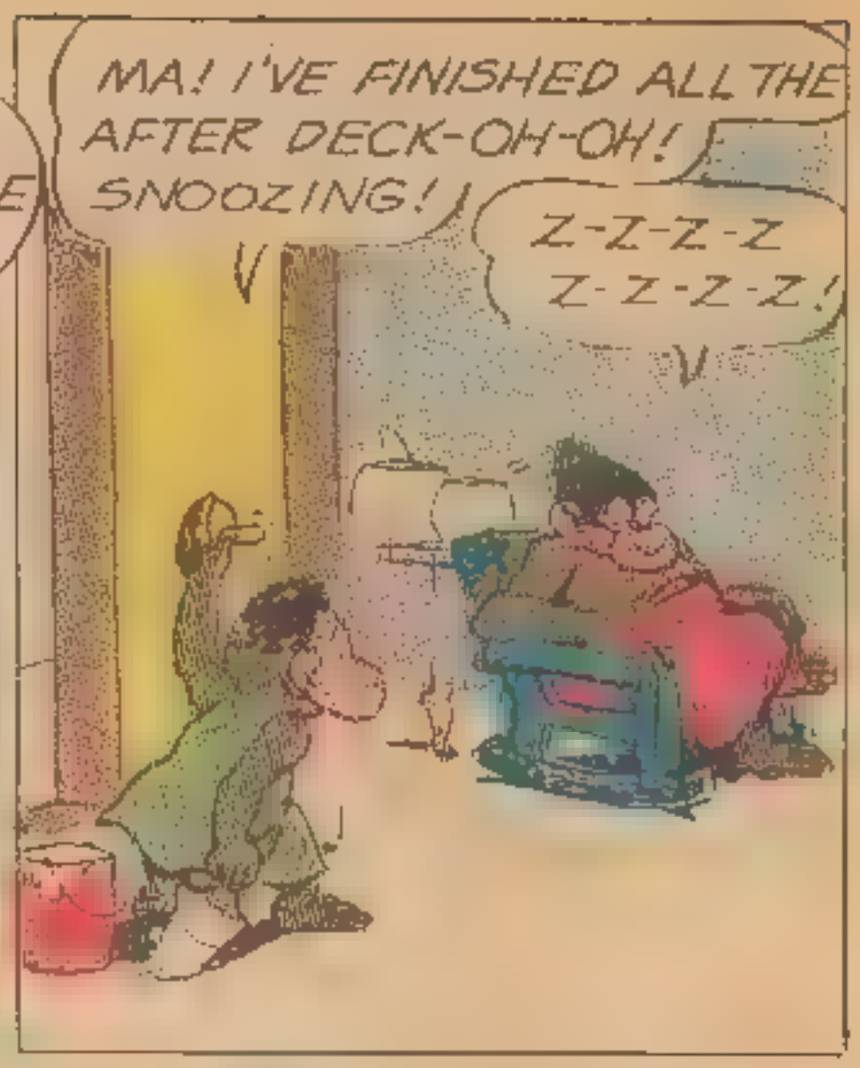

GOODY! GOODY! NOW WE CAN PLAY FOLLOW-THE-LEADER ALL OVER THE MOUNTAIN!


YOU CAN PLAY- I'D RATHER BE LONELY- GOODBY!
THE END

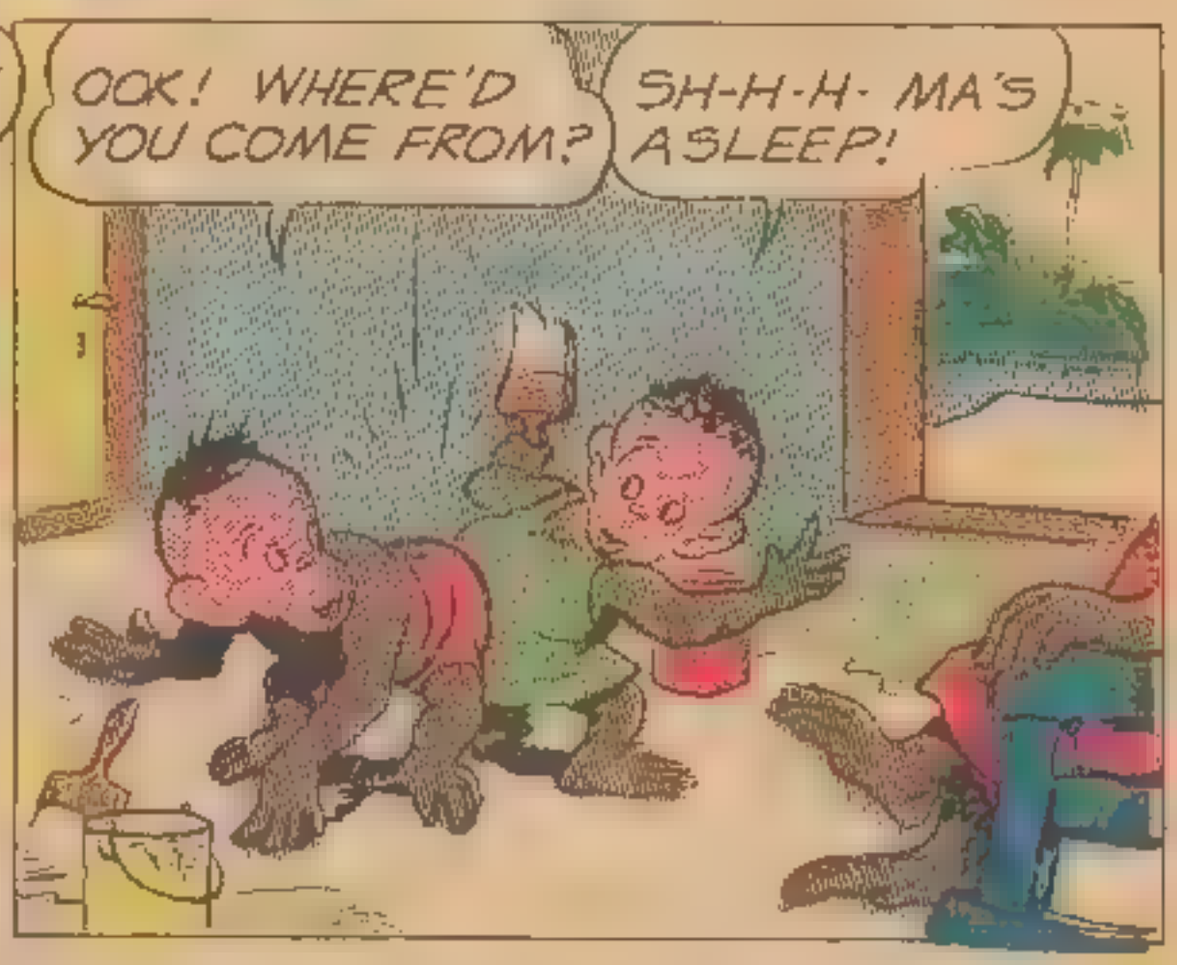
FLIP DIP
COPR. 1943, BY OSKAR LEBECK
DON'T YOU DARE ARGUE WITH ME, PA MONK! YOU'RE GOING TO PAINT THIS HOUSEBOAT FROM BOW TO STERN BEGINNING NOW!
YOU'LL BE A WIDOW ONE OF THESE DAYS. YOU KNOW WORK DOES NOT AGREE WITH ME!
HMMM! PLAYING TIC-TAC-TOE WHEN YOU SHOULD BE DEVELOPING YOUR ARTISTIC TALENTS - DO YOU SEE THESE PAINTS AND BRUSHES?
YOUR FIRST LESSON WILL BE TO PAINT THE WHOLE DECK FROM BOW TO STERN AND NO ARGUMENTS.
AW, PA! WE DON'T WANT TO BE ARTISTS!
I BET MA TOLD YOU TO DO IT.
WE'RE STUCK WITH THE JOB, DIP-LET'S GET IT DONE QUICK!
OH, ALL RIGHT-YOU TAKE THE AFTER DECK AND I'LL TAKE THIS END.
I'LL LAY IT ON GOOD AND THICK - IT SPREADS EASIER


PA SAID TO PAINT THE DECK, SO HE CAN'T BLAME ME!

HO-HUM! I THINK I'LL HAVE TIME FOR A LITTLE NAP BEFORE DINNER IS COOKED.


MA! I'VE FINISHED ALL THE AFTER DECK-OH-OH! SNOOZING!
Z-Z-Z-Z Z-Z-Z-Z!

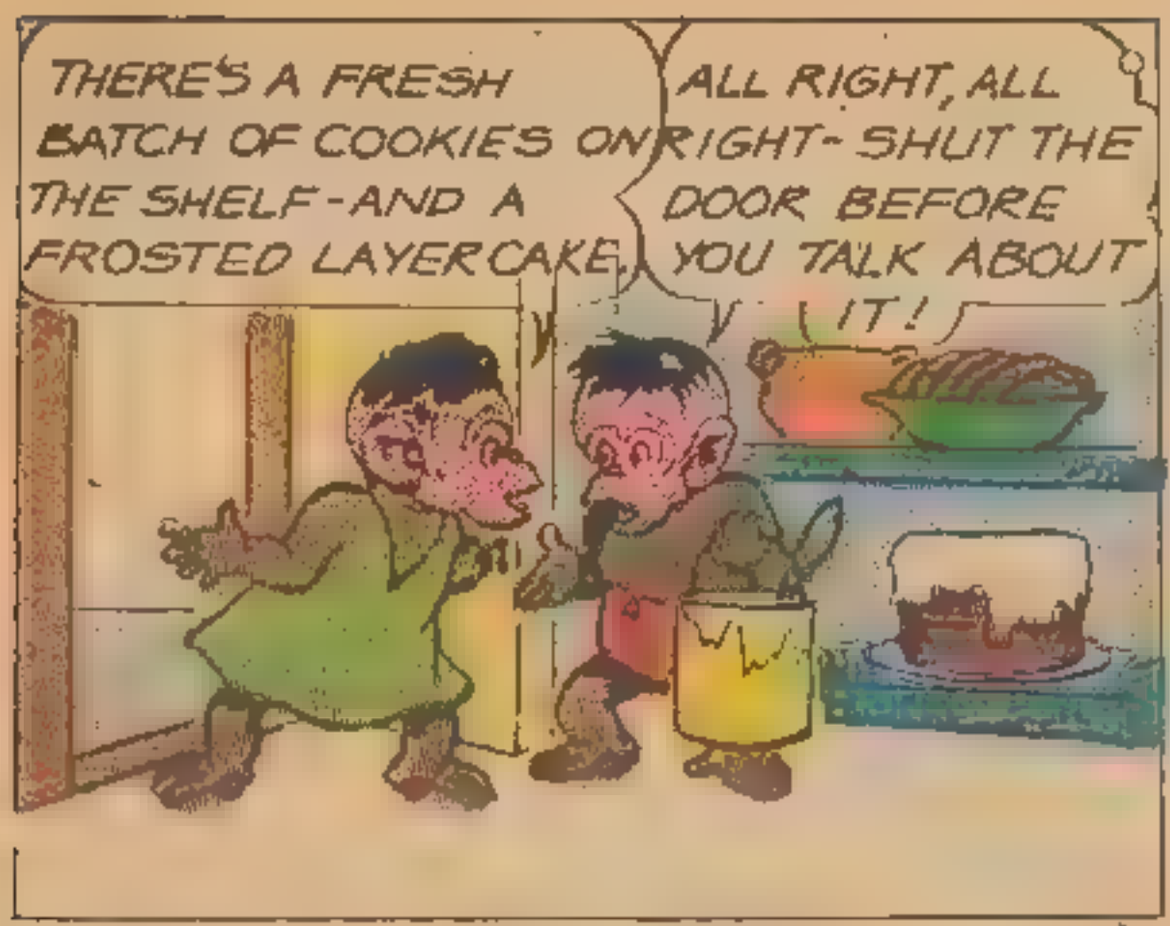
I WONDER HOW FAR DIP HAS PAINTED?
I'LL BET FLIP ISN'T HALF DONE YET!

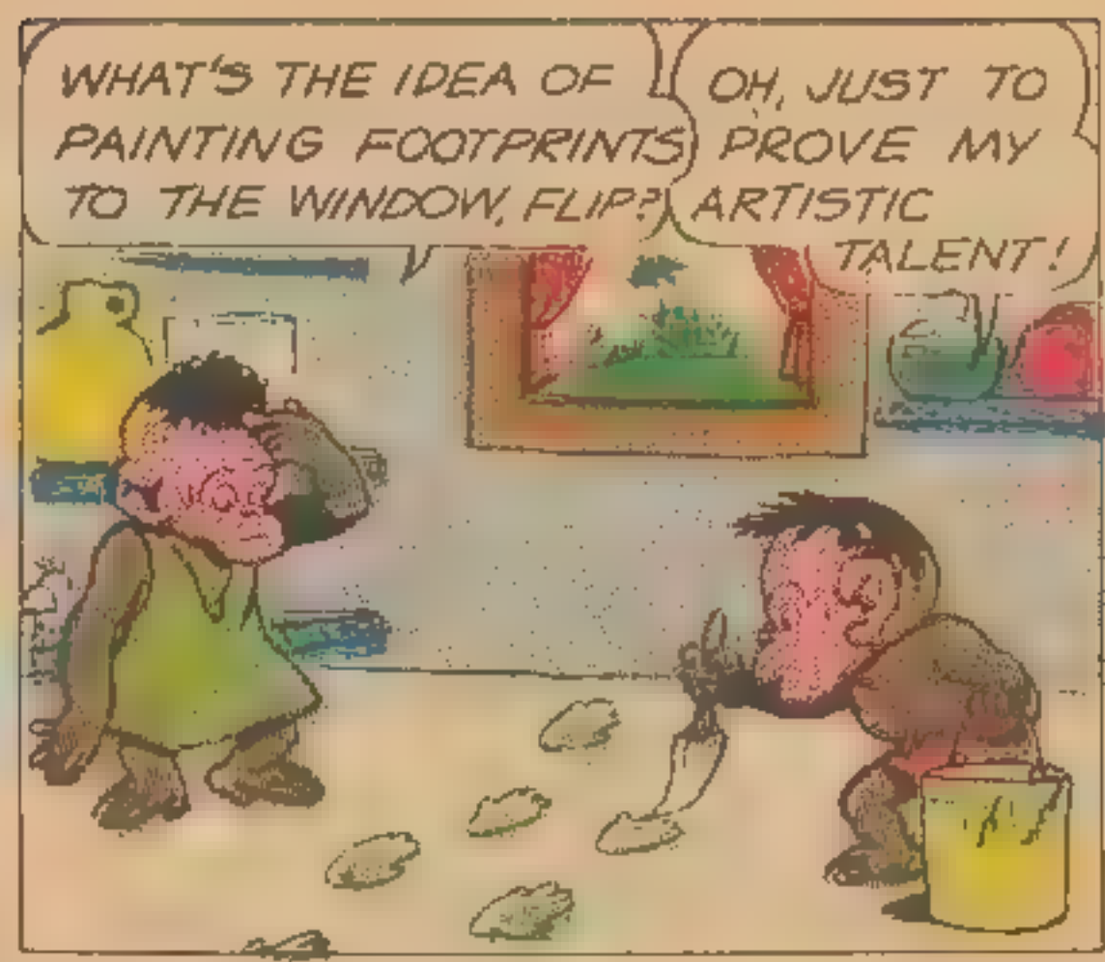

OOK! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?
SH-H-H- MA'S ASLEEP!

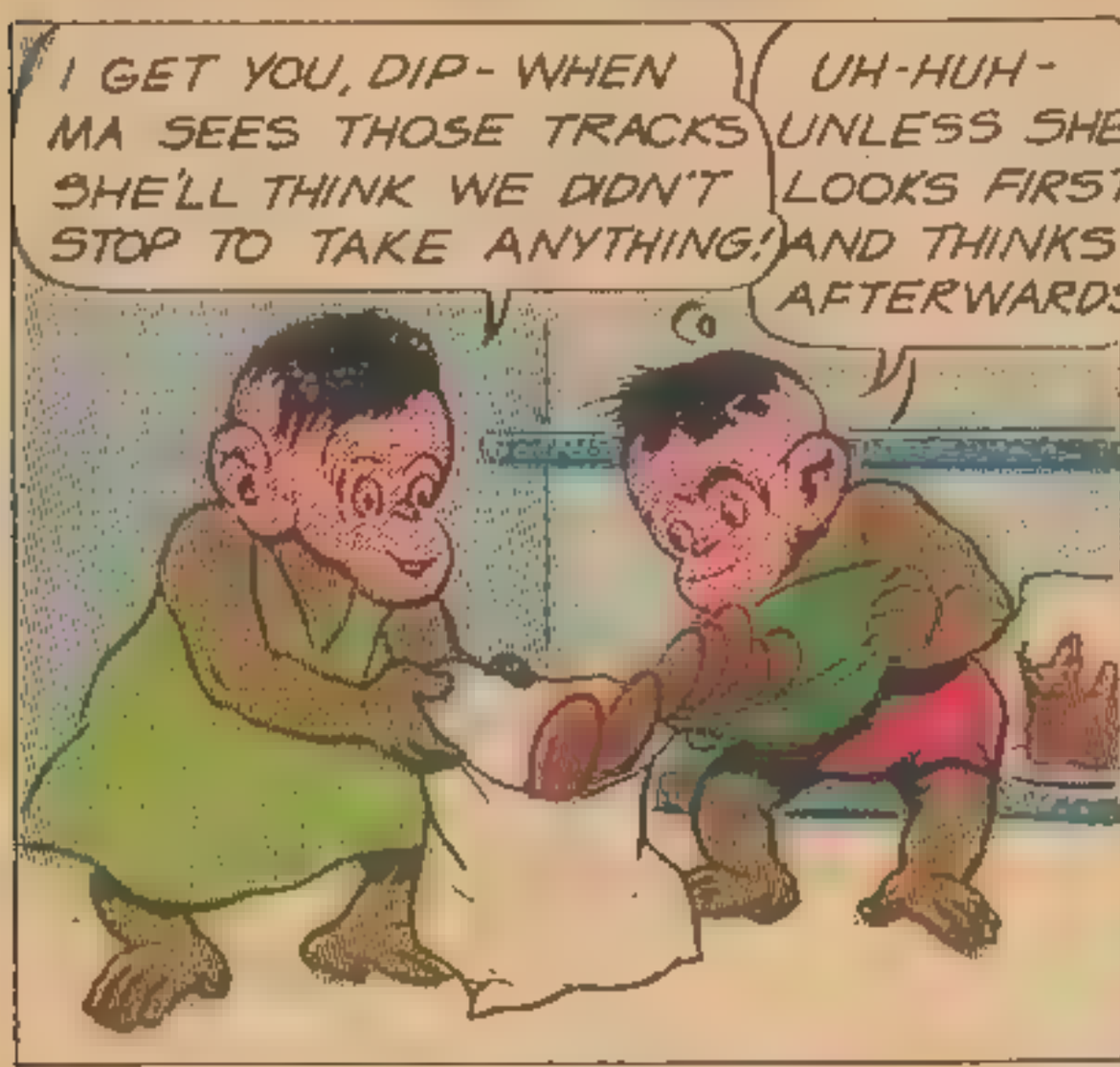
WE'VE PAINTED OURSELVES IN, DIP! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?
GO OUT THROUGH THE PANTRY, IT'S THE ONLY WAY LEFT!

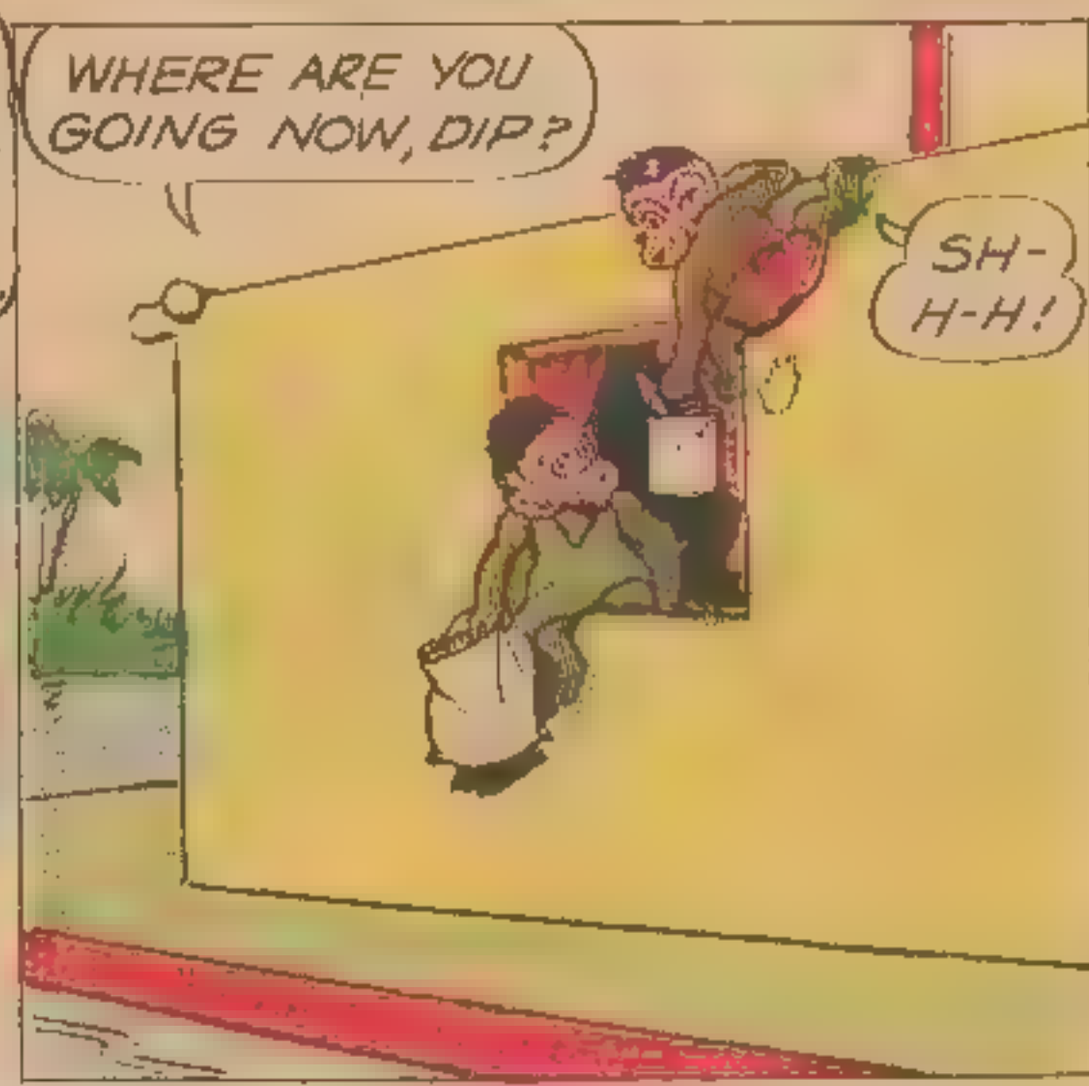
MA ALWAYS KEEPS THE PANTRY LOCKED SINCE WE SWIPED PA'S BIRTHDAY CAKE!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, I'LL SNITCH THE KEY OUT OF HER APRON.

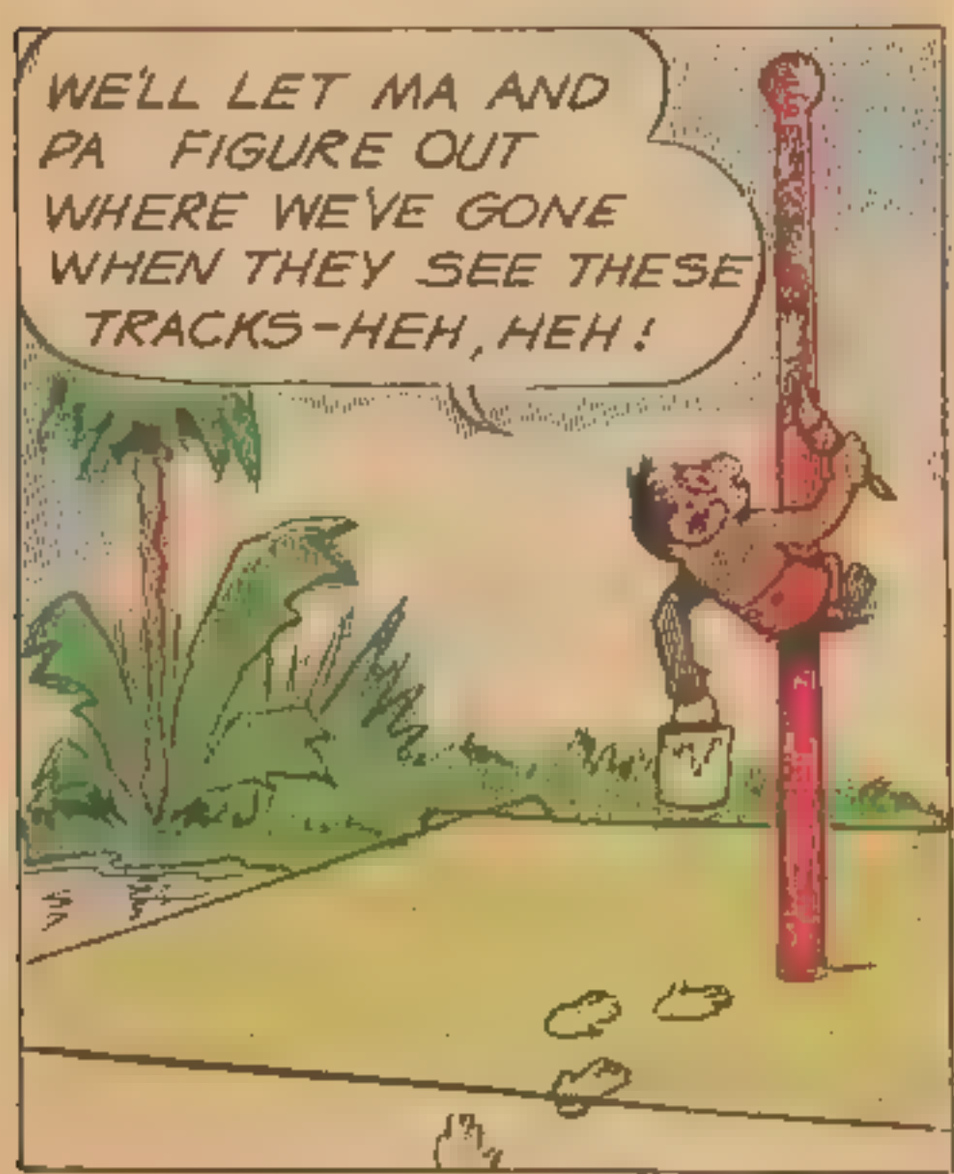
PSSSSST! I GOT IT!

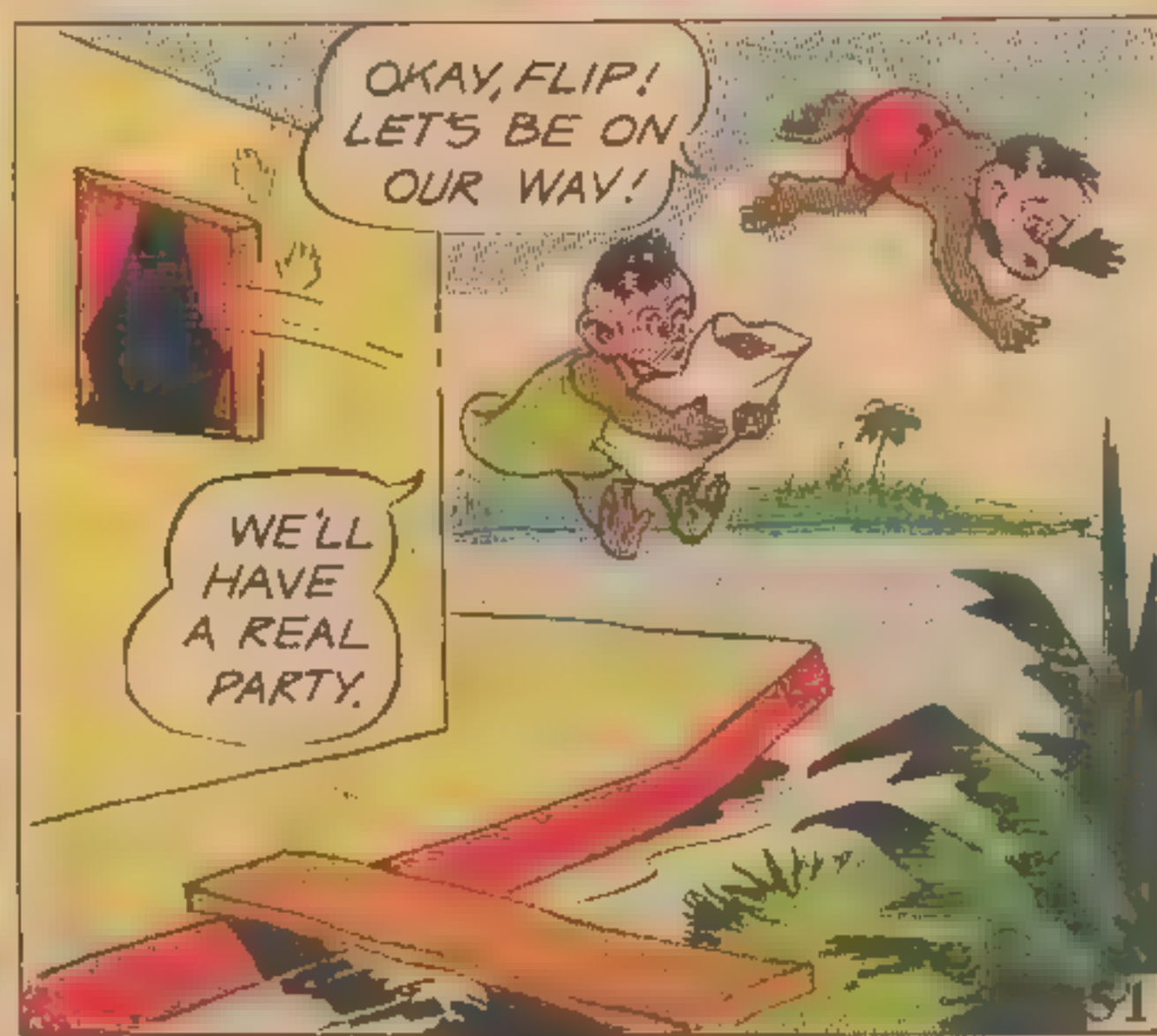

THERE'S A FRESH BATCH OF COOKIES ON THE SHELF-AND A FROSTED LAYER CAKE.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT- SHUT THE DOOR BEFORE YOU TALK ABOUT IT!


WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PAINTING FOOTPRINTS TO THE WINDOW, FLIP?
OH, JUST TO PROVE MY ARTISTIC TALENT!

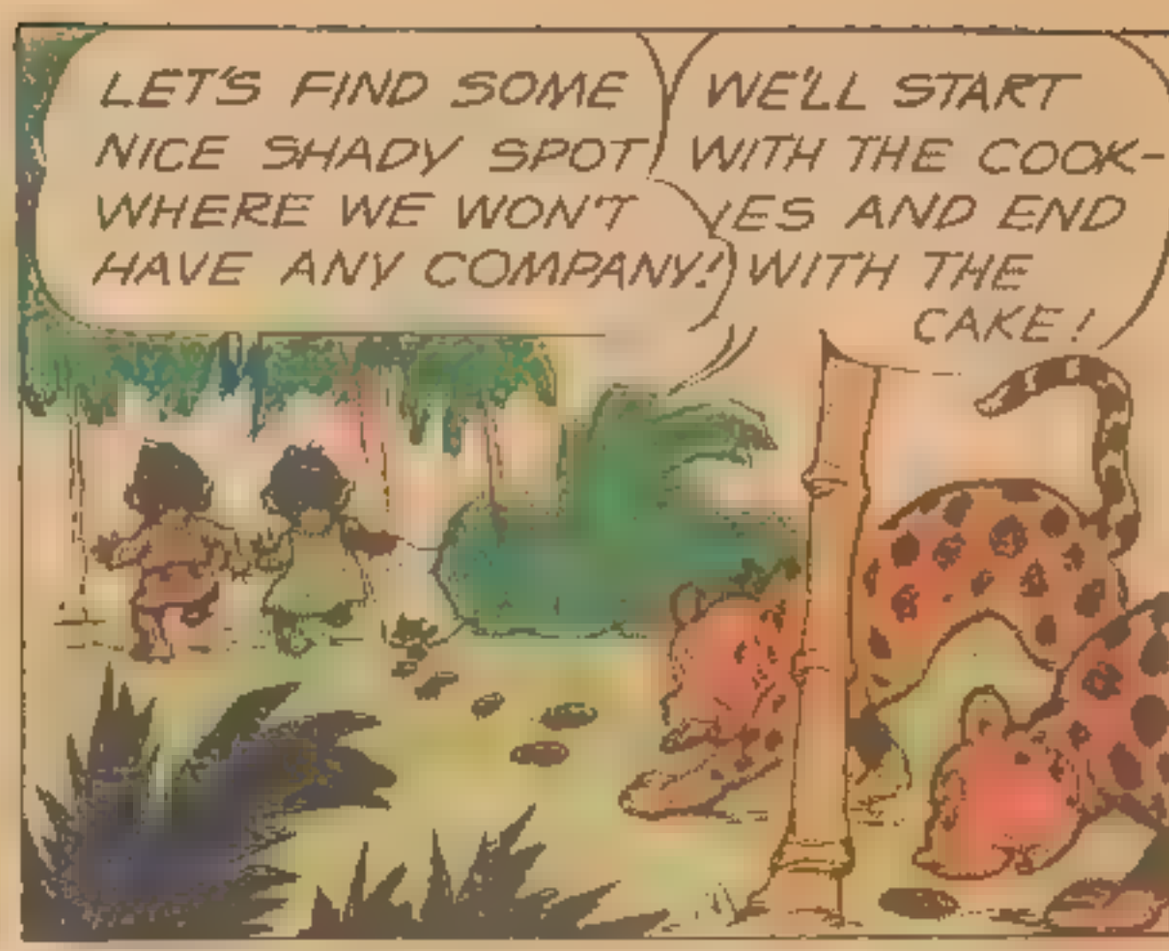

I GET YOU, DIP- WHEN MA SEES THOSE TRACKS SHE'LL THINK WE DIDN'T STOP TO TAKE ANYTHING!
UH-HUH- UNLESS SHE LOOKS FIRST AND THINKS AFTERWARDS.


WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW, DIP?
SH-H-H!


WE'LL LET MA AND PA FIGURE OUT WHERE WE'VE GONE WHEN THEY SEE THESE TRACKS-HEH, HEH!


OKAY, FLIP! LET'S BE ON OUR WAY!
WE'LL HAVE A REAL PARTY.

-IT WILL TAKE US ALL DAY TO EAT THIS WHOLE SACKFUL!
THAT'S SWELL!
RRRRIP!

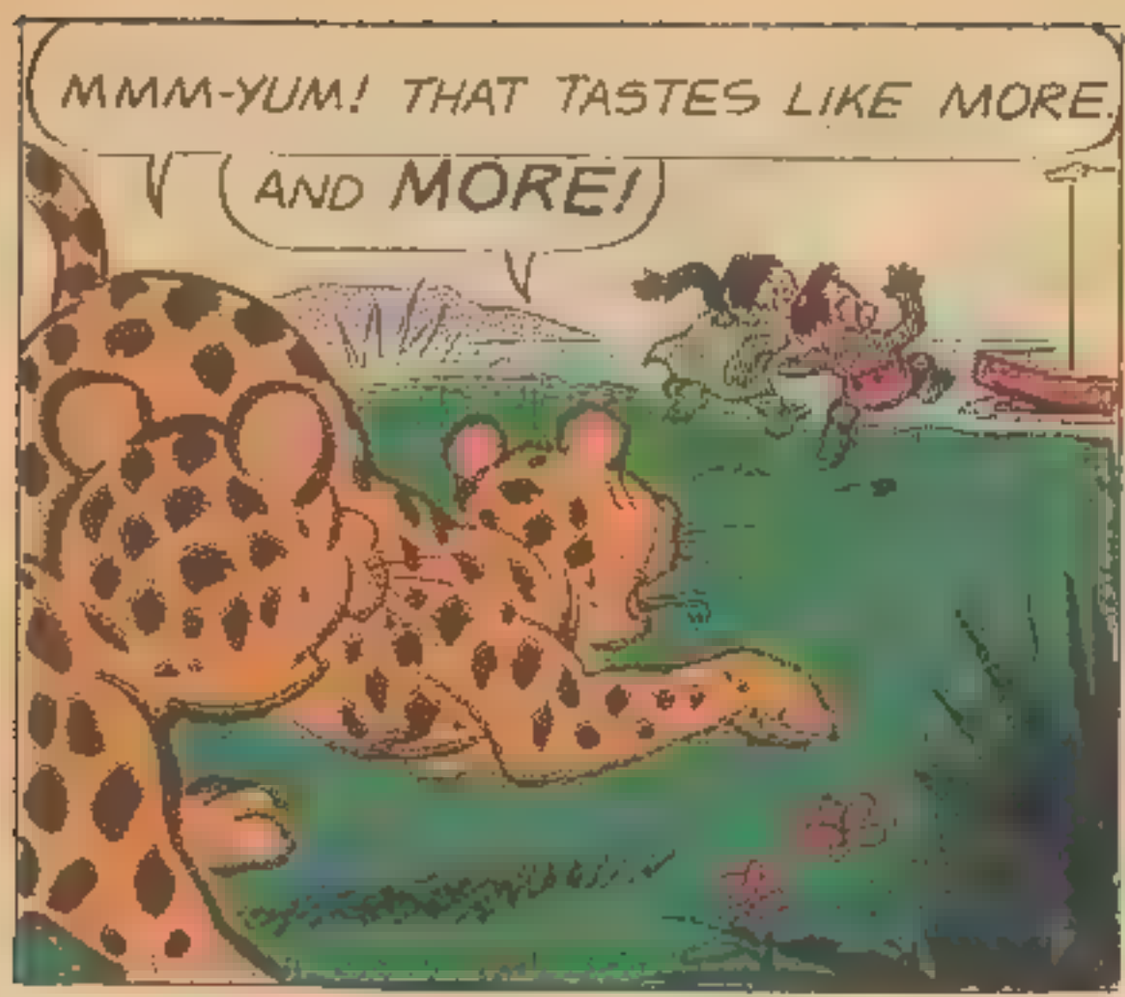

LET'S FIND SOME NICE SHADY SPOT WHERE WE WON'T HAVE ANY COMPANY!
WE'LL START WITH THE COOKIES AND END WITH THE CAKE!

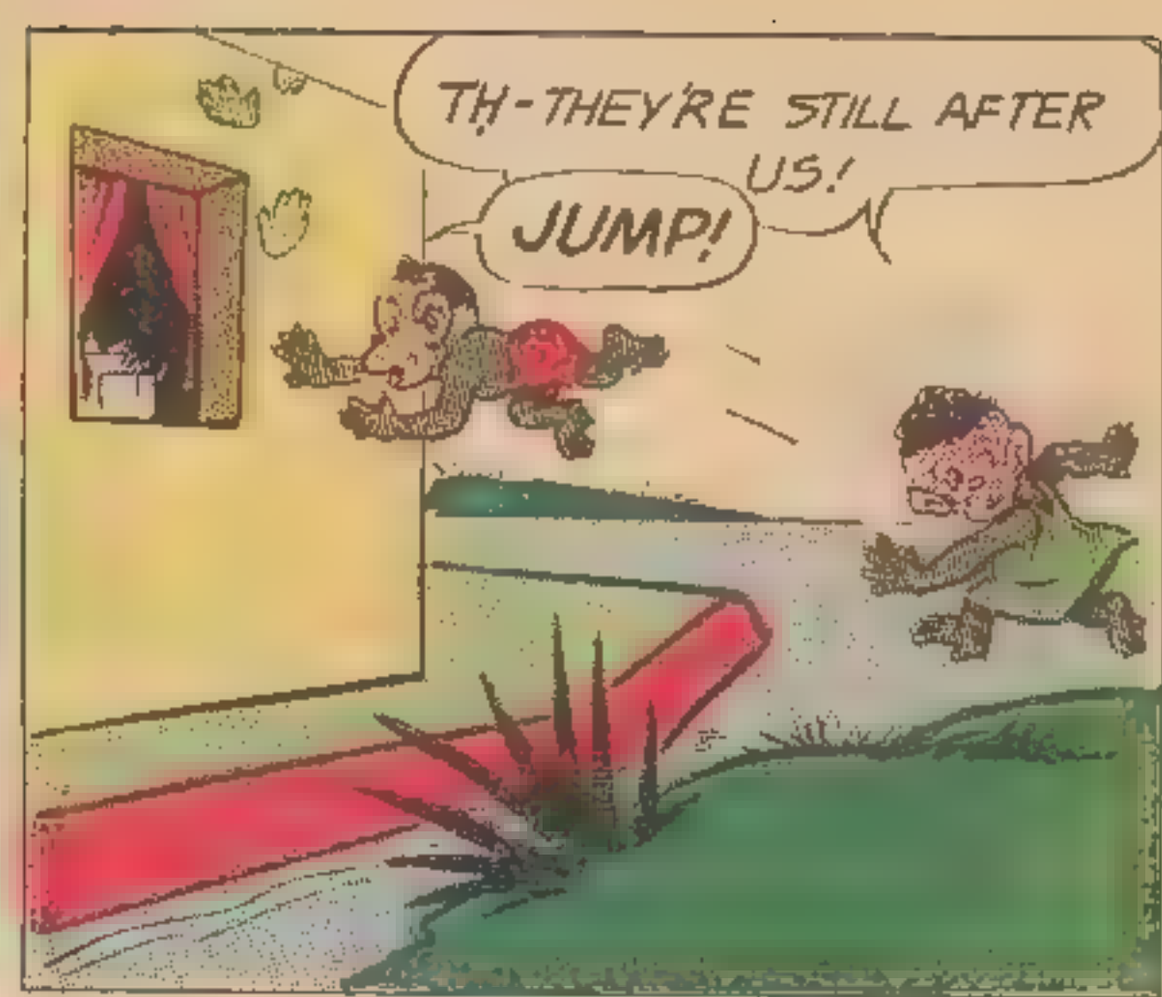
WOW! THE COOKIES ARE ALL GONE! THERE'S A HOLE IN THE SACK!

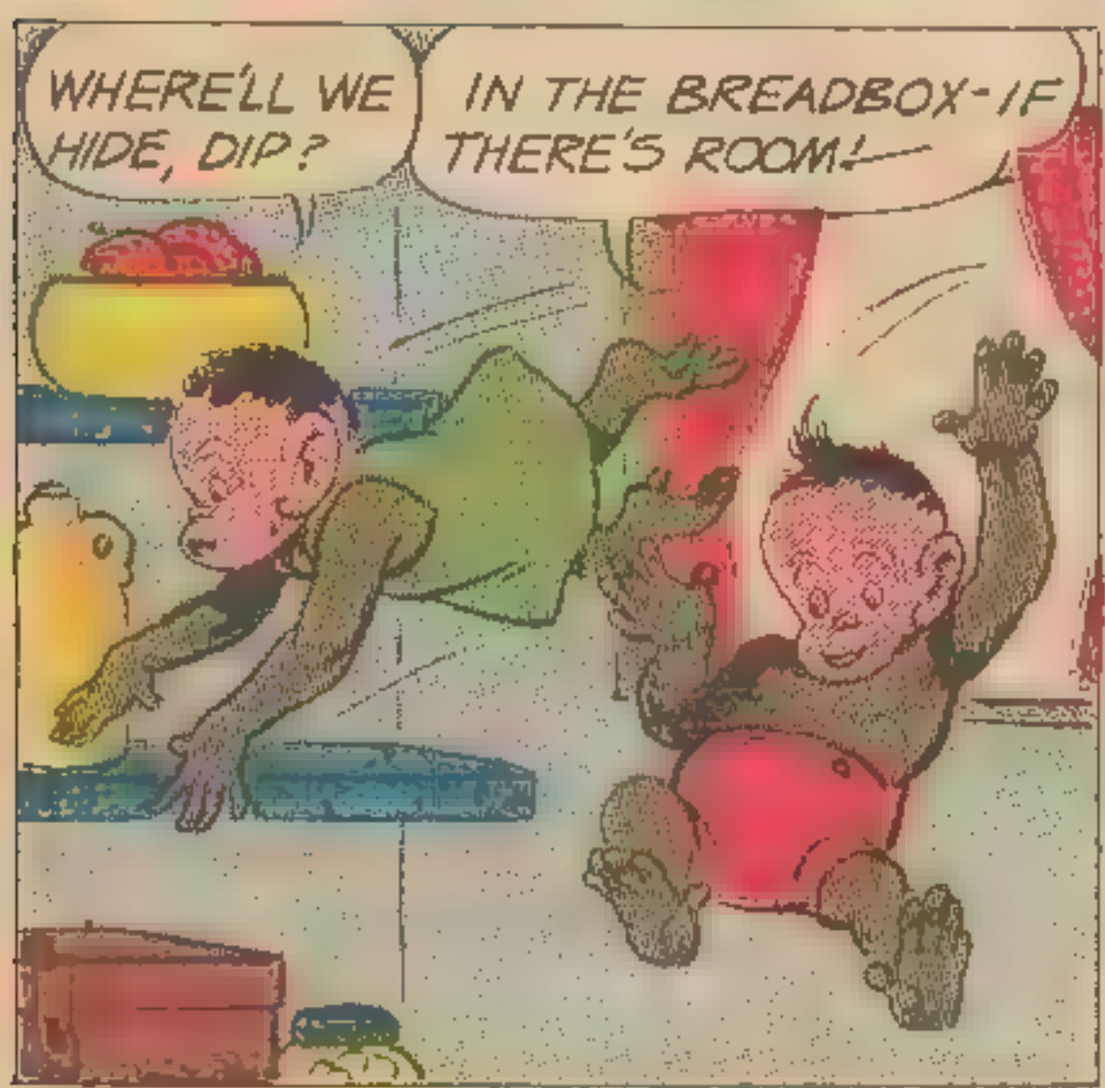
LOOK OUT! DON'T DROP THE CAKE, TOO!
OH, WELL, CAKE'S BETTER THAN COOKIES!
AND WE'VE GOT IT ALL TO OURSELVES.

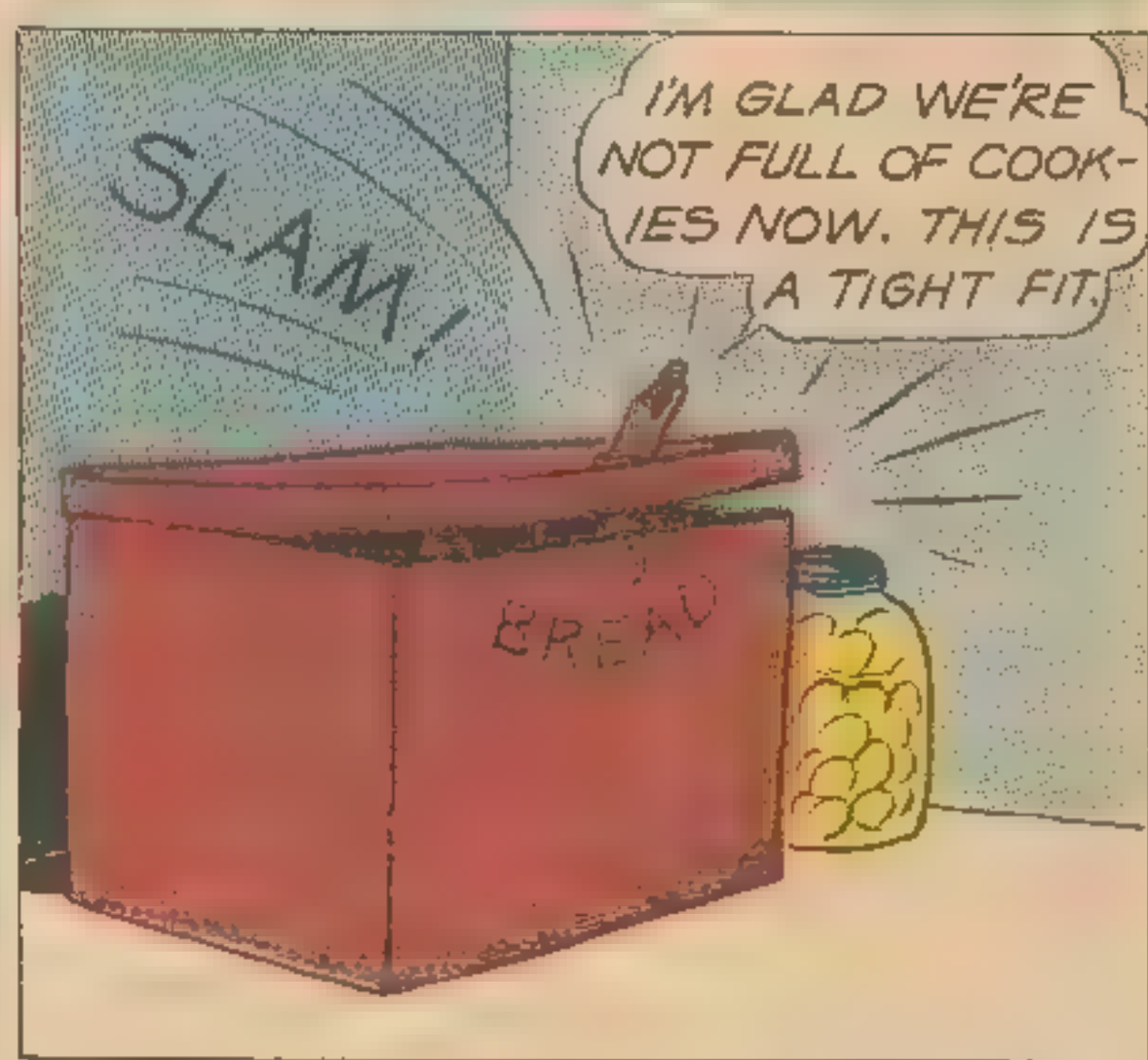
EE-YOW!
LEOPARDS!

SLUP-SLURRP GULP!
HELP!
MAMA!


MMM-YUM! THAT TASTES LIKE MORE.
AND MORE!


TH-THEY'RE STILL AFTER US!
JUMP!

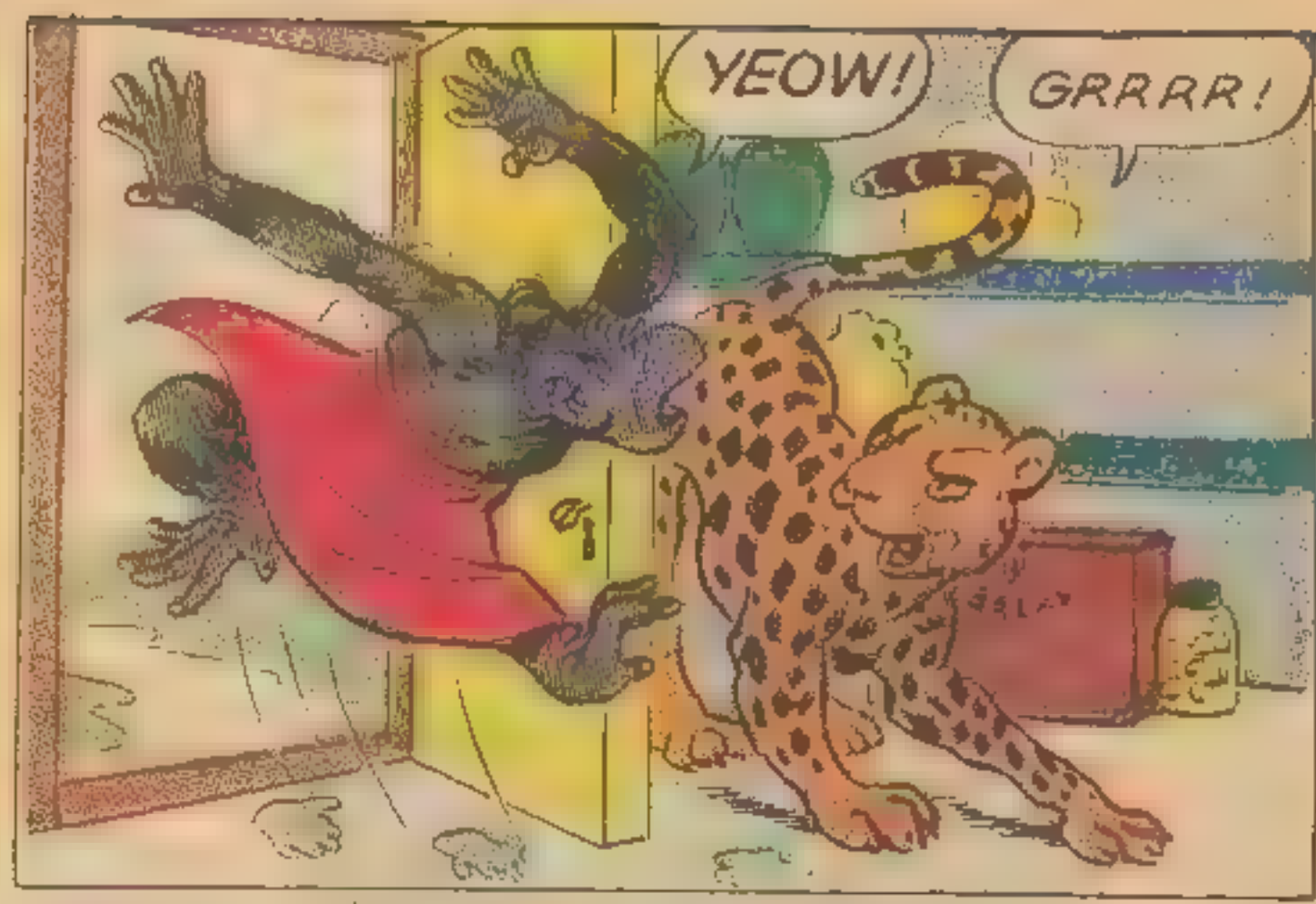

WHERE'LL WE HIDE, DIP?
IN THE BREADBOX-IF THERE'S ROOM!

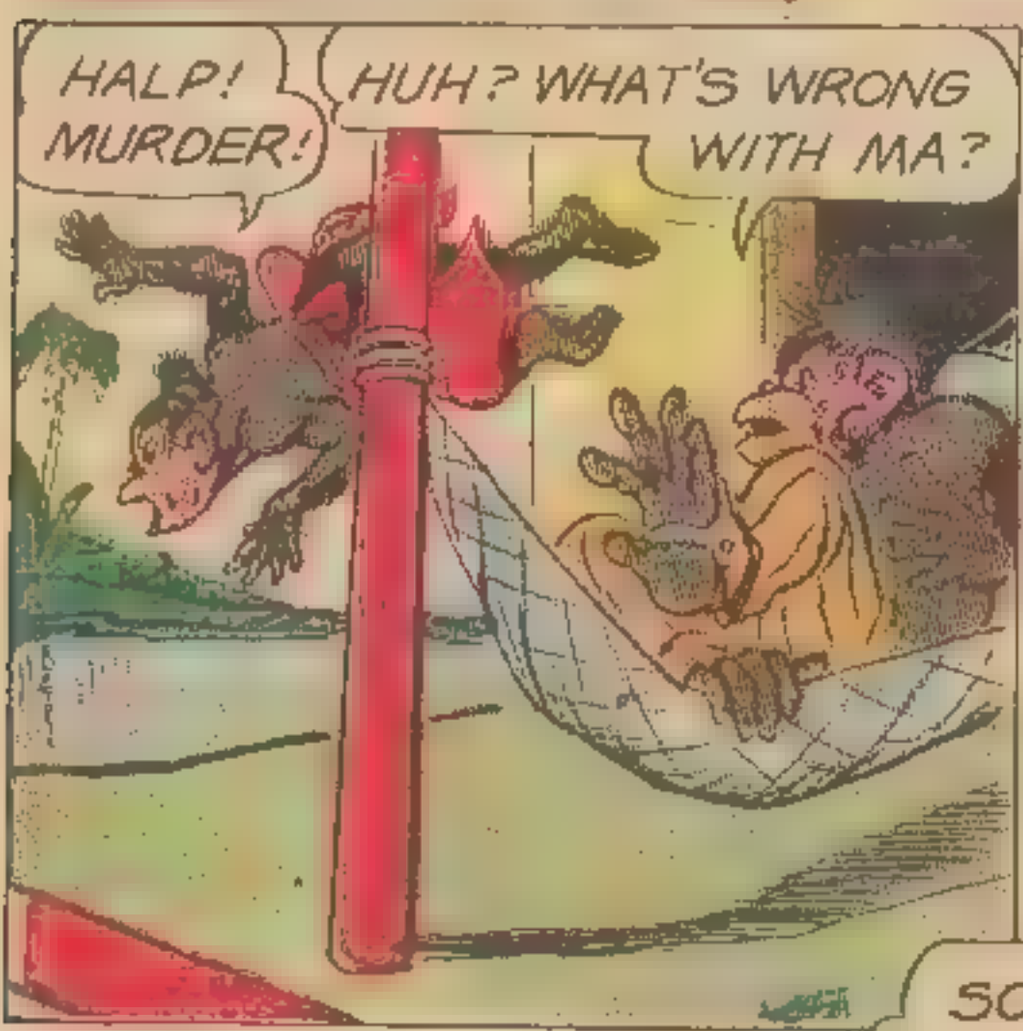

SLAM!
I'M GLAD WE'RE NOT FULL OF COOKIES NOW. THIS IS A TIGHT FIT.
BREAD

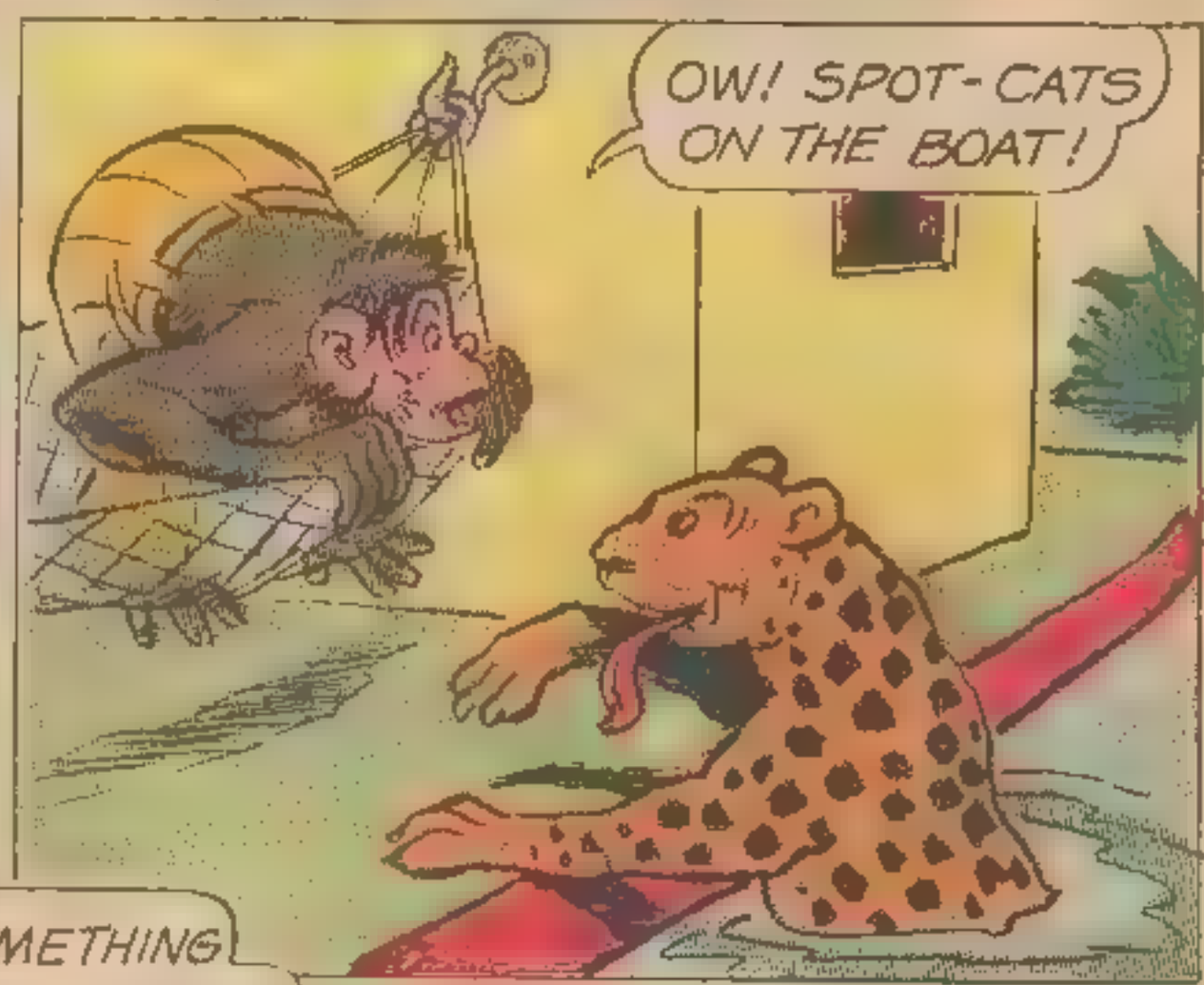
EEK! WHAT WAS THAT!
CR-RASH!

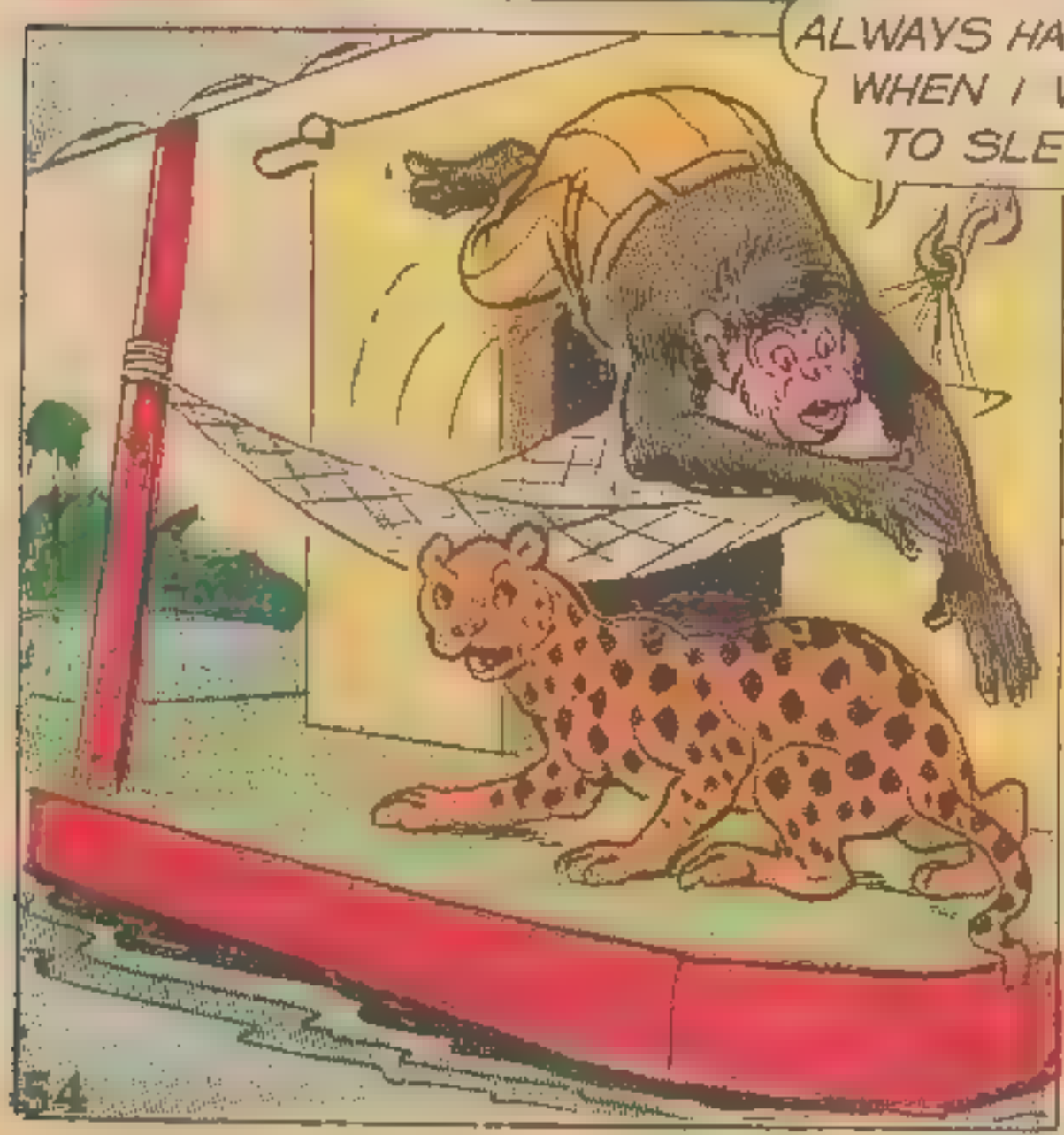
PHOOEY-WET PAINT! WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THOSE KIDS!

THEY'RE IN THE PANTRY- I CAN HEAR 'EM TIP-TOEING AROUND!

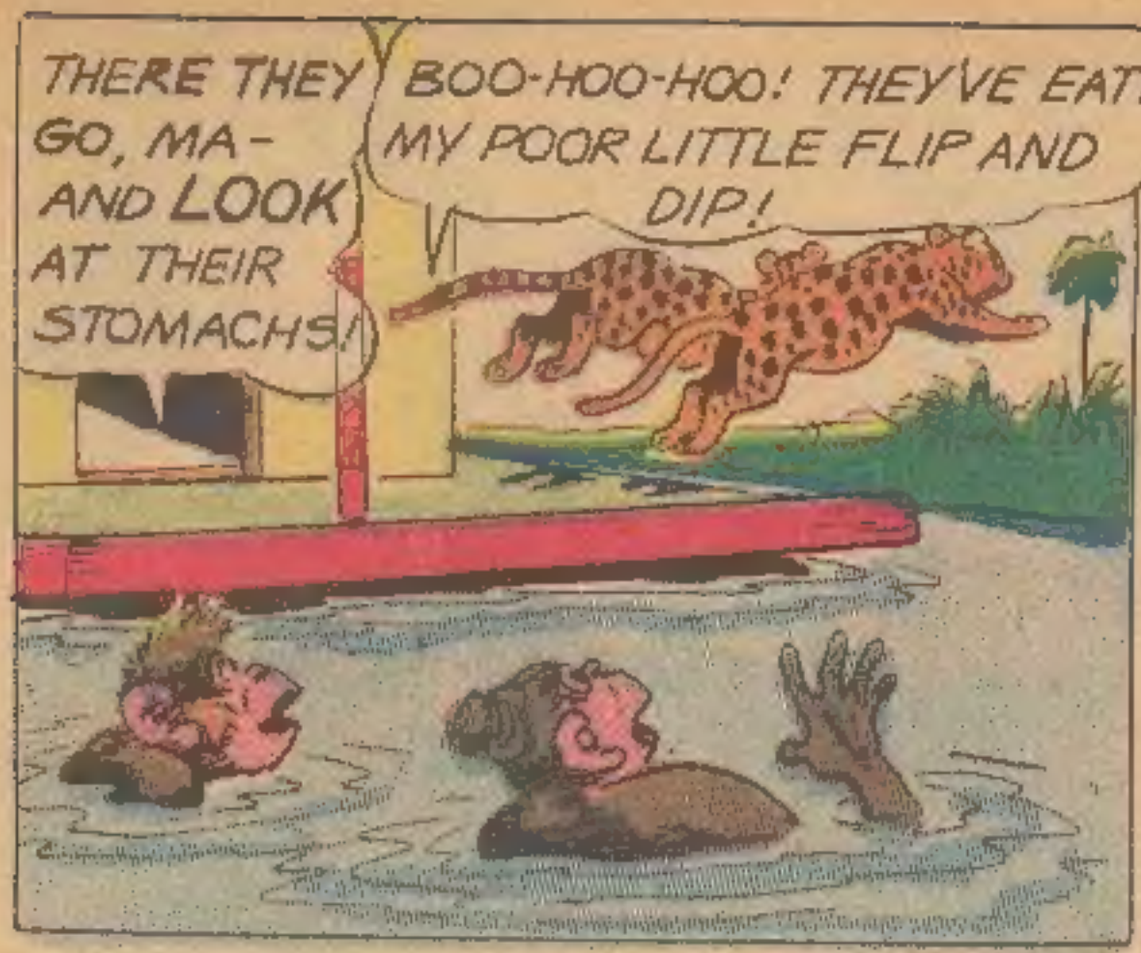

YEOW!
GRRRR!


HALP! MURDER!
HUH? WHAT'S WRONG WITH MA?


OW! SPOT-CATS ON THE BOAT!


SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS WHEN I WANT TO SLEEP.

AH! CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE!
IT'S DONE TO A T!


THERE THEY GO, MA- AND LOOK AT THEIR STOMACHS!
BOO-HOO-HOO! THEY'VE EATEN MY POOR LITTLE FLIP AND DIP!

MY DARLING BABIES! I'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN!
DON'T BE TOO SURE, MA- IF THEY'RE ALIVE, THERE'S JUST ONE PLACE TO LOOK FOR 'EM - IN THE PANTRY!

PA! THEIR TRACKS LEAD RIGHT TO THE WINDOW- MAYBE THEY ESCAPED!
HMMMM! IT LOOKS THAT WAY.

WHEE-EW! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE THAT THEY KEPT RIGHT ON GOING?!

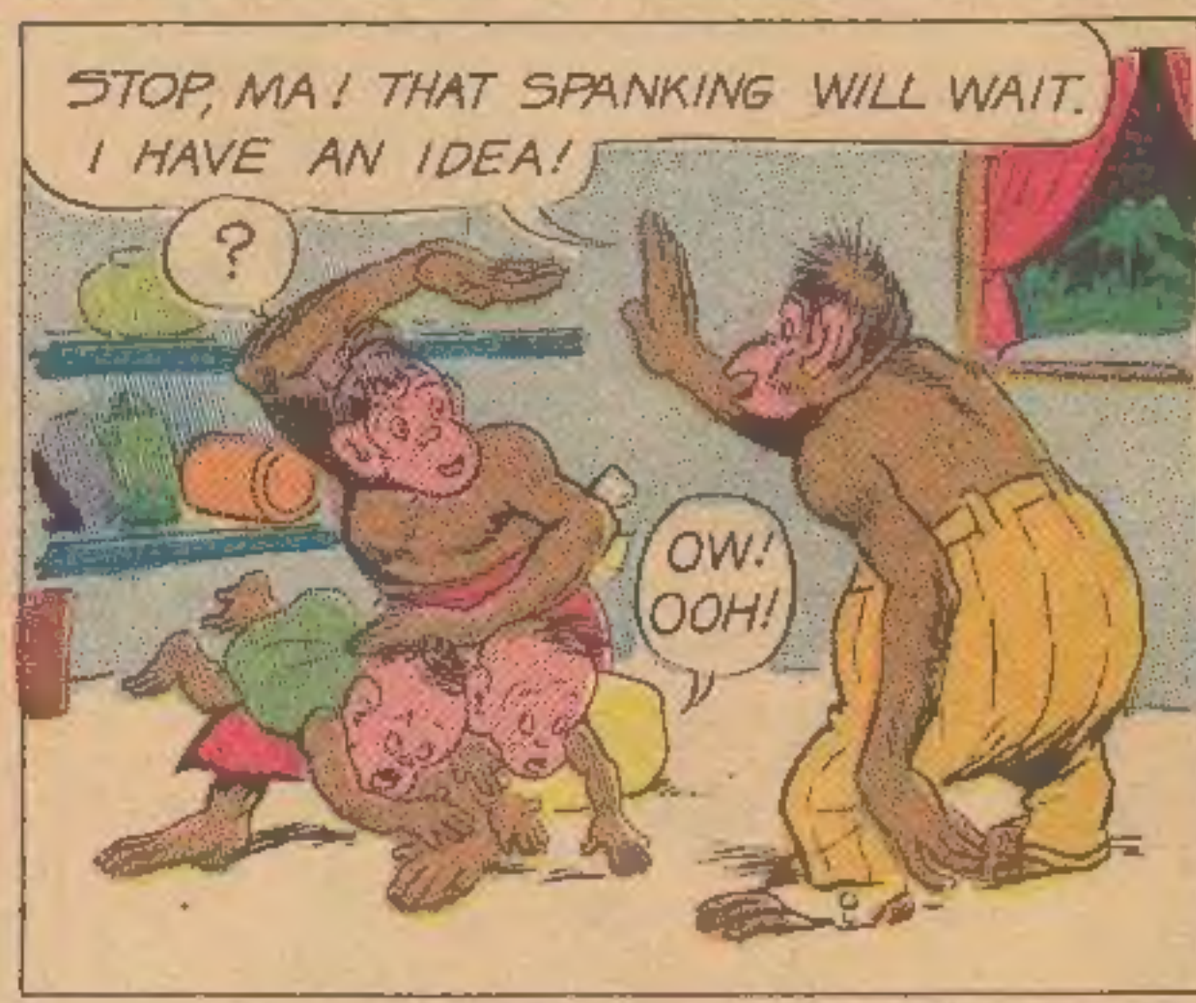
MA! BRING ME MY TELESCOPE QUICK!
THE TELESCOPE? DO YOU MEAN MY BABIES GOT AWAY AFTER ALL?

THEY COULD BE FLIP AND DIP - BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE THEY GOT THEIR WINGS!

HEH-HEH! LOOK AT THAT BIG APE GAPING UP AT US!
MAYBE HE NEVER SAW SUCH HANDSOME BIRDS BEFORE

GOOD GRIEF! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
WHAM!
BANG!
THUD!

PA! IT'S THEM! MY LITTLE PETS!
BACK AGAIN!


STOP, MA! THAT SPANKING WILL WAIT. I HAVE AN IDEA!
?
OW! OOH!

I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT SOMETHING RIGHT NOW - COME ON UP TO THE ROOF, KIDS.

I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LEAVE THAT FLAGPOLE- IF I HAVE TO WAIT ALL NIGHT.
I KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF WE LEAVE THE WRONG WAY, DIP.

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Address.....

Check one: ☐ $1 for one year ☐ $1.75 for two years

$1.00 for One Year

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